PIONEER EVANGELISM



RIGGLE

[illegible] 1826.



Yours in Christian Love,

H. M. Riggle.

Pioneer Evangelism

or

Experiences and Observations at Home and Abroad

By

H. M. RIGGLE

Author of Man, His Present and Future; Christian Baptism; The Sabbath and the Lord's Day; The Christian Church, Its Rise and Progress; etc.

Gospel Trumpet Co., Anderson, Ind.

INTRODUCTION

The antecedent step in accomplishing anything worth while is, first, to make a forcible impression upon the mind and, second, to persuade the conscience that the thing is right. The mind and conscience of man are like water, which sparkles when it runs, but stagnates in still pools. The following pages, carefully read, will arouse your mind and conscience and cause you to think soberly; for they teach that happiness which is substantial and lasting is not the product of riches or indulgence, but of correct living before God and humanity.

History is replete with instances where a slave has been happier than his master, because license or indulgence does not yield the pleasant fruitage as does honest toil. This book is a lesson of intelligent activity. Its author (whose preaching marked a new mile-stone in my life), being a man of unquestionable Christian character, gives immediate weight to either his spoken or his written words; and his long years of constant labor as a teacher of moral ethics in America, Europe, Egypt, Palestine, and Syria, as well as an author of many standard books on Bible fundamentals, will, in my opinion, make this work, not only a valuable addition to religious literature, but a setter in motion of influences and ideas the moral up-

lift of which will be felt long after the author lies in his bed of dust.

The accounts of Brother Riggle's extensive travels through the land of sacred story, his careful observations, and the new, up-to-date facts and figures he gives, are a most valuable part of this book. There is a freshness in the descriptions given. Really, this book is different from others, and from the first page to the last an intense interest grasps the reader. Among the broken arches, crumbled pillars, and desecrated altars, the author has discovered that hope still exists in the human heart, and that true religion is not dependent upon sacred rites, forms, and ceremonies, but upon the reception of the living Christ into the soul of man.

The author by a pure life and hard work has earned for himself a place in the church, a place in the affections of the people; and I am confident that all who read these pages will become better men and women, better home-builders, and better citizens of the kingdom of God.

J. Grant Anderson.

Franklin, Pa.

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EARLY RECOLLECTIONS

In a log house nestled among the hills of western Pennsylvania, U. S. A., on Feb. 18, 1872, I was born. I was the only child of George W. and Mary Riggle. Until the age of seventeen my life was spent on the farm. I often heard my father relate that at the time he and Mother were married, he was fifty dollars in debt. Soon after their marriage they purchased our farm home, 108 acres, for which they went in debt about three thousand dollars.

When I grew to boyhood, it fell to my lot to help, by hard work, to pay off the debt on the home. At the age of twelve I was cradling wheat on the hillsides and mowing grass with the old-fashioned scythe. While other boys in the neighborhood had driving-horses and buggies, I never enjoyed these privileges. About all I knew was constant toil, and was sometimes in the fields by moonlight as well as by sunlight. But I thank God today that such was my portion in life. It ground into me the principle of climbing to usefulness over the rough road of difficulty and labor, and also taught me the value of things. I learned by experience how to economize and make a little go a long way. Usually what people get without

corresponding toil and sacrifice is very little appreciated. In after life, when I had a family of my own, I continued constantly in the ministry, and by careful management we were able to accumulate a little along the way.

My father was very strict in discipline and severe in punishment. I was naturally full of mischief, and many were the switchings I received. Sometimes when I was inclined to be naughty, one stern look from my father was sufficient. To this day I look back to him and respect him for his severity. My mother was very tender and sympathetic. These two characteristics in my parents, properly blended together, made an ideal home government.

I believe I can remember the first real volitional sin that I committed. My father used tobacco. He kept it in a stand drawer. More than once when he was going to the field to work he said to me: "Don't you dare touch my tobacco." But my nature was wild, and, after he was gone, I would slip in to the drawer and take some. Once I became sick from chewing the filthy weed. Father said, "Herbert, were you at my tobacco today?" I put on an innocent look and replied, "No, sir." But he was not so easily put off. He looked me straight in the eyes and kept plying the question. Finally my countenance betrayed me, and I confessed. A whipping followed; but that did not end the matter. My heart condemned me.

I felt a sense of guilt upon my soul. I had disobeyed, and had then denied it. My conscience reproved me, and for the first time in my life I felt I had sinned against God. This was, I think, at the age of ten. Oh, I have often since that time wished I had yielded to the voice of conscience, and surrendered my heart and life to God. What troubles and sorrows of after life I should have avoided! I here wish to say to every boy and girl, if I had my life to live over I would give it to Christ in my young days, while my heart was tender. But, alas! like many others I stifled the voice of conscience and plunged deeper into sin.

It may sound strange to some, but I had a natural longing to be a minister of the gospel. When but a child I began "playing preacher." Often my parents went visiting and left me at home alone. I would then take my mother's family Bible, lay it upon the table, and preach to an imaginary congregation. I did this scores of times. In the same way I would play in the woods, and in the fields. This natural longing followed me all the years of my sinful career. When a grown young man and deep in sin, I would quote texts of Scripture and exhort others to do right. Somehow I always felt that some day I would preach the gospel.

I started to school when five years of age. Until I was twelve, I learned very rapidly. Then a

careless streak crossed my life, and for three years I cared little for study. I used to write on my boot-legs the answers in my geography and history lessons, and then read them to the teacher. I would advise young folk not to do similarly; for it is valuable time wasted. At sixteen I began to realize what I had lost by such actions, and began to study with all my might. At seventeen I had passed all the branches of common-school and one branch of high-school study. How often I have regretted the fact that I spent three years carelessly!

Youth is the most important period of life. The foundation of future years is here laid. Influences are in youth set in motion that will follow us all through our earthly pilgrimage. Habits are formed which in after years are not easily shaken off. The seed we here sow will produce a bountiful harvest in later years. It is certain we shall reap what we sow. The greatest regret I have is that I did not begin to serve God earlier in life. Had I the chance to turn back the wheels of time to childhood's happy days, I would never spend one day in sin. Had I ten thousand lives to live, I would give them all to Christ. To this hour I am fighting battles and struggling with difficulties I should never have known had I begun the true Christian life in childhood. Boys and girls, "remember *now* thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw

nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them." "Seek ye *first* the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you." During my ministry, a man who had always lived in sin was converted at the age of seventy-eight. In his case a *soul* was saved. At another time a boy of eight years publicly consecrated his life to the Lord. In this latter case, a *life* as well as a soul was saved. How much better!

INFLUENCES OF A CHRISTIAN MOTHER

Our mothers fill one of the most responsible places in the world. They stand higher than the presidents of republics, than the kings of nations. Many of the world's greatest men have declared that they owed their success in life to the influence of their mothers. A true mother's love is stronger than death. I quote the following touching tribute to MOTHER from the pen of J. Grant Anderson:

"A mother's love surpasses every other earthly element. It was she who felt the first quickening pulse of the new life that was to be. It was she to whom our infant eyes were first uplifted, and the name 'Mamma' was the first word that fell from our lips. It was she who waited at midnight when the candle of life flickered, and when the issue like a pendulum swung between life and death. Her love is the connecting link which binds

humanity together. Humanity never comes so near the Divine as when maternity is wrapped in holy human love. The sister turns away the wayward brother; the father's pity has its limitations and soon he says, 'Go, you are a disgrace to my name and to my family'; but, 'My mother's prayers have followed me the whole world through.'

"The wicked world turns from the haggard, disgraced man. He is put in prison, and despised by society and former companions. But Mother visits him still. She kneels outside when the gallows' trap drops that day, and prays as only a mother can pray that God, some way, somehow, will forgive her wayward boy. She combs his hair, places a rose upon his breast, kisses his darkened brow, and then at last puts a wreath upon his grave. Verily she is the first to greet him in this life, and the last one to leave him in death."

The following beautiful poem by T. H. Nelson expresses a mother's love to her wayward daughter:

"'Once she was pure as the sunbeam,
My noble affectionate child;
The idol of all who beheld her,
Though prone to be thoughtless and wild.

"'My cares were made light by her prattle,
Her presence turned winter to June;
But alas, for my fond expectation,
My visions are vanished too soon.

"'Oh, who could have thought that my darling
Could have fallen so soon and so low
From the heights of her lofty ambition
To the depths of dishonor and woe!

"O God, if there is power in thy mercy,
Restore my lost child to my arms.
Though her sins be as crimson or scarlet,
She still to her mother has charms.

"Though far o'er the mountains of folly
Thou hast roamed with companions so wild,
I love thee as dearly as ever,
My own precious prodigal child.

"My home and my heart's true affection
Are waiting to welcome thee still.
Come back to thy Savior and Mother,
And peace will thy troubled heart fill.

"I can not but love thee, my darling,
Though sinful and fallen thou art.
The memory of days now departed
Is breaking thy poor mother's heart.

"Thy Savior still waits to be gracious;
Thy mother still waits to forgive.
Come back from thy wanderings my daughter,
And a life of full usefulness live.

"Oh, turn from thy wanderings my darling,
No more in sin's wilderness roam;
Come back to thy Savior and Mother,
And the joys that await thee at home."

I was blessed with a true Christian mother. When but a child I sat at her knee while she read to me stories from her large Bible. She read about the creation, about the flood, about how the children of Israel passed through the sea dry-shod, the story of Daniel in the lions' den, and of Jonah. She knew nothing about the evolution theory, nor the higher critic's objections. She believed her Bible, the virgin birth and all. Oh, the simple, pure faith of Mother in her Bible! She instilled that faith into my young mind and heart. Thank God it is there today. The Bible has been the book of

my most careful and diligent study for more than thirty years. The more I read it and compare its teachings with the new modern theories, the more I am confirmed in the faith that Mother taught me. On her dying bed she said, "Give my boy my old family Bible as a last token of my love." Among the hundreds of valuable books that compose my library, there is one that I prize above all the rest, it is my mother's dying gift—her Bible.

My mother taught me the little prayer

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray thee Lord my soul to keep.
If I should die before I wake,
I pray thee Lord my soul to take.
This I ask for Jesus' sake. Amen."

Today I am past fifty-one years of age, and every night when I retire I repeat this simple prayer. Mother prayed it over a thousand times, and I have repeated it probably more than seventeen thousand times. If I live to be an old man, with tottering step, leaning on my staff as I come bending to the tomb, I will still be uttering this little prayer that mother gave me when I was but a child.

Once when a young man, steeped in sin, I was brought low under the heavy hand of affliction. I was near death. I shall never forget how mother knelt by my couch and, with her eyes filled with tears, said, "Herbert, you may have to die. Oh, how is it with your soul! You can't die like this.

Give Christ your heart and be saved." I melted. My heart began to break. I then and there promised God that if he would spare my life, I would some day serve him.

Mother was a praying woman. Many times while going about her daily toils, she would be either singing a hymn or uttering a prayer. These influences I never shook off. They followed me all through my sinful career, and today they exert a directing power in my life. As I pen these lines, memory goes back over the lapse of thirty years to the death-bed of my sainted mother. Just before she expired she looked up and said, "I see heaven opened and the glory of God descending." She testified she was "going to dwell with Christ." Among her last words she said, "Tell my boy [I was then in the far West] to be true to God at the point of the bayonet." This charge I expect, by God's grace, to keep.

AN UNSATISFACTORY RELIGION

From infancy I was brought up in religion. We were members of the Evangelical Lutheran Church. All my people on my father's side of the house were of this persuasion. My mother had been converted in a Wesleyan meeting, and was a Lutheran only by marriage, a Lutheran in form but not at heart. When but three months old I was carried to the altar, where Reverend Sarver sprinkled me for baptism, and I was

christened Herbert McClellan Riggle. I had no choice of my own in the matter. In later years my father explained to me that I had been baptized when a baby. This was all I ever knew about it.

I never was satisfied with this rite that had been imposed upon me, in which I had no will or choice of my own. As I grew to years I became settled in the conviction that in the important matters which pertain to our eternal salvation, our parents can not act for us. When Moses came to years, "he chose" for himself.

That doctrine which teaches that in the sacrament of baptism the parents give their child to God, at which time it is born again, its name written in heaven, and it then made a member of the church, and needs no change of heart when arriving at the years of the knowledge of good and evil, is contrary to every principle laid down in the gospel of Christ. But I was catechized in this very faith. At somewhere near the age of twelve I was sent to our minister, and given a regular course of catechetical lectures. Then I was confirmed, and ever after considered a church-member in good standing. After confirmation, I was supposed to receive the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. This I refused to do. I attended "preparatory services," at which time we were taught that we "received absolution or forgiveness through the pastor as of God himself, in

no wise doubting that our sins were thus forgiven before God in heaven.'' But I knew in my heart that I was not right with God, and during the twenty years I was a member of the Lutheran Society I never went to the communion table once.

In the community where I lived there was a congregation of Wesleyan Methodists and Mennonite Brethren in Christ. Both these bodies worshiped together in the same church-house. They taught real experimental religion, and had powerful revival-meetings. Some of these people lived what they professed, and this convinced me that my religion was only a form. I longed to be converted; but our pastor informed me that my conversion took place at my baptism when three months old. Our church motto read: ''A well-organized church needs no revival.'' ''Bring up the child in the way he should go.'' Once I ventured to go forward to the ''mourners' bench'' in a Wesleyan revival. I sought the Lord earnestly; but no one could tell me how to accept pardon by faith. Some seekers went to the ''bench'' as many as forty nights, and then all did not obtain the blessing. I did not have the courage to go so long and so often; so gave up in despair.

From infancy I was a diligent church-goer. And our people were taught to reverence the place of worship. Outside the church-building the members would joke, jest, and frequently use profane language; but the moment we stepped over the thresh-

old of the church door, a sacred awe came over us, and scarcely a move or whisper could be observed. I still like this reverential feeling for the place of worship, and really wish there were more of it. It is a good thing. But our trouble was, we had merely the form, and were without the life and power of real, vital salvation. After we stepped outside of the church, all the sacredness was gone, and it was no uncommon thing for members to indulge in profanity and other bad language on the way home from church. Some of the members of our congregation, even some of the officers, were among the most profane and wicked men of the whole community. Out of an assembly of about three hundred, there were only four who prayed in public; and when none of these four nor the pastor was present, we both opened and closed services without prayer. Our pastor was a tobacco-user, and we always looked forward to the Fourth of July Sunday-school celebration as a time to hear him tell some good funny stories and "crack some big jokes."

Ours was a "sin you must" religion. When holiness was first taught in the neighborhood, our minister felt it was his duty to defend "the faith of our fathers" against the new heresy, and he preached a strong sermon in favor of sin, selecting for the text 1 John 1:8. Among other things, he said, "None of us can ever expect to be better than the sinner David." I shall never forget his prayer.

It ran something like this: "O God, we have grievously sinned against thee. We have left undone those things which we should have done. We have done what thou hast forbidden. We have made many crooked paths. Enter thou not into judgment with us because of our manifold transgressions. If thou shouldst remember our many sins, who could stand in thy sight?" Of course we were sinners, and the preacher's sermon did not help us out, but virtually justified us in continuing in such a life. Oh, the blindness of such teaching! Though wicked and ungodly myself, I always admired the lives of others who triumphed over sin. In my heart I longed for a more satisfactory religion.

MEETING THE "PRESENT TRUTH"

In the winter of 1888-89, Bro. Geo. T. Clayton and Charles Koonce came into our community, near Cochran's Mills, Armstrong Co., Pa., preaching what was generally termed "a new doctrine," that was "turning the world upside down." Reports flew thick and fast about these "holiness folks" that were coming. Some said, "They claim to be better than Christ," and "Wings are growing on their shoulders, so that ere long they will fly away."

I was a boy sixteen years old, and the first night of the service walked four miles to the meeting. I went mostly out of curiosity. Brother Clayton preached. I think he read about fifty texts of Scripture. The reference method of preach-

ing was generally used among the brethren then. He presented a point, then proved it by a text out of the Bible; and it seemed that each text explained the previous one. I never before heard such preaching. That first sermon made a deep impression on my mind. I said to the boys on the way home from the meeting, "That man preaches the Bible. He proves everything by the Word of God."

I went the second night. Brother Koonce preached on the subject of the church. My wife (or the girl who later became my wife, then a girl of fourteen) and her father rode horseback several miles to this meeting. They were holiness people who belonged to the Mennonite Brethren in Christ. At the close of the sermon an invitation was given, and my wife's father went forward to the altar. I watched and listened. Brother Clayton asked him, "Have you come to be saved?" "No," he replied, "I am saved." "Do you desire to consecrate for entire sanctification?" "No, I am sanctified." "Then what are you here for?" I shall never forget the reply: "I am here to consecrate out of sect-Babylon." That night settled it with him. My father-in-law was the first one in the neighborhood to take a firm stand outside of human organizations, and soon his entire family and many others followed. During that meeting a considerable congregation was raised up for the present truth.

A few weeks later Bro. D. S. Warner and company came. They arrived in spring-wagons from Blanco, Pa., a distance of about thirty miles. I was working with my father in the field when they passed down the road singing "The River of Peace" and shouting "halleluiah." We never before witnessed such a scene. I attended all the services. The spiritual singing from "Songs of Victory" and "Anthems from the Throne" simply captured us. We had never heard such beautiful singing. Brother Warner's preaching was all doctrinal. In the midst of his sermons sometimes nearly all those who believed as he did were on their feet with uplifted hands and shining faces shouting and praising God. It was not unusual for Brother Warner to leap and shout in the pulpit. All this was new and strange to us; but I was never able to shake off the convictions which fastened on my heart that these people had a genuine heart-felt religion, and preached the clean, Bible truth. In my heart I said, "I want their kind of religion."

Later, other companies of evangelists came, among them A. J. Kilpatrick, S. L. Speck, J. A. Dillon, and Wm. G. Schell. I attended all their meetings, and became more and more convinced of the truth they preached. But all this time I was a Lutheran in form. To keep in with the popular crowd, I even made light of these new preachers and people, and professed to be against

them, while deep in my heart I admired them and their teachings, and longed to cast my lot with the true church of God. I am certain there are thousands just like I was. In their hearts they are convinced of the teaching, but are ashamed and afraid to acknowledge it publicly.

EXAMPLE OF OTHERS

The great apostle Paul said, "Those things, which ye have both learned, and received, and heard, and *seen in me,* do: and the God of peace shall be with you." Again, he speaks thus, "Ye have us for an example." Jesus laid down this principle and set forth the responsibility of the church, "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your father which is in heaven."

It was not the preaching alone that convinced me of the true Bible way. A number of people accepted the truth, and a good-sized congregation was established in our neighborhood. All eyes were turned upon them; for much more was expected of those who made such a high profession than of the other people. Thus these were a "gazing-stock" for the public. How carefully we observed their every word and act!

This shows the responsibility and relation of the church as a whole. The assembly is judged by the individual life of each member. If the life

is above reproach, clean and pure, then the local work as a whole commands confidence and respect. But if the deportment of the one with whom the observer comes in contact is not commendable, then he is inclined to lose confidence in the assembly with whom that one worships. This is always the result. And the same is true of the congregation as a whole. The general or universal church is judged by the local assembly. If the assembly is made up of all saved, spiritual members, in love and unity with each other, then the observers of that community will judge the whole cause by the spiritual state of the local part. You see, each member, and each assembly, is *a part* of the whole. So the whole is judged by that part which falls under the people's observation.

Now this was the exact truth in my case. I looked carefully into the lives of those with whom I came in contact, and I reckoned that they were a sample of all the rest. We stand on the bank of a river and judge the entire stream by what flows before us. A preacher from western Texas was holding meetings on the eastern coast of Florida. How he enjoyed the Atlantic Ocean! He thought, "If Wife and the children could only see this!" Then an idea came into his mind. He saw the neck of a bottle sticking out of the sand. He pulled the bottle out, carefully washed it clean, filled it from the briny deep, placed it in his satchel, and carried it home. With delight he

said to his family, "This is a part of the Atlantic Ocean and the rest is *just like this.*"

The brethren who embraced the whole truth in the community where I lived carried out every principle in their lives. They lived before my eyes the very things that they publicly professed. I liked to mingle with them. I saw the beauties and glories of a true Christian religion. It was demonstrated in a practical way. Many times I said, "This is the religion that appeals to me."

In our neighborhood lived a man who bitterly opposed the brethren. He especially persecuted my father-in-law. From the man's actions you would conclude that he had no confidence in my father-in-law. But after a time he became very sick and was expected to die. The first one he sent for was my father-in-law. When the latter entered his room, the dying man said, "Jacob, I have sent for you to help me and to pray for me. I have always believed that if there is a genuine Christian in this country, you are that man." It pays to live right under every circumstance.

THE MEETING THAT WON MY HEART

Solomon said, "Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days." I have learned through thirty years of active ministerial labor that very often when we think we have accomplished the least is the very time when we

have performed exploits for God. Those times when I considered I had made my greatest failures in the pulpit, is when people came to me and expressed how wonderfully they were benefited by the sermon. Many times I have gone home from meeting and said, "O Wife, I made a terrible failure out of it today! My God, why is this?" And to my surprize she would reply, "That was the best sermon you have preached in a long time."

I think this was true of the meeting that won more hearts to the truth than any other ever held in our home neighborhood. For two years the work had been established, and many companies of evangelists had held meetings there. But still the minds of the rest of the people were not settled as to which was really the right way. During these two years two young ministers of the Pentecost Band movement came from Illinois and held a big meeting. They bitterly denounced the brethren and the Gospel Trumpet, and declared that it was "comeoutism," "no-sectism," "stand-aloneism," a "serpent-deceiving, soul-destroying, hell-glazed doctrine." Their seeming power and bold public denunciations unsettled a number of our minds for the time being. One of these preachers afterwards was delivered from evil spirits in one of our meetings at Grand Junction, Mich. He later confessed to me that the time he became possessed was in this very meet-

ing where he so radically opposed the brethren and the Gospel Trumpet.

A few months later Brothers Schell and Dillon held a five-weeks' grove-meeting on my father-in-law's farm, which was attended by multitudes from far and near. There were no apparent results, and, so far as I know, there was not a single public profession made during the entire meeting. I am of the opinion that the ministers went away feeling that they had made almost a complete failure. But, instead, it was one of the most successful meetings ever held there. A great number were fully convinced that this was the true Bible way, and the gospel seed was sown in many hearts. Among those convinced were my father, mother, and I. From this meeting our family ceased to worship with the Lutheran sect. While we did not publicly take our stand with the church of God, we had no doubt from this time on but what the movement was of God, and that these people represented the true church of the Bible.

REMINISCENCES COVERING TWENTY-SEVEN YEARS



First Evangelistic Company
Standing, from reader's left, Ora Howard, Belle Sheldon
Sitting, H. M. Riggle and wife.



H. M. Riggle while afflicted (see p. 100)

REMINISCENCES COVERING TWENTY-SEVEN YEARS

MY CONVERSION

In the fall of 1891 we moved from Pennsylvania to Washington State. In the following July my father met with an accident and was instantly killed. This greatly impressed me with the thought of being ready to meet God. It had much to do with bringing me to myself, and awakening me to a realization of my lost condition. We returned East the same year, and I was married. In January, 1892, during a revival held by Brothers Clayton and Jacobson, I went forward to the public altar and yielded myself to Christ. More than thirty others were converted in the same meeting.

I was steeped in sin, my heart was like adamant, and at first I could not pray. One thing I settled that night upon my knees before God—to give up sin forever. I made a decision that has stood by me to this hour. I attribute at least one half of the success of my Christian life to the decision made in that service. A fixed decision, coupled with the grace of God, will take us through.

But I did not obtain entire satisfaction to my soul. The workers did not know how wicked was my life and how seared was my conscience. They

encouraged me to believe the work was done, and, after some effort, I helped to sing, "I can, I will, I do believe that Jesus saves me now." I felt better, and arose and testified to my determination to serve God. But my heart was not fully broken. "A broken and contrite spirit" is necessary to a thorough repentance. It is a sad mistake to hurry souls through at the altar. I have always since been an advocate of thorough altar-work. The mistake of that night cost me years of intense suffering. However, I made a public start, and this coupled with my determination, helped me to keep striving "to enter in at the strait gate," and keep seeking the Lord until "he rained righteousness" upon me.

A few weeks after this meeting my wife and I moved to Bellingham, Wash. I kept on searching and feeling after God "if haply I might find him." The climax came one dark night in a logging-camp at Goshen, Wash. I was in the midst of as wicked a crowd of men as I had ever met. On this particular night they were seated around card-tables gambling and cursing each other. All of a sudden, without any apparent provocation, the head man of the camp arose from his seat and began pacing back and forth uttering the most horrid oaths I ever heard fall from the lips of man. He cursed God, and called him all kinds of bad names, and then, looking up, dared the Almighty to touch him. I became affrighted, and

expected that the Lord would instantly destroy the place as he did Sodom, and we should all perish together. Just at this moment a circumstance happened that struck the arrows of conviction deep into my soul. I hastily withdrew from the crowd and went behind a curtain. Falling upon my knees by my bedside, I began calling mightily upon the Lord for mercy. I there promised God that if he would save me, my entire life should be his forevermore. My heart began to break, and the tears flowed freely. What a load of guilt pressed down upon me! It seemed all the sins of my past life came before me like a panorama.

In that dark hour I cried: "Where shall I go? What shall I do?" It seemed as though my life was suspended by a brittle thread, and I was swinging over the vortex of hell. I trembled like a leaf in the wind. I could see the sword of justice hanging over me. There seemed to be no way of escape. But above the elements, that would seal my doom in certain perdition, I saw a faint ray of light, and a tender voice said, "Come unto *ME*. I will give you rest." Oh, thank God for that invitation! I am glad I ever heard it. But again I cried, "I am lost. I am lost." The same gentle voice once more rang out, "I came to seek and to save that which was lost." At that instant hope sprang up in my bosom, and I began to see the goodness of God to me. I saw how he had

prolonged my days, extended to me his mercy, and now so lovingly offered to save me. Oh, how sorry I felt that I had ever sinned against such a loving Christ. I wept like a child. Then and there I bade farewell to sin forever. I died out to the world and the opinions of men. I promised God to follow and obey him at all times and under every circumstance. It was only a few moments till faith sprang up in my heart and I said, "Jesus saves me. I am his, and he is mine." Oh, the joy that filled my soul! The burden of my heart rolled away. It seemed all heaven was near. I knew my sins were gone, and I was God's child. "Happy day, when Jesus washed my sins away!"

FEELING THE NEED OF A "SECOND GRACE"

Paul says in Rom. 5:1-5, "Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ: by whom *also* we have *access* by faith *into this grace* wherein we stand, and rejoice in the hope of the glory of God. . . . Because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us." Notice the language of this text: "Justified by faith . . . through our Lord Jesus Christ"; *"Also we have access by faith* into this grace wherein we stand." Here are two graces: first, "justified"; second, "this grace wherein we

stand,'' in which ''the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us.'' The reception of the Holy Spirit, the standing grace, is a second experience. It is subsequent to ''being justified.'' Both graces are entered ''by faith,'' and both are ''through Christ.'' There is a twofold entrance, just as the Jewish tabernacle had its first and second veil. The holy place represented justification. The holy of holies, entire sanctification, or the state of being baptized by the Holy Ghost.

Holiness is a golden thread that runs through the whole fabric of gospel truth. It is the climax of full salvation from sin, and is attainable in this life. By departing from this truth the early church opened the doors to every conceivable error that swept to and fro in the first centuries of her history, and the way was paved for the great apostasy that has cursed Christianity for more than fifteen hundred years. True holiness is destined to restore to the church her pristine glory. It is on the ''highway of holiness'' that the ransomed of the Lord are now returning from the low plains of a sin-you-must religion and false Christianity to the heights of Zion, to the beautiful church of God, gathered back into primitive unity, power, and victory.

This was the grand theme of all the early preachers in the present reformation movement. They made holiness the great center of the work,

and urged the experience upon all. I was imbued with this idea. Even before I heard the clear teaching of the church of God movement, the Wesleyans and Mennonite Brethren in Christ in our community had taught sanctification as a second work of grace. A number of people sought and obtained the experience, and demonstrated the deeper life before my eyes.

The teaching of the Bible on this subject and my comprehension of it convicted me for the experience. After I entered the holy place of regeneration I saw no chair, couch, or stool to sit on. There was here no place to linger. The only furniture was a lamp to light my way, a table of shew-bread—the bread of life to nourish my soul—and before me the golden altar, Christ, where I was instructed to present my body a living sacrifice so that I might "enter into the holiest [perfected holiness] by the blood of Jesus." A voice said: "'Go on unto perfection,' this is not your abiding place."

There was something else besides the Bible teaching that prompted me to seek a deeper experience of grace. It was a foe within. I knew that my sins were all forgiven. I was happy in the joy of pardon, deliverance, and adoption. A new life had come into my soul. But very soon after my conversion the old nature began to assert itself. It was manifest in various ways, but especially in carnal anger. Before I was saved I

had a terrible, almost uncontrollable temper. This was my weakest point. There were times, under strong provocation, when this carnal propensity almost overcame me. It was only by calling mightily upon the Lord that I kept control of myself. I really feared at times that I would lose my experience because of the warfare within.

I well remember how I longed for deliverance. My soul hungered and thirsted for more grace, for the mighty infilling of God's perfect righteousness. I wanted to move out of this "wilderness" experience into the "Canaan rest." My soul yearned for the pentecostal baptism. I felt the need of an enduement of divine power.

The experience of a pioneer settler on the Western plains of Nebraska illustrates my experience very well. He built a sod house with a small loft in which was a single window. In those days great hordes of wolves swept across the prairies. He captured one and kept it in his house as a pet. One dark night a cohort of wolves attacked his home. He fired his gun; but they only scampered away to return again. The thing that emboldened them was the wolf within. When the wild wolves howled without, the pet wolf responded from within. It soon became apparent to the man that to save his life he must get rid of the wolf on the inside. He climbed into the loft, opened the small window, and threw the animal out. Then when the howling began there was no response from within.

The next time he fired his gun, the whole pack ran away and returned no more that night.

SEEKING ENTIRE SANCTIFICATION

Jesus instructed the disciples to "tarry . . . in the city of Jerusalem, until they were "endued with power from on high." They returned to Jerusalem with great joy: and were continually in the temple, praising and blessing God" (Luke 24:49, 52, 53). "These all continued with one accord in prayer and supplication" (Acts 1:14).

Scarcely two persons can be found who relate exactly the same detailed experience in their coming to a knowledge of the indwelling Comforter. Two things are necessary on the part of every believer to enter this state of Christian perfection, namely, consecration and faith. When the Holy Spirit comes in, he witnesses to the work done. "He hath perfected forever them that are sanctified. Whereof the Holy Ghost also is a witness to us" (Heb. 10:14, 15). But in reaching a perfect consecration and a definite faith that appropriates the blessing to our hearts, we may not all come just the same way. No one dare say, "This is the way I reached the place. It is the only route, and unless you have come this way you have not obtained the experience." Such teaching has wrought great confusion, and thrown good, conscientious people under awful accusation.

I am convinced that the teaching has much to do with the manner of seeking. For example, Fletcher, in his writings, specialized along the line of "dying out to sin," "crucifying the old man," and "seeking a clean heart." Hence the various branches of Methodist holiness people have emphasized this particular phase. The result is, their seekers follow this route. A notable case in point is that of the Free Methodist Church. That many of them have attained a real experience of holiness no one can question. On the other hand, there are many movements along the line of holiness which in their preaching enlarge on the "baptism of power," the "mighty infilling," and the "overwhelming blessing." In their meetings the seekers think little of dying out to carnality, but simply plead for the "second *blessing.*" Then there are others who make consecration the prominent thing. The seekers "lay all on the altar," and "the altar sanctifies the gift."

Oh, the importance of well-balanced teaching! The negative and positive sides of the doctrine should be set forth in all clearness. The ten days of waiting on the part of the first disciples was spent in "prayer and supplication," and in "praising and blessing God." They obtained the genuine experience. In their case we read of no groanings, no weird or wild actions, simply praying and praising God. Take the case of Cornelius in Acts 10: "While Peter yet spake these words, the

Holy Ghost fell on all them which heard the word.'' That Paul taught a death to sin, a crucifixion of our old nature, is very clear. He also taught the need of a deep and thorough consecration. But to say that a person must go through a certain process covering days and weeks in order to reach the condition in which the Holy Spirit is given, is not warranted in the Scriptures.

Soon after my conversion I began to pray for entire sanctification. I determined never to stop short of a satisfactory experience. The consecration I made was something like this: "O God, I here and now dedicate my all to thee forevermore—my body to be thy holy temple, and every member to be used to thy glory: my hands to labor for thee, my feet to walk in thy footsteps, my ears to hear thy voice, my mind to think and meditate upon thy goodness, and my mouth to speak thy everlasting praise. Come into this temple and decorate it to suit thyself. My soul I dedicate to be a receptacle of all thy rich graces; my heart to be thy throne. I sign a quitclaim to myself. I am, without reserve, thine for time and eternity.'' Along with myself, I fully gave wife, children, and possessions into the Lord's hands. At this point a real circumcision of the heart took place. I shall never forget the pangs of death through which I passed. It was as real to me as though I saw each member of my family lowered into the grave. Whether others exper-

ience what I did is immaterial to me. This is the route along which the Spirit led me. I am glad I took this "death route."

When in later years I was called to spend about ten months of the year away from home in the evangelistic field, and after but a few days with my family at home had to rush away to the Lord's harvest-field again, and my weeping wife and children clung to me and said, "O Papa, stay with us a few days longer," but duty compelled me to grasp my satchel and wave them good-by, I was comforted because I had already consecrated to this very thing. When the white casket containing my fourteen-year-old daughter, who was burned to death, was lowered into the grave, I stood silent, and with a sweet, calm resignation could say, "The Lord giveth, the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord." My consecration made years before covered this. I passed through the heart-rending pangs back there. Oh, halleluiah! How sweet to be entirely consecrated on every line! When the Lord made clear to me to go to Syria, and when on Dec. 7, 1920, the train pulled out of Rochester, Indiana, U. S. A., and my children with tears streaming down their faces stood on the platform waving farewells, my consecration came before me. I calmly said, "The will of the Lord be done." When in hours of deep discouragement and dark trial the enemy has whispered, "Throw up everything and quit for good,"

my consecration has upheld me like a rock. I thank God that I took time to count the cost, and then paid the price.

I died to sin. It seemed that all the elements of my fallen nature were dissected and laid bare by the sword of the Spirit—selfishness, pride, anger, stubbornness, and all the rest. Like Agag, each began to plead for life and say, "Surely the bitterness of death is past." Like the Canaanites of old who were born and bred in the land, these principles were a part of me, I inherited them. But as certain as the Canaanites had to be utterly destroyed in order for Israel to possess the land and have rest, so the "body of sin," my "old man," with all his members, must be brought to the cross and made to pass through the pangs of death. This was *real* to me. It was not an empty theory. I shall never forget the inward sufferings. All these experiences have been worth a world to me. They forever anchored me in the experience and doctrine of true holiness. During my ministry many new and false theories have been introduced. And at first they looked plausible; but when I looked back to the way the Holy Spirit taught and led me, I felt like a rock in the billows.

John's mother was an old-fashioned holiness woman. She taught her principles to her boy. When he grew to manhood, she sent him to the theological school to be trained for the ministry.

After he finished his course and returned home with his diploma, he began to argue with his mother against sanctification as a second work. He had learned differently during his absence. Being a fluent speaker, he was able to get the best of the argument. Finally his mother said: "John, yo' can speak better dan yose mudder. Yose got yer relijun in yer head; but yose mudder has de *experence in her heart,* and yo' can not take it from her." That is the point. I am inclined to believe that the majority who are led off into new theories have never reached the depths of a living experience.

BAPTIZED WITH THE HOLY GHOST

"He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost, and with fire" (Matt. 3:11). "For the promise is unto you, and to your children, and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call" (Acts 2:39). "The Holy Ghost, whom God hath given to them that obey him" (Acts 5:32).

Perfect holiness comprehends not only a purifying of our nature from the effects of the fall, but also the infilling of the blessed Comforter. We get rid of something and, thank God, we receive something. Our hearts are cleansed from sin, and the Holy Spirit takes possession of the temple. Thus we are the "habitation of God through the Spirit."

When I was a boy on the farm my father assigned me a certain job about every spring. Usually there was left over considerable musty straw and hay in the barn, and it was my work to clear this out. But after all this was pitched out of the mows into the barnyard there was nothing left except an empty barn. Nothing attractive about that. It was when the barn was filled with new wheat and hay that it was an attractive place.

So with salvation. The Prodigal got rid of his rags and filth; but he also received the "best robe" and "shoes for his feet." He exchanged the grunts of the swine for "music and dancing," and his hunger for a feast on the "fatted calf." In the experience of entire sanctification we rejoice in a clean heart, in a thorough purging from sin; but along with this we thank God for the infilling power of the Holy Ghost, the abiding Comforter.

I did not seek for manifestations, for certain experiences, or fruits of the Spirit, but I sought for *the Spirit himself*. I received *him*. He cleansed my heart, filled me with power, and all my being with the glory of God. I was sensitively conscious of his sweet indwelling presence. Then I could sing:

"Yes, 'tis love, 'tis burning love divine,
Filling all my soul's desire;
Oh, how sweet its glories ever shine!
Now I feel the glowing fire."

CALLED TO GOSPEL WORK

"Paul, . . . *called* to be an apostle, *separated* unto the gospel of God" (Rom. 1:1).

"The Holy Ghost hath made you overseers" (Acts 20:28).

"Woe is unto me, if I preach not the gospel." —Paul.

Every true minister is divinely called. Jesus said, "I have chosen you." Not every member of the church is called to the special work of the ministry, but "he gave *some,* apostles; . . . and *some* evangelists," etc., "for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ"—the church. Thus this sacred office is not entered as a matter of our own selection as we would choose any other vocation in life. It is the result of a heavenly calling, where the divine will enters. The Lord said of Paul, "He is a *chosen* vessel unto me." This is true of every God-ordained preacher of the gospel.

Since the call and qualification comes from God, our authority does not rest upon diplomas, the votes of synods and conferences, nor the endorsements of bishops, but we are "ambassadors *for Christ,*" sent forth under a divine commission and clothed with all the authority and power of the kingdom of heaven. Such charismatic government characterized the primitive ministry and church, and the same again adorns her in her restored condition, resplendent in this evening time with the

glory of pristine Christianity. The church and world need a ministry of power, men anointed and inspired, who have a living message for a dying people.

I am not a preacher by personal choice. My father once talked of sending me to Theil College to study for the Lutheran ministry; but at that time I was not even converted. It was only a very short time after I was saved that a great burden came upon my heart for this lost world, and I felt I must go everywhere and tell others how Jesus saved a poor sinner like me. I began to lose interest in temporal pursuits and found myself longing to enter active service in the Master's vineyard. "While I was musing the fire burned." As Jeremiah expressed it, "His Word was in mine heart as a burning fire shut up in my bones" and "I could not stay."

After I received the baptism of the Holy Spirit this inward conviction and feeling was intensified. The Lord made clear to me that I must forsake all my plans and purposes of life, and devote the rest of my days to him. He "separated me unto the gospel," and I must make it my life's work. Every energy of my being, every faculty of my soul must be laid upon the altar of sacrifice and service to him. I believe my call was as definite as my conversion. Before this I had consecrated to the whole will of God, and now, since he made his will in this particular clearly known, it was a

pleasure to say, "The will of the Lord be done." Oh, that more hearts and lives were dedicated without reserve to God! He would then choose more "vessels of mercy" to bear the living waters of salvation to the thirsty souls of men.

HOW I PREACHED MY FIRST SERMON

It was in May, 1893, just three months after I was saved. We were living in New Whatcom (now Bellingham), Washington. One Sunday morning I suggested to my wife that we attend Free Methodist services, as they were the only holiness people we knew of in the place. After the sermon, an opportunity was given for testimonies, or, in Methodist terms, a "class-meeting" was held. This was open to all and we availed ourselves of the opportunity to tell what God had done for us. Both of us testified to the saving, sanctifying, and healing power of God.

But we did not stop at this. Being "exceedingly zealous" for what we believed to be the truth, we felt that we must tell all we knew. So we told them that through spiritual birth we were members of the one and only Bible church—the church of God. That religious sects and divisions are wrong and sinful, and that the time has come when the Lord is gathering his people out of all these places where they have been "scattered in the cloudy and dark day." I confess that we had

more zeal than wisdom. But God overruled it to his glory.

What we said aroused a great interest. As soon as the meeting was dismissed, the members crowded around us and asked me to preach for them in the evening. The pastor said, "Please preach us a sermon on the church; I want to hear more along this line." I told them that I had never preached a sermon. Wife was scared for fear I should consent, and earnestly protested, saying, "No, no, he is no preacher. Please don't ask him to preach." But they were not easily put off. We had created an interest, and they insisted that I preach to them something about this one true church of God. Finally I consented.

My wife turned pale, and I felt as though my heart was in my throat. We had about one mile to walk home, and I question whether a dozen words passed between us all the way. We were both thinking deeply. I shall never forget that afternoon. It was a time of anxiety, fear, and trembling. I spent it in earnest prayer, pleading with the Lord to help me. I am certain that my wife called mightily upon the Lord; for she was afraid I should make a complete failure.

The sermon outline I prepared follows:

THE CHURCH

Text—Matt. 16:13-18.

Text analyzed.

1. The church is divine. Christ built it. "I WILL BUILD."

2. It is his church. "MY church."
3. There is but one true church. "MY CHURCH."
4. It will stand forever, hence there is no need of any other. "The gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

I. It is the body of Christ. Eph. 1:22, 23; Col. 1:18, 24.

II. Christ has but one body—church. Eph. 4:4-6; Rom. 12:4, 5.

III. Sects or divisions in this body are wrong. 1 Cor. 12:24, 25; 1 Cor. 1:10.

IV. Salvation makes us members. John 10:7, 9; Acts 2:47; 1 Cor. 12:13, 18.

V. Its name is the church of God. Acts 20:28; 1 Cor. 1:1, 2.

VI. The class-book is the book of life. Phil. 4:3; Luke 10:20.

VII. The discipline is the New Testament. 2 Tim. 3:16, 17.

VIII. Its bond of union is the love of God. Col. 2:2.

IX. We need nothing else. Col. 2:10.

That evening we walked silently together to the church. I was trembling from head to feet. When we reached the place, to our surprize the house was crowded to its capacity. The minister had spread the announcement that a new preacher

from Pennsylvania would address them, and this resulted in a record attendance. When I saw the large congregation, my courage almost failed me. My wife will not be whiter when she lays in her casket than she was at that moment.

After song and prayer, with lips quivering and my whole frame shaking I managed to walk to the stand in front of the pulpit. I did not feel worthy to enter the pulpit. I opened my Bible, and with stammering tongue read the text. That instant it seemed the windows of heaven were opened, and the Holy Spirit fell upon me. My mouth was opened, my tongue unloosed, and I was changed into another man. For more than one hour the truth went forth like thunder-peals. Soon Wife was on her feet shouting, the Free Methodists were shouting, and gravitation could not keep me down either. I was leaping for joy and gladness. My wife afterwards told me that the language used was most eloquent. It was the Holy Ghost using the vocal organs to please himself. Praise God for the experience of that hour. I never after doubted my call to the ministry.

The result of that service will be fully known only in eternity. One family took a bold stand with us, and this laid the foundation for future work in that city. A few years later a good-sized congregation was established, and an annual camp-meeting was held in Bellingham.

GIVEN THE GIFT OF PROPHECY

"For to one is given by the Spirit the word of wisdom; . . . to another prophecy" (1 Cor. 12:8-11).

In July, 1893, we returned from Puget Sound, Wash., to my boyhood home in Pennsylvania. I soon publicly announced my call, and also my intention to enter the ministry. Here all my relatives and former associates lived, and my announcement at once became the topic of the whole community. I then gave out a preaching-service to be held on a Sunday evening in the Shelhamer Church. Some of my near kin said, "What a pity! Had he remained with the Lutherans, he might have amounted to something."

Sunday arrived, and I was aware that a multitude of people were coming, the majority no doubt through curiosity. I spent the day wrestling with God. That whole afternoon I was upon my knees under a large chestnut-tree on the hillside, weeping and humbling my heart before the Lord. I shall never forget the struggles my soul passed through. I shall always remember how utterly dependent upon the Holy Spirit I felt. I entered into a number of covenants with the Lord and made solemn promises of what I would do if he would stand by me and give me success. This kind of preparation some brethren have termed "knee-ology." Call it what you may, those early struggles were worth a world to me in after years.

We cut our own grooves, and then say that the Holy Spirit *must* work inside these; all else is false manifestation. When will we break through and let God have *his* way? How long, O Lord? I have been greatly burdened over this very thing. We are too fearful of the "*diversities* of gifts," the "*differences* of administrations," and of the "diversities of *operations*" (1 Cor. 12:4-6). It is the same Spirit, the same Lord, and the same God "which worketh all in all." A very careful reading of the Scriptures reveals the fact that the Holy Ghost has worked in some very strange and mysterious ways at different times. At least in ways that seem strange to us. Oh, that we as a church would without reserve abandon ourselves into his hands, and let him work as he pleases! As long as we dictate and legislate for the Holy Spirit, we limit the field of his operation.

I will here relate an experience that fell under my observation. About twenty years ago, Bro. I. S. McCoy and my wife and I were conducting a revival-meeting at Olive Bethel, Ind. The Hunter family lived there at the time. Father Hunter was a very timid man. It was all he could ever do to summon courage to give in a very short testimony. On this particular morning, Brother McCoy preached a powerful sermon under the anointing of the Spirit. The whole place seemed charged with heaven's electricity, and the congregation were on the direct line with the power-

house on high. All of a sudden Father Hunter arose, his face shining like an angel's, and he began to exhort and testify to the surprize of everybody. He shouted and praised God aloud, and then went from seat to seat and shook hands with the entire congregation.

Wife and I went home with the Hunters for dinner that day. At the table Sigel and Clarence said to their father, "We never saw you act like that before." He seemed surprized at their remark, and then inquired what they meant. When the boys related what had occurred, it was all news to him. He said that the last he remembered he had stood up to testify, and when he came to himself he was sitting on his seat. He knew nothing of what had taken place. Here the Holy Spirit had *his way*. I do not say that the Spirit can not have his way unless there is a similar manifestation. That is not the point. The Holy Ghost is unlimited in resources and will operate in a "diversity" of ways, if we will give him the chance.

I could relate many similar experiences. It goes to show that the Spirit of God will accomplish his pleasure if we will let him. Brethren, I believe God is nursing a storm in the heavens, and I pray God it may soon break upon us. Oh, that heaven's lightning would strike the church and burn up the dry sticks! Let it come, Lord. I can hear the distant thunder-roll.

I never before heard such a sermon. For three and one half hours the message came forth like mighty thunder-peals. People sat spell-bound during all that time. I trembled under the mighty power of God. Under such preaching, it was not difficult to find the highway that leads to Zion. And the ransomed of the Lord came home with everlasting **joy.**

The altars were well filled with seekers for salvation and entire sanctification. There were many sound conversions, and the babes in Christ were not born dead. They came through making "a joyful noise unto the Lord." The whole camp seemed aflame with glory. Every saint of God was inspired with the great message of the reformation, and all had confidence in the work. There was a sweet spirit of love and unity. It was truly wonderful. It seemed to be the gate of heaven to me. My soul had a continual "feast of tabernacles." This meeting was a great inspiration to me to go forth with zeal and earnestness and herald far and wide the "present truth."

OPENING NEW FIELDS OF WORK

In the latter part of October, 1893, Wife and I launched out into the active work of the ministry, and from then until the present we have given our full time to the gospel work. A friend told us of a United Brethren church at North Point, Pa., in which we could hold meetings. He offered to

take us in his *buckboard* buggy, the distance being thirty-eight miles. We packed our satchel and started over the hills on our first evangelistic tour. Our company consisted of Wife, our baby, and me. The people with whom we lodged made no profession of religion.

We continued this meeting for seventeen nights. The country was stirred for miles, and the attendance was very large. I had no older minister on whom to depend, therefore had to dig out my sermons upon my knees. I spent most of the time between meetings in prayer and the study of the Word. I have always thanked God for these experiences. Had I started out with older brethren, I would have depended much upon them to do the preaching and to bear the responsibility. As it was, we were thrown upon our own resources, and had to lean heavily upon God for wisdom and guidance.

A congregation of about thirty believers took their stand for the truth we preached. At one time seventeen members of the United Brethren denomination handed in their names to be taken from their church's class-book. Among these were three persons who afterwards became active ministers—Ann F. Eakman, Annie Cheatham, and Ora Howard (Mrs. D. O. Teasley). A goodly number of sinners were saved, and some believers sanctified. There was marked opposition from the sectarian element. They threatened to close the

church-house against us; but only two of the trustees favored this, while three stood in our favor. At the close of the meeting the new congregation withdrew to a hall offered freely by a merchant who was a non-professor of religion. This hall became the permanent place of worship for the brethren, until in later years a new church-building was erected.

This was my first revival-meeting. But all was not sunshine. We had some unpleasant experiences, and these helped to ripen us for future usefulness. After the first week of the meeting our baby contracted pneumonia. The people with whom we lodged refused us a light at night, and we were placed in the coldest room in the house. As Wife and I had most of the singing for the meeting to do, we were compelled to leave the child with the folk during services. We were fully trusting the Lord for healing, and told the people so. But, despite our protests, while we were absent to meeting they poulticed the child. We set a day of fasting and prayer; but they informed us that we *must* eat while under their roof. Wife then took the baby home to her people, and came back to assist in the meetings. After three months we returned home, but our child did not recognize us, and would not own us. Wife cried all night over this. It takes all kinds of weather to ripen fruit to perfection, and these checkered experiences simply developed quality for service.

From North Point we drove across the country a distance of six miles to Georgeville, Pa. Many of the readers of this book have seen the cartoons "Bringing Up Father," by George McMannus. It was the father of George McMannus who offered us a small hall to hold meetings in. With some assistance we scrubbed out the place, seated it, and announced meeting. The first night the place was crowded to its capacity, and many were on the outside. After two nights the Baptists opened their church, and we continued the meetings there for four weeks.

It was during this meeting that our first evangelistic company was formed. Singing was a prominent part in all our services, and we arranged it so that we had all parts of music. Wife sang soprano, Belle Sheldon (of Blanco, Pa.) sang alto, Ora Howard (of North Point, Pa.) sang the tenor part, while I sang bass. From this time Ora Howard traveled with us for more than seven years.

A church of about eighty members was established as a result of this meeting. During the first two weeks there were no conversions. The preaching was all new to the people, and they were weighing matters and counting the cost. The final real break took place on a Sunday night, when six young ladies came to the altar and were gloriously saved. Each of these began to work among her relatives and friends, and led a number of them

to Christ. During the last two weeks of the meeting more than sixty bowed at the altar for salvation. People sometimes fell upon their knees at their seats during the sermon and began to call upon the Lord for mercy. Usually seekers came forward weeping and trembling, and sometimes we could scarcely find room for them. The Lord wrought gloriously in our midst. To his name be all praise forever. Sectarians opposed, while the brethren shouted aloud for the joy and gladness which filled their hearts.

Many false reports were circulated, but they only increased the attendance. The following is a sample. It was reported that several persons had gone insane, and that we had a number of our converts chained near the church. At the time of the meeting the snow was very deep, and it was claimed that we baptized our converts in the snow. A young school-teacher, A. T. Rowe, heard these reports and through curiosity came to the meeting. He was afterwards saved, and today is a well-known minister.

From here we went to Richmond, Pa., a distance of about ten miles. The citizens had seated a large skating-rink with capacity for about one thousand people. When we arrived in the town in a spring-wagon, the people gathered on the streets as though Barnum's circus had come. The reports from the last meeting had created a great curiosity. Folk were eager to see what sort of

people we were. The yard and street in front of the hotel where we stopped soon filled with the curious. I thought of Paul's saying that we are a "gazing-stock," "a spectacle unto men." It is needless to say that the place of meeting was crowded.

All the ministers turned out to hear the "new and strange doctrine," as they termed it. The first sermon was the Biblical Trace of the Church, and second the Scattering and Gathering of the People of God. These subjects were followed by False Prophets, The Holy Remnant, The Evening Light, Gog and Magog, and The Signs of the Times, and kindred themes. Reports flew thick and fast, and calls came from every direction.

Our next meeting was at Hortons, Pa. Here the Disciples opened their church, and we held forth two weeks. At the close I baptized nine converts, among whom was Mahalo Uber (later Mrs. W. W. Titley). She preached the gospel a number of years. A strong congregation was planted here, and the following summer we held a camp-meeting in a grove near by. At the close of this meeting we returned home for a rest. We had been absent three months, during which time more than one hundred were saved, and three good-sized churches raised up.

The report of these meetings had reached Pittsburg, Pa., where Brother Warner and company were holding meetings. Brother Warner dispatch-

ed Bro. George T. Clayton to investigate our work. He came to our home, and together we returned to the new field of labor. We spent several weeks with the new churches, during which time almost all the converts were baptized, and received the Holy Ghost.

The weather was extremely cold, and as the baptizing was done in streams, we often cut the ice in order to administer the rite. At one time I baptized a large number of people in an ice-covered stream. I became so cold I was unable to administer the rite to all the candidates, and Brother Clayton walked into the water and baptized the remaining ones. Among them was a woman very weak from consumption of the lungs. The people told her she would die as a result. As she was gently buried in the icy waters, the Spirit of God fell upon her, and she was instantly healed, to the great amazement of the enemies of the gospel and to the comfort of the saints and the friends of the truth. She became a strong woman and lived more than twenty-five years after this. It was Mrs. George W. Hazlett. Many came out of the water shouting the high praises of God.

The first ten years of my ministry were spent in doing pioneer work, laboring in new fields. I traveled extensively through Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Indiana. Bros. G. T. Clayton and A. J. Kilpatrick were my main companions in labor. Both of these men were very devout and God-fearing,

and their holy lives were an inspiration to me. Brother Clayton was the most patient man in the furnace of persecution, trial, and discouragement that I ever associated with. Brother Kilpatrick was a giant in the pulpit in defense of the doctrine of sanctification as a second work of grace. There were times when he preached on no other subject during a whole series of meetings. Hundreds today can date their experience of holiness from the time they attended his meetings.

EXPERIENCES IN PIONEER WORK

By pioneer work we mean the opening of fields where the truths of the present reformation had never penetrated, and thus blazing the way for other laborers. In the early years of the reformation about all the preachers were pioneer men. The dangers faced, the persecutions suffered, the hardships endured, and the sacrifices made by these early soldiers of the cross should be an everlasting inspiration to the newer and younger men and women who are called to perpetuate the great work so well begun. Those precious brethren who were called from the common walks of life to consecrate themselves to the task of establishing a movement in the earth that is destined in the providence of God to girdle the globe with salvation and holiness unto the Lord, will soon all have passed to their eternal reward. Their places

will be filled by younger, more talented, better qualified, and better educated men and women. It is the earnest wish and prayer of these pioneer worthies that the host of new workers going forth will accomplish a thousand times more than they themselves ever could. I trust the time will never come when the younger generation will forget and fail to appreciate the brethren who by their hard toil and sacrifices brought this movement into existence.

It was my happy privilege to come into this movement during its pioneer days. I was well acquainted and intimately associated with a majority of the early ministers. In those days I was known as the "boy preacher" of the reformation. While I was about the same age as many of the brethren, I had a young face, and people generally took me to be much younger than I really was. This often became a great trial to me. People would read our reports and articles in the Trumpet, then send for us to hold meetings in their communities. They usually expected to see a man about fifty years of age, six feet tall, and with a heavy beard. Many times when we arrived by train or wagon, the people had gathered to greet us, and lo, when they saw a sprightly, young, smooth-faced boy alight, their intense disappointment was clearly manifest. I frequently received such greetings as the following, "Is this Brother Riggle? Well, we thought we were sending for a MAN,

a preacher.'' Of course this was anything but pleasant for me, and it drove me to my knees in tears alone with God to seek power and wisdom to meet the people's requirements. Praise God, he never disappointed me, and the people usually changed their minds after the first service.

At the first general camp-meeting we attended, at Grand Junction, Mich., the Lord gave me a message to deliver. When I looked at the older brethren, my courage failed and I shrank from duty. The result was a three-months' chastening from the Lord. I suffered under the rod until I learned my lesson. I decided it should never be repeated. At the next annual meeting the Lord put me to the test. It was on Sunday morning, when thousands of people from far and near had gathered. I was aware of the great disappointment that would sweep over the assembly the moment I should take the pulpit. I hesitated and tried to excuse myself, but the Spirit reminded me of my experience the previous year. I shall never forget how I climbed that old pulpit and stood trembling and embarrassed. It was plainly visible that the congregation was disappointed. Just then Brother Warner shouted, ''God bless Brother Riggle.'' That one sentence lifted my soul above the dark clouds, and as I read my text—''The night is far spent, the day is at hand''—the windows of heaven opened, and suddenly the whole camp was a blaze of glory, and the brethren were

shouting. All disappointment on the part of the people disappeared. They learned that it is 'not by might and power, but by the Spirit of the Lord.'

Something occurred at this service worthy of note. I had accompanied another minister and his family by carriage from Pennsylvania to this meeting. We had held meetings at a number of places along the way. At all these places this preacher had represented himself to be the leading minister in our company, and left the impression that I was merely along as a young helper. He did practically all the preaching, and what money was given he received. This was somewhat of a trial to me; but I humbled my heart before the Lord and submitted it all to him. At the close of this Sunday-morning service I was surprized to see this very preacher come forward weeping to the altar, and that in the presence of the assembled thousands. I was reminded of the words of Jesus, "He that exalteth himself shall be abased," and, "He that humbleth himself shall be exalted." My experience has taught me that it always pays to take the humble side and be submitted under all circumstances.

In those days there were few well-established churches to support the work, and no system of support for the ministers. There was no Truth Extension Board nor funds available. We had to depend entirely upon the Lord for our support, and preached wherever an opportunity presented

itself—sometimes in church-houses, and again in school-buildings, in the open air, and in groves. We usually had a strong force of good singers, and would sing along the country roads and as we passed through towns and villages. This attracted large crowds wherever we went. There was an enthusiasm that seemed to carry everything before it. Speaking for myself, I had implicit confidence in our message and the reformation movement as a whole. I never entertained a doubt but what our work was of God. This gave boldness and authority. With this confidence we threw all our strength into the work, and with heart and soul faced the combined powers of opposition. No sacrifice was too great or task too hard. Our lives were consecrated to carry the saving truth to the people.

HARDSHIPS ALONG THE WAY

Paul said, "Endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ." The history of God's saints in all ages is one of suffering and endurance. In the language of Isaac Watts, we may all say,

"Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

"No, I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord.
I'll bear the cross, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word."

It is the lot of all to taste a little of "that which remains of the sufferings of Christ." Our Master said, "I have a cup to drink." This was the cup of suffering. But before this cup was entirely exhausted the Father was pleased to remove it from Christ's lips, and the few drops that remain are distributed among his followers. In this way we "partake of the sufferings of Christ," share in them; and if we can comprehend the true meaning of this, it will be a pleasure to "glory in tribulation," like Paul, and "rejoice in that day, and be exceeding glad."

Some of my brethren suffered far more than we did. Notable among these were Brothers Warner and Clayton. While in bed, wounded from mob violence, Brother Warner asked for pencil and paper, and wrote the following beautiful words:

"Who will suffer with the Savior,
Take the little that remains
Of the cup of tribulation
Jesus drank in dying pains?

"Oh, for consecrated service
Mid the din of Babel strife!
Who will dare the truth to herald
At the peril of his life?

"Lord, we fellowship Thy passion,
Gladly suffer shame and loss.
With thy blessing pain is pleasure;
We will glory in thy cross."

During the early years of our ministry we received but a very meager support financially. The total received the first year would not, I am sure,

exceed fifty dollars. With a wife and child to support, and most of this amount needed for travel, it meant self-denial along many lines. For many years I wore only second-hand clothing. The same was true of Brother Clayton, with whom I traveled. We usually purchased our suits from pawn-shops along Penn Avenue, Pittsburg, Pa. In large cities like Chicago, because of no money with which to pay transfer, I have carried our heavy baggage from one depot to the other, sometimes as far as ten or fifteen city blocks. In this manner I have moved as many as four large suitcases. I would carry two a short distance, set them down, and go back and bring the rest. Sometimes when clearly exhausted, I would sit down on the pile to rest. As I wore a clerical vest and minister's long coat, of course everybody knew I was a preacher.

As a family we knew how to abound with plenty, and again how to be in want. Our older children can well remember when they used to pray for their food and clothing. They also remember how God often definitely answered our prayers. Oh, praise his dear name forever! Those early experiences are worth a world to me today. At Hookstown, Pa. (a new field), Harry Rogers, Ora Howard, my wife, our baby, and I lived one week on eighty-two cents.

We were holding meeting in a large Methodist church, and as no one invited us home, we were

obliged to sleep on the church seats. The weather was cool, and to keep warm some of us walked the floor about all the night. But I declare that some of the richest things I ever received from heaven came in this way. A whole night spent in prayer enriches the soul. Jesus, our Master, had "no place to lay his head."

At the close of this meeting we had no money to pay our way out. Every cent was gone. We had met with persecution and indifference on the part of the people. It was about twelve miles to Brother Rogers' home, on the Ohio River. We started on foot. My wife carried the baby, while the rest of us carried the baggage. As we started down the dusty road, many of the townspeople gathered and jeered at us and made insulting remarks. Suddenly the words of Jesus came ringing in my soul—"And whosoever shall not receive you, nor hear your words, when ye depart out of that house or city, shake off the dust of your feet. Verily I say unto you, It shall be more tolerable for the land of Sodom and Gomorrah in the day of judgment, than for that city." I also remembered that Paul and Barnabas carried out literally these very words of Christ (Acts 13:51). So at my suggestion our whole company turned toward the jeering crowd and the town, and, raising our hands to heaven as a witness against them, shook the dust from our feet. That was nearly thirty years ago, and as far as I

know no one has since been led to go there with the true message.

BITTER PERSECUTIONS

The apostle says "all that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution." Jesus said, "If the world hate you, ye know that it hated me before it hated you." This opposition has usually come from the leaders of religion. It was the rulers and elders who condemned Christ to death. The same was true in the case of Stephen, the first Christian martyr; blind and zealous religionists stoned him to death. Paul was once a bitter opposer of the church of God, all because he was 'exceedingly zealous for the traditions of his fathers.'

More than fifty millions of saints have been slaughtered in the name of religion. It is a fact all through the history of Christianity that when any one received additional light from God, and then had the courage to break away from some old, dead religious body and boldly declare his convictions, severe persecution followed. The lives of such men as Huss, Luther, Zwingli, Wesley, Alexander Campbell, and D. S. Warner attest this fact.

In the early years of the reformation movement in which we are engaged, there was intense opposition from every quarter. The definite message of true holiness, the one divine church distinct

from sectarian institutions, and that all sectarian religious bodies are unscriptural and are a part of Babylon out of which God is now calling his people back to Zion, stirred the ecclesiastical world in bitter hostility. In those days it was very common for mobs, headed by sectarian preachers, to attack our meetings.

At one place, during a camp-meeting, a great rabble gathered and gave the brethren just five minutes to leave the grounds. Most of them did not have time to gather up their belongings. A few minutes after their departure the tents and tabernacle were blown to pieces with dynamite. One minister, to escape, walked a considerable distance through a stream of water.

While one of our brethren was conducting a meeting at Dawson, Pa., a crowd of the "baser sort" assembled with intent to kill the preacher. The building in which the services were being conducted was enclosed with half-inch siding. The pulpit was near one end of the building, and the preacher was standing near the wall while delivering the message. The mob secured a long, heavy pole. This they planned to thrust through the building at the brother. Providentially, no doubt, the preacher's pencil fell on the floor. The instant he stooped down to pick up his pencil, the pole, with terrific force, crashed through the wall and passed just over his head. Had he remained standing straight he probably would have been

killed; at least he would have been severely injured.

It was no uncommon thing to be egged, stoned, and whipped. On one occasion while Brother Clayton was returning home from meeting, carrying a child in one arm and his book-case in the other hand, a crowd of ruffians, urged on by professors of religion, attacked him with buggy whips and whipped him for some distance along the road. Under such ordeals the brethren usually praised God. In Illinois a wicked man kicked a brother who was praying in a corn-patch, and compelled him to leave the field. A short time after this man was killed by a lightning-bolt on the same spot. In Pennsylvania a man struck one of the brethren a terrible blow in the face with his fist. The brother praised God and, turning the other side of his face, said, "You may strike that too, if you wish." Instantly the offender fell down at the brother's feet, and said, "O God, I have struck a holy man! Please forgive me, and pray God to forgive me."

Personally we have had a taste of these things. I have been in mobs, have been struck over the head with canes and umbrellas, and have been cursed in the most abusive language. In every instance it has been by professed Christians. But when we read of the sufferings of Paul and others, we must conclude that the things we have been called to pass through are but "light afflictions." The suffer-

ings of the present time do not compare with the glory that shall follow.

MY ORDINATION

It is God who calls and qualifies for the work of the ministry. Ordination by the laying on of the hands of the presbytery is but a public recognition of this divine call, and a dedication thereto. In the Acts it is recorded that after fasting and prayer they laid their hands upon certain brethren and commended them to the grace of God.

At the General Assembly of ministers held at Grand Junction, Mich., in June 1894, Bro. D. S. Warner recommended me for ordination. As the consecrated hands of my older and superior brethren were laid upon me, I felt a new inspiration and authority given from the Lord, and rededicated myself to make the work of the ministry my life's work. I have never been ambitious to reach a place of prominence and note, but it has been my constant desire to be "a *good* minister of Jesus Christ."

METHODS OF WORK IN PIONEER DAYS

When this reformation-work was in its infancy, we were constantly pushing out into new fields. All the ministers were inspired with the conviction that we are now engaged in the last great reformation that shall sweep over the earth before Christ's appearing. This work is the "great preparation" day, the bride being made ready

for the coming of the Bridegroom. As we believe that this reformation restores to the church the whole gospel in all its purity, then the responsibility to carry the saving message of truth to all nations becomes the greater. Imbued with this thought, the first preachers were a "flying ministry," disseminating the truth in every direction. Little attention was paid to the pastoral care of churches. Local elders and deacons were ordained in different congregations; but these were generally called and selected from each assembly, and were self-supporting.

There was no system for pastoral support. We felt that our message was urgent, and that it was not wise to tarry too long in one place. Had the preachers classified as *evangelists* and *pastors,* I am sure nine tenths would have registered evangelists. Sometimes I wish that the present ministry had more of this spirit of evangelism. Since the work has enlarged to its present proportions, and congregations have been planted all over the land, the pastoral phase has received more attention than has the evangelistic. Of course this follows in the natural evolution of things. But I am certain that the church today needs more of that spirit to evangelize, which was so characteristic of the early preachers of the reform. Every congregation should labor to carry the light of saving truth to its entire surrounding community. Every member of each assembly should be a soul-

winner for Christ. This is the true spirit of primitive Christianity. Of the church at Thessalonica it was said, "From you sounded out the word of the Lord not only in Macedonia and Achaia, but also in every place your faith to God-ward is spread abroad."

The early preaching of some of the first ministers was in some respects idealistic and theoretical to the exclusion of the practical. This is an honest confession of facts. It was easy to point out the sins and short-comings of the professed Christian world, and condemn these by the Word of God. It was not difficult for those who clearly discerned the body of Christ to hold before the people the ideal church of the New Testament from *a purely doctrinal* standpoint. They could boldly say, *"This is the church."* But this preaching called out a visible body of believers numbering tens of thousands the world over. Now, it is quite another thing to demonstrate in a practical way the ideal presented. We have found it many times more difficult. It is for this visible body of believers to present to the world a "glorious church, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing; but that it should be holy and without blemish." This is the point. This is what the people expect of us. They have a right to. In this very thing lies the success of our work. The world expects to see *in us* the very standard and ideal we have preached. We must meet its expectation.

A careful reading of the Epistles will show that the apostles not only cried out against the sins of the outside world, but were busy correcting the evils that were creeping into the visible assemblies among whom they labored and who were actually planted by them. I am thoroughly convinced that if the apostles themselves had these difficulties to contend with in their congregations, we may also expect like troubles and like problems within the church. The New Testament is full of instructions on how to proceed in all these things. When we cry out against the worldliness manifest among the millions of professed Christians around us, we need to be sure that we as a visible body of people are clear from this thing. When we boldly condemn sectarian divisions, let us be certain that we exhibit a visible church in Bible unity. "And thinkest thou this, O man, that judgest them which do such things, and doest the same, that thou shalt escape the judgment of God?"

EARLY PREACHING

As to the method of our early preaching, the reference system was generally followed. It was 'precept upon precept; line upon line; here a little, and there a little.' The sermons were mostly doctrinal, and this style was certainly effectual. Everything was proved by the Bible. This appealed to the people, and the remark was often heard,

"These folks prove every point of their doctrine from the Scriptures. They preach the Word." I here insert a sermon outline I then used, and it is a fair sample of all the rest.

SANCTIFICATION

Text, 1 Thess. 4:3.

I. It Is a Bible Doctrine.
   1. Jesus prayed for the sanctification of believers (John 17:9, 17, 20).
   2. It is our present inheritance (Acts 20:32; 26:18).
   3. It is willed to us under the new covenant (Heb. 10:9, 10).

II. It Is Attainable in This Life.
   1. There were sanctified brethren at Corinth (1 Cor. 1:1, 2).
   2. Jude addressed those who were sanctified (Jude 1).

III. The Provisions for It Are Complete.
   1. God sanctifies (1 Thess. 5:23; Jude 1).
   2. The means he uses:
      a) The Word (John 17:17).
      b) The Holy Ghost (Rom. 15:16).
   3. The cleansing element—blood of Christ (Heb. 13:12).
   4. The condition.
      a) Full consecration (Rom. 12:1, 2).
      b) Faith (Acts 26:18).

IV. It Is Received Subsequent to Regeneration.
   1. Direct proof (Eph. 5:25-27).

2. Examples:
   a) The first disciples.
   b) The Samaritans (Acts 8:5-17).
   c) The Thessalonians.
      (1) Were children of God (1 Thess. 1:1-9; 3:1-7).
      (2) Were not sanctified wholly (1 Thess. 5:23; 4:3).

V. What It Does for Us.
   1. Purifies the heart (Acts 15:8, 9).
   2. Perfects in unity (John 17:17, 20-23; Heb. 2:10).

VI. Necessity of This Grace.
   1. Fits for service here (2 Tim. 2:21).
   2. Fits for heaven hereafter (Heb. 12:14; Matt. 5:8).

In large camp-meetings it was customary to give out texts for others to read. This proved convenient, as the minister did not need to leaf through his Bible to find his Scripture proof-text; when he desired it, he simply called out the chapter and verse and some one stood up and read it. The sermons were usually long, sometimes lasting two hours. It was remarkable, however, to see the people sit for hours apparently spellbound by their intense interest in the expounding of the Word of God.

There was much preaching from the prophecies and Revelation. It was largely from these portions of Holy Writ that this great "evening-

light reformation'' was clearly pointed out. Prophecy will always hold a prominent place in our preaching. Charts and blackboard illustrations were used by most of the ministers. This proved to be a very effectual method of presenting truth. It made their message appeal through the eye as well as the ear. The prophet said, ''Write it before them.''

The preaching was definite and radical. All manner of sin, false religion, and worldliness was exposed in the strongest terms. It was, ''Walk in the light, or go into darkness.'' This definite preaching separated the wheat from the chaff, and brought out a plain, spiritual people. Very often the minister, while presenting the strongest truth against apostate religions, would weep in the pulpit. This anointing of the Spirit, this melting power, this sowing in tears is what took hold of hearts with a mighty grip.

The majority of the first preachers were very demonstrative in the pulpit. Sometimes in the midst of a sermon the minister (and most of the congregation) leaped and shouted for joy. The ''daily sacrifice'' of praise and thanksgiving which was ''taken away'' during the apostasy, has been restored to the church in the evening of time. It is common for people to become enthusiastic and demonstrational at political gatherings, and over their business; why should they not so become in religious affairs also, since salvation is the

greatest and most valuable thing in all the world?

At Wilmot, Ind., is a very spiritual congregation of believers. Many years ago a dry preacher went there to conduct a meeting. Just as he arose to read his text the windows of heaven were opened and the saints began to shout under the divine blessing. Soon the whole place was a blaze of glory, and even sinners were weeping. The poor preacher was not in this element, and felt greatly embarrassed. Finally he sat down, while the congregation continued praising God. He was soon under conviction for a living experience of salvation, and went to the public altar and requested the happy saints to pray for him that he might also be a partaker of this good thing. In this case a live congregation burned a dead preacher out of the pulpit, and brought him to his knees for salvation. I wish there were more such congregations.

SOME OF MY MISTAKES

Mistakes—we all make them. But instead of our letting them be a hindrance to our spiritual progress, we can profit by them, improve the future, and turn each one into a blessing. It is not very pleasant to dwell upon our past blunders. I have often thought that possibly had Peter been present when brethren recorded his greatest mistakes in life he might have pleaded with them and said, "Please, brethren, omit those parts." I am

glad they are on record, and that Paul wrote down one of Peter's blunders (see Gal. 2:11-16) and then at the same time called him a "pillar." It shows that, after all, these men were but human and subject to making mistakes. At heart they were loyal to God and his cause.

One of the greatest mistakes of my early ministry was to open up new fields of work and then rush off and leave them. For example, in Indiana County, Pa., in the winter of 1893-94, we raised up several strong churches. They were our children in the Lord. The whole community was stirred for miles, and calls for meetings came in from every direction. Had I remained there for a few years and taken care of the tender flocks until capable pastors were raised up, and at the same time evangelized the surrounding communities, there would today be a mighty work to show the fruits of our labors. Instead of doing this, being one of the "flying ministry," I felt it my duty to hurry off to other new fields.

Oh, how those dear saints pleaded for us to stay with them, feed them, and protect them! Our answer was, "The Lord will take care of you." But, alas! after our departure 'grievous wolves entered in, not sparing the flock'; and today some empty church-houses mark the place of a once flourishing work. Oh, how sad I have felt over this more than a thousand times since! In the early years of my ministry I made this same mis-

take in a number of places. I am sure that if we had properly cared for the work, as Paul did at Corinth, the present reformation movement would today embrace several times the number of people that it does.

Another blunder was my method of instruction, or lack of it. Jesus labored more than three years with his disciples teaching them in the things concerning the kingdom of God, and yet they did not fully understand what he would have them know. He said to them, "I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye can not bear them now." Even after Pentecost it was a long time before some of the apostles got rid of their Jewish ideas. Paul was at Corinth a year and six months, and then afterwards addressed these brethren as follows, "I have fed you with milk, and not with meat: for hitherto ye were not able to bear it, neither yet now are ye able." You see, Christ and the apostles revealed the truth gradually to the people, just as they could comprehend it. In the first years of my ministry I failed to observe this principle. In a short meeting of a few weeks we endeavored to present *all* lines of truth. In the first meeting in a new field we fed milk and strong meat, with the latter far the larger portion. If the people could not at once grasp it all and accept it, they were considered blind, and in many cases deceived. Oh, what a serious mistake! It makes me think of a schoolmaster calling up a class of

six-year-old boys and girls and giving them a long lesson in geometry. They would be able to see the characters on the blackboard, but not one would comprehend them.

I have gone into new communities and, the first week of the meeting, preached on such themes as the "church," the "scattering and gathering of God's people," the "Biblical trace of the church," and "false teachers." Working on the principle that "His sheep hear His voice, and follow Him," we considered all who did not at once accept the teaching as outside the fold. This was a great mistake. What the people needed was "repentance," "conversion," regeneration," and "full salvation from sin." They should have been led gradually into the deeper and stronger truths. Here is seen one great need of ministerial training-schools to teach young ministers right methods of work. How much more successful should we have been had we had such training!

Some people comprehend truth sooner than others. I have known some to sit under straight preaching for years and yet not see every point clear enough to take a definite stand. A few years ago, while I was attending camp-meeting in Michigan, Bro. A. B. Palmer and F. G. Smith pointed out to me a Mennonite minister who was tenting on the grounds. They said, "Treat this brother with all Christian courtesy. He has been attending our meetings occasionally for years, and

even attended the International Meeting, at Anderson, Indiana. He is a good man and God is using him, but he does not see the church question clearly.'' I made it a point to become acquainted with this brother. I found him to be a very devoted Christian. One night during the meeting the Spirit impressed me to preach on the church question, and at the same time I clearly felt that the message was for this minister. At the close of the sermon he asked permission to speak, and then took the pulpit. Among other things he said, ''Brethren, have I not always told you that if I ever saw this point clearly I would accept it? I have heard it preached time and again, but tonight the Lord opened my mind and heart to see it clearly for the first time. Praise God, I see the truth. I discern the body of Christ. I am with the church of God from this time on.'' It pays to take time and be patient with all men.

ON THE FLOATING BETHEL

The prophet Zechariah predicted that the domain of Christ would extend ''from the *river* even to the ends of the earth.'' Bro. George T. Clayton conceived the idea that a gospel boat fitted with living-rooms and a chapel would be a splendid means of evangelizing the country. His plan was to have the boat float down the rivers from Pittsburg, Pa., to the Gulf of Mexico and to hold meetings in all towns and cities along the way.

Accordingly he made such an outfit of a flatboat about 30 by 150 feet, and named it the "Floating Bethel." Being very zealous for the cause, my wife and I furnished considerable means towards its completion.

When finished, it was anchored near Sixth Street bridge, Pittsburg. The chapel was spacious, seating a few hundred people. The roof was flat, and before services a company of singers would gather there and sing a number of attractive hymns. Immense crowds of people lined the bridge to listen, and then some one with a loud voice announced the meeting. Usually the chapel was well filled. Brother Warner and his company spent several months on this boat, and a church was established in this city as a result.

Early in the spring of 1894 the cables were untied and the boat started floating down the river. My wife and I joined the company just before they started, and accompanied them on the first trip. None of us had any experience in navigation on the Ohio River, and I am sure that had not the Lord specially protected us, we should all have been drowned. The only means of guiding the boat were two very large oars on each end. It often required all on board—men and women—to work hard with these oars. By this means we passed from one side of the stream to the other. During floods we were out all hours of the night tying and untying cables. And as the

flood receded we had to keep pushing the boat out, or in the morning we might find ourselves on dry land. Once it lodged on a large rock in the center of the stream and swung round and round. Had the bottom crashed in, nothing would have saved us. At another time we discovered a falls ahead of us, and to go over it meant certain death. We plied the oars faithfully and at the same time called mightily upon God for deliverance. We reached the lock and passed safely through.

We stopped at about all towns and cities on both sides of the Ohio. As soon as we safely anchored, we would gather on the roof of the boat and sing. Through curiosity, great crowds assembled. This gave us a fine opportunity to announce our meetings and reach a host of people. Many congregations were thus raised up in these river towns. In this way the work was started at Moundsville, W. Va., and, afterwards, through Brother Clayton's efforts, the Gospel Trumpet Company moved there from Grand Junction, Mich.

AMUSING INCIDENTS ALONG THE WAY

There is a jovial side to every well-balanced life. The "merry heart hath a continual feast." The wise man said "there is a time to laugh." Ministers, as well as other professional men, have their embarrassments and amusing experiences. In the lives of Peter Cartwright and Lorenzo Dow, embarrassments and amusing experiences were

very prominent. Many were the laughable occurrences that took place throughout their ministry.

Two Free Methodist preachers with whom I am well acquainted were holding meetings in Greensburg, Pa. In a special service a man was seeking holiness. Their method emphasizes dying-out to sin. The seeker at the altar became desperate and cried at the top of his voice, "Let me die; let me die." The preachers kept saying, "Kill him, kill him, Lord." A man on the street heard this and supposed that a murder was being committed. He ran and rang the police alarm, and soon the place of meeting was full of officers in blue coats ready to arrest the murderers, who proved to be harmless holiness preachers.

A brother was conducting a revival in a home in Michigan. The place was crowded with people. In the midst of his sermon he became very happy and took a high jump. When he came down the floor broke through, and he landed in the cellar below. The congregation was left without a preacher until he climbed out of the basement and resumed his sermon.

Two ministers, one an Irishman, were holding meetings in a theater in a large city. They used the stage for the pulpit. The first night of the meeting the Irishman preached. The other brother was sitting near the edge of the stage; all of a sudden he lost his balance and landed on his back about seven feet below. The man in the pulpit

stopped preaching for a moment, and without even smiling looked down at his fellow minister and said, "Well." The news of what had happened spread rapidly over the city, and during the rest of the meeting the place was crowded to its capacity every night.

While I was preaching in a large grove in the Soldiers' National Home at Dayton, Ohio, to an immense crowd of people, my false teeth flew out of my mouth. I was standing on a large platform, and they lit on the ground below. This was a very embarrassing situation indeed. But a preacher must be ready for any emergency. A friend from the congregation came forward and handed me my teeth. I turned my back to the crowd and with my handkerchief cleaned the dirt off my teeth, then replaced them in my mouth, and with a smile turned to the congregation and remarked, "Well, such things will sometimes happen; but all things work for our good," and continued my sermon.

The most embarrassing circumstance that I ever faced occurred in an ordinance service at Vintondale, Pa. Bro. I. S. McCoy was with me. Just before administering the communion Supper, I took the small loaf from the plate and began to explain its meaning. When I reached the point that in this sacred ordinance we show the Lord's death till he comes again, and that the broken loaf represents his body broken for us, I attempt-

ed to break the loaf, and to my surprize could not do it. The loaf seemed as hard as rock; I could not break it. Imagine my perplexity—a congregation of people looking on, and in the most solemn part of the observance! What to do I did not know. Brother McCoy took in the situation at a glance, and, stepping up to the pulpit, said, "Give me that bread, I will go outside and break it, while you sing 'His yoke is easy, his burden is light.'" I sang the hymn until he returned with the broken loaf, and then we proceeded with the service. It takes all kind of experiences to make up life.

EXPERIENCES WITH ACCUSATIONS

Satan, whether working through ecclesiastical world powers like pagan Rome, or directly and individually, is the "accuser of the brethren," and it is said he accuses them "day and night." Paul informs us that it is possible for the arch-fiend to transform himself "into an angel of light." This is what makes it difficult at times clearly to discern between the voice of God and the whisperings of Satan.

Being of a very sensitive nature, and desiring to be right on every line in experience and life, I was picked on by the enemy as a good target at which to shoot his arrows of accusations. The first three years of my ministry were checkered by seasons of awful mental suffering and torment.

Some of the most powerful and fruitful meetings I ever held were held during this time. But, strange to say, after laboring with souls at the altar, and witnessing many bright conversions, I would retire to my room and there be beset by clouds of darkness and discouragement. Really, I was in a hell of mental suffering, which often continued until the service the following night. Often as I stepped into the pulpit the clouds lifted, and the power and glory of God would rest upon me throughout the service; but after the close, the same tormenting experience would be repeated.

The devil usually whispered: "You are deceived"; "The Lord is doing all he can for you in your condition"; "After preaching to others, you will be a castaway"; "I am sure of you. I will drag you to hell"; "Your experience is a sham; you are not really saved at all." The moment I would listen to this, then the enemy would suggest, "You are possessed of evil spirits, there is no hope." Really, at such times I felt as though I was abandoned by God and man. A person really possessed by the devil could not suffer greater torment than I passed through. Many times I would go to the brethren and have them lay hands on me; but this gave me only temporary relief.

During these three years I lived a prayerful, pure life before God. Even though I spent much time in doubts and fears, it was a mental state, and did not affect my soul. As I now look back at

that time, I am conscious that God was with me throughout it all. But, as with Job, he permitted me to be placed into Satan's hands for a season, to fit me for service, that I might be able in later years to help others in like state. I have had plenty of opportunity to assist others under the accusing power, and to comfort them 'with the comfort wherewith I was comforted.'

DOOR OF ENTRANCE FOR ACCUSATIONS

I am sure that the primary door through which Satan entered to attack me was my failure to obtain a satisfactory experience in my soul in the meeting where I first accepted the full gospel. This, like a wedge, opened a place for Satan to accuse me. If I failed there, possibly my later experience was not genuine! On this very point the wily accuser first attacked me. He reasoned, and I listened. The moment I allowed a single doubt to enter my mind, it seemed my shield was gone, and dart after dart pierced me until my power to resist almost left me.

This has been an everlasting lesson to me. Oh, the danger of shallow altar-work! Many times my soul has been grieved to see people rushed through into a profession, and thus caused to leave the altar with no joy and peace, no satisfaction, no victory, no shout of praise. Some workers have talked, talked, talked into their ears, and told them to "believe, and the work is done." This is exactly

what I was instructed to do, and it cost me years of torment and suffering. I have always stood for thorough work at the altar. People should seek God until every craving of their heart is fully satisfied.

Another cause was my sensitive nature and overconscientiousness. Little things that did not disturb others' peace, bothered me. If anything was manifest in my life and experience that was not up to the highest standard of ideals, I was ready to accept it as a lack in me. Really I accused myself. This, however, was partly due to a standard of preaching that was too high to be practical. A clear distinction was not made between the sinful, fallen nature in man, and our own human weaknesses, dispositions, and temperaments. True holiness does not destroy our humanity. We retain all our natural temperaments, our likes and dislikes, and these differ widely in people. Some are slow, calm, and easy-going, while others are nervous and impulsive. This idealistic standard of teaching that no one lived and no one could attain to, caused me much trouble and confusion.

And lastly, I am confident that the Lord permitted some of these things to come upon me to teach me lessons that have been most profitable in my ministry in after years. I have been able to help many others who were passing through similar experiences. I have more sympathy and

patience in dealing with souls. I can take time to "strengthen the weak, and comfort the feeble-minded."

VICTORY OVER ACCUSATIONS

Paul said, "The God of peace shall bruise Satan under your feet shortly" (Rom. 16:20). The beloved John has told us, "*This is the victory* that overcometh the world, *even our faith*" (John 5:4). But such faith must have a solid foundation, and that foundation is the Word of God. These things "are written, *that ye might believe* . . . ; and that believing ye might have life through his name."

I decided to settle everything by the Bible, to stake my eternal salvation upon the written Word, "*the Word only.*" I carefully studied every condition for salvation, and found that I had complied with each one of them. Then the "exceeding great and precious promises" were all mine, yes *mine.* Upon these promises I planted my feet. I made a covenant with the Lord something like this. "If I never receive a blessing, a good feeling, a sensation of joy until my dying day, I will never doubt thy Word. I will go to the judgment resting my soul's salvation upon the Scriptures. Here once for all I cast my helpless self upon thy promises, and I rest secure in knowing that they can not fail. God can not deny his Word, it was confirmed with the oath of the Almighty, and sealed and ratified by the blood of Jesus Christ."

That ended my troubles, and an everlasting victory was mine. For twenty-seven years I have never suffered an hour under accusations of the devil. Oh, halleluiah! Satan often comes like a flood; but 'the Spirit of the Lord lifts up a standard against him.' Faith wards off every dart. From that time until now I have not lacked the rich blessing of the Lord upon my soul. Amidst the hardest trials, the greatest temptations, the most complex problems and difficult obstacles of life—and they are plentiful—faith reposes calmly upon the rock of eternal truth, unshaken, unmoved. To the triune God all praise and glory shall be given forever.

THE BLESSING OF A GOOD WIFE

Solomon said, "Whoso findeth a wife findeth a good thing, and obtaineth favor of the Lord." This has been true in my case. In all the discouraging times through which I have passed, she has stood by me like a supporting wall. During the years of suffering and, later, of affliction that I was called to endure, she never failed to comfort, encourage, and earnestly pray for me. When under dark storm-clouds, when it seemed my bark of life would be engulfed by the turbulent waters, when I was tempted to give up in despair, she stood at my side like a rock in the billows, and helped anchor my soul.

I am speaking conservatively when I say that

the success of my ministry thus far has depended much upon my wife. Being of an impulsive disposition, I should have made many sad blunders had she not balanced me by her wise counsel and faithful warnings. More than once I made mistakes because I failed to heed her advice. In the early years of my ministry, while I was away from home about ten months of the year, the responsibility and burden of rearing and training the children was hers. Her pure, devoted life has been a constant inspiration to me. Our little bark has passed through some rough places, but by the grace of God we shall gain the eternal haven of rest.

AFFLICTED FOR SEVEN YEARS

About the year 1900 I became afflicted with catarrh of the stomach. This continued for seven long years, until it developed into tuberculosis of the bowels. The suffering of those years I can not describe. I could eat scarcely anything without severe pain. Sleep seemed to be a stranger; and night after night I have walked through the fields and along the public roads, being so nervous I could not rest. I grew thin and pale, and so weak that many times while preaching I would grasp the pulpit to balance myself.

During these years I prayed constantly for healing. At camp-meetings and other general services the whole multitude of brethren importuned the

Lord in my behalf. I was anointed and had hands laid upon me for my recovery more than a score of times. I would receive temporary relief, but not permanent healing. While I had received instantaneous healing before this, and so also had my family, it seemed that the Lord was pleased to withhold this blessing at this time. However, I continued in the ministry, and preached healing; and many wonderful healings and some miracles were granted in answer to my prayers.

Job was terribly afflicted by God's permission. Paul left 'Trophimus at Miletum sick' (2 Tim. 4:20). Timothy had "often infirmities" (1 Tim. 5:23). Paul himself preached the gospel "through infirmity of the flesh" (Gal. 4:13-15). These examples encouraged me to know that it is no evidence of a lack of love and devotion to God on the part of his people when they are called to pass through severe afflictions. "Many are the afflictions of the righteous," and these sometimes include physical ailments.

LESSONS LEARNED IN AFFLICTION

Some of the richest and most valuable things of life come to us in the hours of deepest suffering. David wrote some of his sweetest psalms when he was passing through rough places. The great apostle Paul was met in every place with "bonds and afflictions." But his strength "was made perfect in weakness." The three Hebrews en-

joyed a special visit from the Son of God while walking in the fiery furnace. Daniel spent a profitable night with the angel of God in the den of lions. The immortal Pilgrim's Progress was inspired in a prison dungeon. This is the history of the ages. It is God's way.

It may be a question in some minds why I was not healed, why I suffered so long. It was also a great problem with me until it was all over, then I clearly understood. I learned four things:

First, I learned the lesson of *sympathy* and *compassion* for others. I reached the place where I craved sympathy from everybody. A kind look was soothing, a kind word highly appreciated. Since then I can enter into the sick-room with feeling and compassion, and pray more fervently for those needing help.

Second, I learned that what we desire from the Lord must be for *his* glory rather than for our personal comfort. I looked upon others who enjoyed health and wished and longed to be like them. I saw them eat all kinds of good food, and wished to enjoy the same food. I observed how they slept and were refreshed during the night, while I walked through the fields; I desired this rest also. As long as I prayed with these desires predominant in my mind, I received nothing from the Lord. Finally I reached the place where I said, "Lord, if it will please thee for me to suffer like this all my days, I am submissive to

thy will. I give up every selfish personal desire, and seek *only thy glory.*"

Third, I learned *appreciation* and *thankfulness.* We usually appreciate what costs us much hard labor. What comes to us without corresponding toil we soon forget and fail to value. I have received hundreds of definite answers to prayer, but the majority have passed from memory. This one remains. I will never forget it. The Lord has received more real, heartfelt thanksgiving and praise from this one healing than all the rest together.

Fourth, I learned the lesson of *importunity.* The Bible is full of examples where people prayed unceasingly and for a long time before receiving an answer. Think how long Abraham waited before the Lord fulfilled his promise and gave him a son. Daniel prayed for weeks and months for his people. Afterwards he was told that at the beginning his supplications were heard. But for some reason the answer was withheld. I am confident that very often people faint and give up just before the victory comes. I have learned from this experience never to cease calling upon the Lord until the answer is received.

MIRACULOUSLY HEALED

In the summer of 1907 Bro. J. Grant Anderson and I were conducting a tent-meeting at Franklin, Pa. One evening, as we started down the

street to meeting, I became so tired from bodily weakness that I was compelled to sit down upon a porch along the way to rest. While sitting there I opened a letter just received from I. S. McCoy. This letter said, "Brother Riggle, be encouraged, you are going to be healed. Every day since the Moundsville (W. Va.) camp-meeting I have named you out to the Lord for recovery. I am sure he will answer." As I read this, instantly the power of God filled my whole being. As with an electric current my body was charged with healing virtue. I leaped to my feet, and said to Brother Anderson, "My boy, I am healed!" He shouted, "Glory to God, I believe you are." A new strength came into my body. I preached that night with my old-time energy, went home and slept all night like a child, arose the next day and ate three large meals with a relish, and never had a pain. I gained twelve pounds in flesh the first two weeks. I have been a well man ever since. That was sixteen years ago. I am writing this while our boat is passing through the Dardanelles from Constantinople to Smyrna, and I wish to testify that I enjoy perfect health. I weigh 190 pounds. I was examined by a good physician, and he pronounced me, at the age of fifty-one, as normal in health and blood-pressure as a young man of twenty-two. To God be praise and glory forever! Yes, my whole spirit says glory to God in the highest. How good God is! Oh, I love him with

all my heart! And I expect some day to cast my crown at his blessed feet.

HEALINGS AND MIRACLES

For thirty years I have preached and practised divine healing. The Lord has been our family physician during all this time. Many have been the answers to prayer in our home in time of sickness. Two of our children were miraculously healed when lying at the point of death with pneumonia. Another was raised up from cholera infantum when so low that her eyes were set and she was growing cold. My wife was cured of bleeding or hemorrhage of the lungs. These are but a few instances of many I could mention. How gracious the Lord has been to us! Praise his dear name forever!

I have witnessed hundreds of healings and miracles wrought by the power of God. These include about all kinds of diseases common to mankind—fevers, cancers and other tumors, consumption, etc. I have witnessed the blind made to see. In Oakland, Cal., at the home of Bro. J. W. Byers, I sat at the table and ate with a sister who was born blind and who never saw the light of day until past thirty years old, and then received her sight in answer to prayer. I have seen the deaf have their ears unstopped and the lame made to walk. Jesus heals just the same today as he did when here in person.

In 1895, while I was holding meetings in East Liverpool, Ohio, a brother and I went out calling from house to house one evening, inviting people to meeting. We entered a home where an old lady was terribly afflicted with sciatic rheumatism. She was all drawn together and did not have the use of her limbs, and was suffering the most excruciating pains. My compassion went out to her, and I remembered what Jesus said to the seventy: "Into whatsoever city ye enter, . . . heal the sick that are therein." I told her that Jesus was able to heal her, and without further questioning we anointed her with oil and laid hands upon her, offering the simple prayer of faith. Suddenly she leaped to her feet and began to show us that she had the use of her limbs. She first walked, then ran back and forth in the room praising God for perfect healing. When we left her house she was still shouting and praising the Lord. This was the last time I ever saw her, but I believe I will meet that old Presbyterian lady in the paradise of God.

In 1913, while Bro. E. E. Byrum and I were taking a twelve-thousand-mile evangelistic tour, covering seventeen States and thirty-seven cities, we held meetings in Kansas City, Mo. During a divine-healing service a woman whose lower limbs were encased with steel braces, because of infantile paralysis was brought forward for prayer. When questioned, she remarked, "Thank God, I have

faith to be healed.'' When prayer was offered, she arose and requested the braces to be removed, and then ran through the church giving God the glory. The whole congregation of saints joined in the holy demonstrations. Those braces can be seen in Brother Byrum's relic-room in Anderson, Ind. I have met this sister within the last few years and she is still healed, and walks to church without assistance.

A few weeks later we were holding meetings in Oklahoma City. The last night of the meeting a man came to us with a very pitiful story. He said that his wife was a raving maniac at the asylum, and he was left with a large family of children. He urgently requested us to pray for her recovery. We took a handkerchief and poured oil upon it, then laid our hands upon it, and offered prayer that the power of the Holy Spirit would accompany it. We instructed the man to go to the asylum and lay the handkerchief upon his wife in the name of the Lord. We left the next day for California and did not learn the result.

About two months later, on our return eastward, we were holding a revival in Denver, Colo. This man came to us and, with his face beaming with smiles, introduced to us his wife and children. He said he and his family were on their way from Oklahoma to Idaho, to make their home there. Then he related to us that he went to the asylum and applied the handkerchief as instructed, and his wife's mind was fully restored immediately.

TAKING THE HUMBLE SIDE

When Jesus stood before Pilate, the Jews accused Jesus of many things. Pilate remarked, "Hearest thou not how many things they witness against thee?" Jesus could have defended himself, but "he answered him to never a word." What an example for us! It is easier to resent it and retaliate when you are misjudged and severely criticized and a wrong sentiment has been created against you, than it is to manifest that charity which "suffereth long, and is kind," which "beareth all things" and "endureth all things."

It has been my lot at times to pass through places where a wrong sentiment has been created against me, when I was judged and severely censured, and at the same time was innocent before God. This is natural from the fact that people are too prone to judge after the sight of the eyes and the hearing of the ears. Paul had much of this to endure. One time he tells us, "No man stood with me, but all men forsook me" (2 Tim. 4:16). But his consolation was expressed as follows, "Notwithstanding the Lord stood with me, and strengthened me."

I have made it a rule of life always to take the humble side and submit, even though the reproofs and sharp rebukes are misdirected. I have fallen upon my face at my brethren's feet and pleaded for mercy, when it seemed judgment was dealt out without mercy. I will not allow division to come

between me and my dear brethren; for we are fellow laborers in one cause. If some one asks me, "Where did you receive those stripes?" my reply will be, "In the house of my *friends.*"

I have never lost anything by taking the humble side of things. In the end I gained immensely. Sometimes at the moment it would appear as though I was the loser; but in every case I finally profited greatly. If we remain true to God, manifest a good spirit, God, who knoweth the hearts, will lift us up. On this very point Paul says, "But with me it is a very small thing that I should be judged of you, or of man's judgment. . . . He that judgeth me is the Lord" (1 Cor. 4:3, 4).

GENERAL EVANGELISTIC WORK

Our gifts differ "according to the grace that is given to us." For the perfecting of the saints, and for the work of the ministry, the Lord, through the Spirit, sets in the church apostles, prophets, evangelists, pastors and teachers (Rom. 12:6; Eph. 4:8-13). To be successful, we must find our calling, and then function in the vocation God has assigned to us. Paul knew his place in the church, and time and again acknowledged that he was "an *apostle* of Jesus Christ *through the will of God.*" It was not his own selection of office; he tells us, "By *the grace of God* I am what I am."

My special gift is that of an evangelist. It is

in the field of evangelistic endeavor that I have had greatest success. It is here that I am in constant demand. More urgent calls are continually pouring in to me from the general field, both home and foreign, than five evangelists could fill. I hope to devote the remainder of my life to this line of work.

During the thirty years of my ministry, most of it has been spent in general field-work. I have held evangelistic meetings in about all the States, and in a number of Canadian cities. The Lord has blessed me with a clear, loud voice, and the Spirit has used it in preaching to thousands during the summer camp-meeting season. Evangelistic work is very strenuous; but God has given me a strong physical body to endure hard service. My energy and strength shall be devoted wholly to soul-saving work. What a sweet, satisfying life it is, when we are all on the altar of sacrifice and service to God!

A BUSY LIFE

Early in my ministry I began writing for the Gospel Trumpet. During the last thirty years I have contributed to this paper about seven hundred articles covering a wide field of Biblical themes. The constantly increasing demand for pure gospel literature, and the great opportunity to preach to tens of thousands all around the world, was to me an incentive to write as well as proclaim the

gospel from the pulpit. Thank God for the printing-press and other modern facilities with which to girdle the earth with burning lines of gospel fire. While the world is being flooded with trashy matter, it seems to me we should bend every effort to convert all the means that have been provided to the rapid spreading of the saving truth to all nations. The dissemination of light to darkened hearts, the salvation of the teeming millions around us and the edification of the church has been my only motive in using the pen to proclaim what I sincerely believe is the truth.

During the first ten years of my activities in gospel work I wrote the following books: Two Works of Grace; The Kingdom of God and the One Thousand Years Reign; Bible Readings for Bible Students and for the Home and Fireside; The Cleansing of the Sanctuary. This latter work was begun by D. S. Warner before his death. He had written about two hundred pages. I completed it, adding about three hundred pages. All these books are now out of print.

Later I wrote the following works, which can be obtained from the publishers of this book: The Sabbath and the Lord's Day; Man—His Present and Future; The Christian Church—Its Rise and Progress; Christian Baptism; Christ's Kingdom and Reign; Christ's Second Coming and What Will Follow; "Roman Catholicism in the Light of Their Own Scriptures and Authorities."

Most of these books were written on the field, while engaged in active evangelistic work. I have preached once and twice a day in revival-meetings and also spent from four to six hours writing. According to my diary I have preached over nine thousand sermons. I mention these things only to show that I have spent a busy life. I realize that life is very short, that every moment is laden with eternal responsibilities, and that all our opportunities to work will soon be ended. It is my greatest desire to give my best to Christ. I want all my strength to be spent for *his* glory. When I take a brief retrospect of my life, it seems I have accomplished little. I feel certain that much more can be done with less human effort if we will partake more of the divine. Lord, help me! When my last hour comes I hope to be able to say with the Master, "I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do."

TEN YEARS OF PASTORAL WORK

In 1908 we moved from Cambridge Springs to Oakland, Pa. Here was a small assembly of about twenty-five saints, with a good-sized house of worship. They were considerably in debt on their church-building. By adopting a system of raising money, we paid off all church indebtedness inside of a year. At the same time these few liberal brethren supported their pastor. In the first winter's revival about forty members were added to

the assembly, and the number increased later to about one hundred. We organized a Sunday-school with one hundred and thirty-seven enrolled.

During our pastorate there we held a revival at Middle Run, nine miles distant, at the close of which I baptized fifty-five converts. Here we erected a church-building, and a good, strong assembly was established. The Sunday-school numbered about seventy-five. We also opened a branch work at New Bethlehem, where there was also a prosperous Sunday-school. We remained on this field six years. I also did some evangelistic work.

Our experience caring for these assemblies was a good schooling for future usefulness. I learned in a practical way the relation that the evangelist should hold towards local pastors. After the enthusiasm and excitement of a big meeting is over, and the visiting minister has gone, then the responsibility and hard labor of holding in line and adjusting the new converts to the old congregation begins. It is no child's play properly to feed and care for a large flock of sheep and a host of tender, new-born lambs. I am sure I am a better evangelist as a result of my experience doing pastoral work.

To be successful, a pastor must live on a social plane with his congregation. He must mingle much with the brethren and sisters. Often, if they failed to invite me, I invited myself to their homes for

a visit or a meal. There were times when all the congregation came to our house bringing baskets of good things, and after a "love feast" together, we would sing and pray, and when they departed they usually left enough food to last us for days. These occasions unite the pastor and his flock together in close bonds of friendship and love.

There are many ways in which a pastor can win his community to Christ. In one of our revivals a near neighbor was converted. His wife became enraged and very bitter towards us as a result. She said that we had spoiled all her pleasure. Her husband would not take her to the show, theater, or other places of worldly entertainment. Instead, he took great interest in church work. When we would pass in front of her house, she would refuse to speak, but would look daggers at us. I said to my wife, "We must win that woman to Christ." We made up a large bouquet of beautiful flowers and sent them to her with one of our girls, who was instructed to tell her, "Here is a little token of love from Papa and Mama to you." The next time we passed her house she came out and greeted us with a smile, and was very friendly ever after. In the very next meeting she came out and was converted.

In the same town lived a wicked man who hated and cursed the brethren. He refused to speak to me when I met him on the street. We decided to win him also. We began by sending

gifts through our children. Finally he became friendly. Before we left the place he died; but before he passed away he sent for my wife and me to pray for him that he might be saved. It pays to "live peaceably with all men."

In 1914 we moved to Akron, Ind. This is the community where the present-reformation work started. About five miles north of Akron the church-house stands where Bro. D. S. Warner declared his freedom from all sectarian institutions. One brother—David Lininger—who at that time stepped out with Brother Warner still lives. There were old congregations with church-houses at Olive Bethel and Lake Bethel, and also a monthly meeting held at Beaver Dam, where the brethren owned a brick church-building. During our stay at Akron a large, new church-building was erected in the town and another at Athens, and the foundations were laid for a church at Rochester, which has since been completed. I did pastoral work here about four years altogether, the rest of my time being spent in the general field. In all these places good-sized congregations were established.

MY PUBLIC DISCUSSIONS

Jesus Christ held a number of discussions with the Jewish leaders, and more than once silenced his opposers. One of these is recorded in detail in the Gospel by John (8:12-59). Paul also held disputes with different leaders of religious thought,

both among the Jews and Pagans (see Acts 17: 16-18; 19:8-10). Many lengthy discussions took place between the primitive leaders of Christianity and their opposers. Among these is a very interesting one between Justin Martyr and Trypho, a Jew. However, it is certain that in ancient times the method of dispute was very different from modern public debate.

Personally, I question the wisdom of Christian ministers making it a business publicly to discuss points of theological difference. In the past, when certain religious cults emphasized their distinctive doctrines, public debates were common. A Disciple minister once told me that as soon as his converts were immersed they came out of the water "ready for dispute." But this spirit of controversy is rapidly disappearing, and God-fearing men everywhere are rising above their petty differences and seeking a common ground where all can work together in evangelizing the world. This is the better spirit.

My first discussion was held at Hawthorn, Pa. We had pitched our tents and tabernacles for a camp-meeting. The day before the meeting opened, hundreds of large circulars were broadcasted advertising "A Lecture on Saintism," by Rev. Hershberger, to be given that night in the Evangelical church. A number of us went and listened to a jumble of misrepresentations of our work. Our teachings were also attacked. And then the

minister publicly challenged any of us to dare to defend our position. In this case I felt clear to stand up and vindicate our cause, which I did, and our opponent was confounded before all the people.

At Rootville, Pa., the Second Adventists were holding a conference. I lived at that time but a short distance from their church, and we had a strong congregation in the community. During the conference, Eld. C. W. Stephens, of New York, came to my home and arranged for a discussion which lasted thirteen nights, covering such subjects as "The Kingdom of God and the Millennium," "Immortality," and "Eternal Punishment." This was attended by hundreds of people, and the result was good for the cause that we represent.

Next I met Rev. J. E. Ebeling, of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, in a public controversy lasting eleven days and nights, at Blystone, Pa. This was published in book form.

In 1907 Rev. Mahoney, of the Roman Catholic Church, challenged me to discuss the church question, and affirmed the following proposition for two nights at Pardo, Pa. "The Roman Catholic Church is the only true church of Christ upon earth." This drew a very large attendance, and the majority were Catholics. The effect was wonderful. Even the priest grasped my hand at

the close and said, "Mr. Riggle, what can I do? If your church is the right one and mine the apostate church, tell me what to do. I received my teaching from my mother, and always supposed it was right."

In the same year I held a very notable controversy with Elder J. W. Watt, of the Seventh-day Adventist faith, at Oakland, Pa. This continued fourteen days and nights, and was attended by many ministers of both sides. The following year I moved to Oakland and took charge of the work of the church of God. In a short time the Adventist church was sold and used for a restaurant, while there is today a flourishing congregation there representing the church of God.

In the fall of 1914, while holding a revival at North Webster, Ind., I was approached by the pastor of the Church of the Brethren (Dunkards) at that place, asking for a friendly discussion in a Christian spirit covering the points of difference between the two bodies. The Church of the Brethren were to secure a representative minister to set forth their doctrines. Accordingly they selected Eld. B. E. Kesler, of Puxico, Mo. The propositions were as follows: (1) "*Resolved,* That the Church of God, of which I, H. M. Riggle, am a member, is identical with the New Testament church in origin, name, doctrine, and practise." (2) "*Resolved,* That the Church of the Brethren, of which I, B. E. Kesler, am a member, is iden-

tical with the New Testament church in origin, name, doctrine, and practise." This debate continued for twelve nights, and the average attendance was about twelve hundred at each service. This discussion was published, and three thousand copies were sold in one year.

While I believe that, in the main, good was accomplished in these various public discussions, I have fully decided that the better way is not to engage in public discussion at all, but to set forth the truth clearly from the pulpit. It will stand for itself. There is but one side to truth, and it never contradicts itself.

FEELING UTTER DEPENDENCE UPON GOD

We never get so old and so ripe in experience but what we need constantly to watch and pray. We can not depend upon past manifestations of God's power, for they will not answer today's need. I am sure that one reason for Paul's great success in the ministry lay in his feeling his utter helplessness of himself and entire dependence upon God. Hear him: "I was with you in weakness, and in fear, and in much trembling. And my speech and my preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power" (1 Cor. 2:3, 4). This must be the inward feeling of every true man of God if he expects to succeed. Nothing is more dangerous than "leaning upon our own under-

standing," and becoming self-centered and self-dependent.

I have never reached the place where I do not have to lean heavily upon the Lord. Being very limited in natural talents, I have been always conscious that my "sufficiency is of God." To this day it is a task for me to preach before my brethren in the larger assembly-meetings. Sometimes I wrestle with God all night before I attempt to fill the pulpit, and also have my wife get under the burden of prayer for me. It is very common for me to take the pulpit trembling. My experience has been that the more I feel this way the greater power accompanies the message.

A young minister entered the pulpit in the presence of his bishop, expecting to make a grand impression. He had made great preparations for the occasion, and was confident of success. But he failed. He finally became embarrassed and forgot much that he intended to say. He came down from the pulpit abashed. The bishop then addressed him thus, "Had you entered the pulpit in the spirit in which you left it, you would have succeeded better."

DEFINITE ANSWERS TO PRAYER

God answers prayer today the same as in olden times. His attitude towards his children has never changed. Multitudes *say* prayer and *make* prayers, and never expect them answered. These

people are like a certain preacher at Martinsburg, Pa., who went to a home to raise a dead woman to life. He laid his hands upon the corpse, and as he prayed he imagined the woman began to breathe. He became affrighted and he ran away, crying, "My Lord, what if this woman should come to life!" This is a true occurrence related to me by a reliable woman who was present.

With the exception of about three years spent in missionary work on foreign fields, I have never received any stated amount for my labors either as pastor or evangelist. I am not suggesting what others shall do, nor criticizing their methods. It is simply a statement of a rule of life I have chosen for myself. Time and again certain churches have written me offering a large stated amount if I would hold them a meeting, and in every case I have declined, and accepted calls where no definite promise was made. Personally, I prefer to trust God the remainder of my life; for he has never failed us in the past. Nor am I reflecting upon those who accept stated amounts as not trusting the Lord also. It is only our liberty to choose our own course in life.

From the beginning, as a family, we have asked the Lord for the things we eat and wear. Oh, how graciously he has supplied all our needs! What gratefulness it creates in our hearts when God sends us a definite answer to our earnest petitions! It increases our love and devotion to

him. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and *forget not* all his *benefits.*"

Once we needed ten dollars to supply a certain want. My wife and I humbly knelt around our family altar in fervent prayer and asked God to supply the need. In a few days we received a letter from a man at Kansas, Ohio. When we opened it we read, "Brother Riggle, the Lord woke me up at three o'clock this morning and impressed me to send you ten dollars. You will find this amount enclosed." At another time we asked for fifteen dollars to furnish a certain need. Three members of one family each sent us five dollars through the mail, and later, upon inquiry, we learned that none of them knew what the others had done.

A number of years ago as I was preparing to go to the Anderson (Ind.) Camp-meeting an obligation came from an unexpected source amounting to ninety-one dollars and eight cents. I also was in need of a new suit of clothes. Naturally, ministers do not expect financial aid at that meeting, for most of them bear their own expenses. But the obligation was to be met soon, and I had no means to meet it. I began to pray very earnestly. One day as I was walking towards the pavilion for meeting three persons handed me fifteen dollars. I thanked them and the Lord and put this aside towards a new suit. This encouraged me to trust the Lord for the remainder.

One night after preaching in the large pavilion, I stepped outside to cool off, as it was very sultry in the building. A well-dressed lady stepped up to me and introduced herself as a lawyer's wife, from Texas. She had come to this meeting to investigate our preaching. After a few moments' conversation, she said, "I feel strangely impressed to give you something," and she handed me a handkerchief. I thanked her kindly, and thought no more of the matter until I retired to my room. Four of us ministers were rooming together. I said, "Brethren, I received a gift tonight," and then drew the handkerchief from my pocket. But I soon discovered something inside of it. When I unwrapped it, there was a lady's brooch and a pair of bracelets. The brethren had a good laugh and twitted me considerably over the strange gift to a preacher.

I asked Bro. Frank Shaw, who was one of the four, whether he supposed I could dispose of this jewelry. I had no idea of its value. He volunteered to sell it to some jewelry-man. The meeting closed, and I went to Chicago to hold a revival. The Lord provided me my railroad fare, sufficient means for a suit of clothes, and enough to leave exactly $1.08 in my pocket when I received a letter from Brother Shaw stating he had sold the jewelry for ninety dollars. This with what I had in my pocket was the precise amount I owed, even to the penny. When I read that letter

the hot tears flowed down my face. I wept for joy. Oh, how my heart melted in thankfulness to God for his goodness to me!

In one of our evangelistic-tours we were booked to hold a meeting about ten miles from Punxsutawney, Pa. I was coming from the north, by way of Oil City, while my wife and the other workers were coming from the south. We had made arrangements all to arrive in Punxsutawney on a certain day, where the folk were to meet us, and convey us to the place of meeting. I left Oil City on the Pennsylvania Railroad and expected to make connection at Mosgrove for Punxsutawney via the Pittsburgh, Rochester, and Buffalo Railroad. Our train, however, was late, and when I arrived at Mosgrove the train on the other road was gone. This was a great disappointment, and would spoil all our arrangements to reach the place of meeting. I inquired at the station and was informed that a fast-line train of pullman-cars passed through at 11 A. M., but did not stop at Mosgrove.

I meditated a few minutes, then decided on a plan to stop the train. I carried my suitcases over the railroad-bridge that spans the Allegheny River. Here on the opposite side of the bridge from the station was a large open space and an ideal place to pray. I set my baggage down and began to walk back and forth along the railroad-track calling earnestly upon the Lord. I humbled

my heart before him, and solemnly promised many things if he would be kind enough to stop that train and let me on board. About half past ten I prayed through and gained the victory by faith. I wept and praised God aloud because I felt assured that the Lord would grant my request. About eleven o'clock I could hear the rumbling of the fast-approaching train. Then for a few seconds a battle raged. Satan appeared on the scene and whispered, "What a fool you are! That train never stops at Mosgrove, and if it did it would stop at the station on the other side of the river, not out here in this field. It will pass you like a whirlwind." For a moment it seemed all hope was gone. Had I admitted a doubt, all would have been lost. In the name of Christ I rebuked the devil, and laid faith in the immutable promises of God square across that railroad-track. A thrill of victory swept through my soul. The train stopped with the rear car not more than thirty feet from where I stood. I grasped my baggage and ran alongside the cars waving my hand. A man at one of the windows saw me and called the brakeman's attention. He came and opened the vestibule door saying, "What do you want?" I answered, "I want on this train." "Get on," he said, and I did. As soon as I stepped on board, the train began to move. I sat down by a window and wept like a child. How precious the Lord was to me! How good to stop that train!

When I reached Punxsutawney, my wife and the other workers were there waiting, and we reached our destination for meeting that night. These are but a few instances along the way, and hardly compare with the experience of many of my brethren, but they are worth much to me.

EASTWARD BOUND NINETEEN WEEKS ON LAND AND SEA



Mr. and Mrs. Riggle and son George



William Hopwood and family (see p. 136)



Adam Allan and family (see p. 141)



Otto Doebert   H. M. Riggle   Ministers at Essen, Germany (see p. 150)



G. K. Ouzounian and family (see p. 169)



Panoramic view of the "new" Jerusalem, outside the old city walls (see p. 183)



Left: Upper—H. M. Riggle at grave of William Ebel (see p. 150)

Lower—Where Philip baptized the eunuch (see p. 190)

Top: Mr and Mrs. Riggle and son George near summit of the Alps (see p. 155)

Mr. and Mrs. Riggle and George at Leaning Tower of Pisa (see p. 159)

EASTWARD BOUND; NINETEEN WEEKS ON LAND AND SEA

CALLED TO FOREIGN FIELDS

Jesus said, "The field is the *world.*" Not a part of it; the Great Commission says, "Go ye into *all* the world." The gospel message is not merely to one nation; but "teach all nations" is the great command. The kingdom of Christ must be established "under the whole heaven," and Christianity is destined to "fill the whole earth." So any place on earth is included in the scope of our field of activities.

More than twenty years ago I felt impressed by the Spirit that some day the Lord would send us abroad. I often expressed this feeling to Bro. J. Grant Anderson, who traveled with me for a number of years. We would sit for hours and converse along this line. I will not here attempt to tell the many ways in which the Lord made known his will in this matter.

I once had a vision, or a dream, of the very field to which I was called, and saw the various places over which I since have traveled and in which I have labored. Strange as it may appear, I saw these places in my vision exactly as I saw them later with my actual eyes. I consecrated in the beginning to go anywhere the Lord directed, and when the test came, I was perfectly willing to obey.

A DEFINITE CALL TO SYRIA AND THE HOLY LAND

In the early part of June, 1920, while attending the Annual Meeting of the Missionary Board, at Anderson, Ind., I was suddenly called home to Akron to preach the funeral sermon of one of our congregation—Frank Bradway. I took the latest issue of the Trumpet with me, and while on the train I read an article from Bros. F. G. Smith and E. A. Reardon, who had just returned from a world tour in behalf of missions. In this article they set forth the urgent need of some one going to Syria at once.

While I was reading this article, the Spirit of the Lord came upon me, and I began to tremble and weep. As I was on a crowded train, the people no doubt looked on with wonderment. I at once knew that the Lord had chosen me to go. The Spirit whispered just as distinctly as if I heard his audible voice, "I called you years ago to this land, now I send you." I at once decided to obey, and a sweet consciousness of God's approval came into my soul.

When I arrived in Akron, I said to my wife, "We are going to Syria and Palestine." I told her my experience along the way, and she consented to accompany me on *my* leadings. She never felt a definite call, but simply acted in the matter because I clearly felt the summons from the Lord. Bro. Pearl Turner, of Logansport, assisted in the funeral service, and I opened my

heart to him. He said he believed it was of the Lord.

As soon as I returned to Anderson, I communicated my conviction to the Mission Board, and they unanimously approved of our going. In order that the Board remain full during my absence, I handed in my resignation, and began preparation for our long journey to the Near East.

It was a blow to the home congregation around Akron; and the problem of securing some capable man to take the general superintendency of the work in that field was no small one. But after a few months the Lord made selection of Bro. A. T. Rowe, who was fully qualified to take over the work, and successfully continue and enlarge it.

I spent the summer in the general camp-meeting work. My son George and I attended the following meetings: Kansas City, Mo.; Oklahoma; Wichita and Almena, Kans. My wife remained at home preparing for our journey. We found it a big problem to transfer our work, and to get everything in proper order; but the Lord helped, and by December 1 all was in readiness for the departure.

THE FAREWELL SERVICE

On December 4 my wife and I went to Anderson and met Bro. F. G. Smith, E. A. Reardon, and J. W. Phelps in final conference regarding the

details of our trip. Brother Phelps, Secretary of the Missionary Board, delivered to us our tickets for Southampton, England, from New York. We held a number of farewell-meetings in the homes of different brethren and sisters, and left the same night for our home at Akron, Ind. The details that followed are best expressed in our Farewell Message published in the Gospel Trumpet.

Our Farewell Message

2132 Grand Ave., New York, December 14.

At last, after our months of anxiety and extensive preparations, the day of our sailing for Syria has arrived. Our boat, the SS. Aquitania, will leave dock at high noon. A sense of sadness comes over us as the hour of our departure from the shores of our beloved America draws nigh. But we are very conscious of God's sweet approval and the clear direction of his Spirit, and this makes the sacrifice easier.

While in Pennsylvania in November we visited our old homes, the scenes of our childhood and early life, where we used to roam over the hills and vales. As memory went back over the lapse of many years oh, how I remembered Mother's prayers and her dying charge, "Tell my boy to be true to God at the point of the bayonet."! As I walked over the fields where I had plowed the soil and harvested the grain when but a boy, I renewed my covenant with God to be a better man,

more prayerful, more humble, more spiritual, and more devoted.

On Sunday, December 5, in the morning service, my wife preached her farewell sermon at Akron, Ind. I preached in the evening service. God gave us a very precious time, and all hearts were melted. We have labored there for the past six and one half years. On Monday night, December 6, the congregations around Akron, together with our friends and neighbors, gave us a farewell service. The prepared program was the finest and most touching of any to which we ever listened. God bless the dear saints at Akron, Ind. We have them in our hearts. God bless their overseers, Brother and Sister Rowe, with all the local ministers.

At the close of this service we repaired to my son Arlo's home, and here the members of our family spent three hours together in communion and prayer. We then went to Rochester, Ind., where we took the train for New York. The hardest ordeal we have ever been called to pass through was at 3 A. M., Tuesday morning, December 7, when our train pulled out of the depot and our own dear family on the platform waved us their last farewell with tears streaming down all faces. We are happy to say, all our children are saved, and we ask you please to pray for them.

On Sunday, December 12, we held three precious

services, one at the Home at 11 A. M., and one at 14th St. at 3 P. M. and one in Jersey City at night. Sister Alice Sprague is holding a revival in Jersey City. Bro. John Turner and his wife are here, and also Brother Blaney came up from Philadelphia to wave us a last farewell. Brother and Sister Blewitt have shown us every courtesy and kindness. God bless them.

During the last few days a host of farewell-messages have come through the mail. As we can not answer all of them personally, we here take the opportunity to thank you all for your kind words of encouragement and the promise of your prayers.

After almost thirty years of ministerial activity in America we sail for our foreign field. We will not promise any great things. Our motto will be, "A clean work rather than a big one." We expect to do thorough, straight work for God. We hope to reach Syria from between the middle to the last of April. We shall keep the church informed as to our work, and hope to contribute regularly to the columns of the Trumpet.

Please write us, and, above all, remember us earnestly at the throne of grace. And now, to all the dear saints in America, we say farewell. God bless you. Yours for souls in every land,

H. M., Minnie M., and George Riggle.

ON THE BROAD ATLANTIC

On December 14, at 10 A. M., we boarded the SS. Aquitania, at Pier 54, New York. J. C. Blewitt, J. C. Blaney, John C. Turner and his wife, Alice Sprague, and Mother Stephens accompanied us on board, where we held a farewell service of songs and prayer. Sister Josephine McCrie on her way to India, accompanied us.

As the great steamer left the docks, the brethren and the sisters waved handkerchiefs until we were out of sight. At 2 P. M. we passed the Statue of Liberty and at three o'clock our beloved America was fading from view in the distance. What feelings crept over us at this moment!

The Aquitania—length 901 feet; width 97 feet; eight passenger decks; 47,000 tons; crew 1,000; capacity 3,250 passengers—is one of the fastest boats crossing the Atlantic. It is an English boat belonging to the Cunard Line. The service is very good, and we enjoyed the trip immensely.

For the first two days the sea was rough, but there was sunshine all the time. The great, rolling waves and silvery spray dancing in the clear sunshine presented indescribable beauty and grandeur. For the remainder of the trip the sea was calm. None of us lost a single meal from seasickness. George and I had a touch of it for about an hour the first night out, but this was all. However, the majority of passengers did not fare so

well. Many of them never appeared in the dining-room until the day before landing.

In exactly six days after leaving New York we were drawing near to the shores of France. How good the green hills looked to us! Everybody crowded on deck to see the land. Our ship was soon anchored in the harbor of Cherbourg. Three boats came out and several hundred passengers for France and the East by the way of Marseilles were taken ashore, with their baggage. Also nine hundred sacks of mail were unloaded.

We left the same evening and crossed the English Channel for Southampton, where we arrived during the night. The next morning, December 21, we looked out upon English scenes. Many things were strange, as two-story street-cars (*tram*-cars), peculiar heavy two-wheeled delivery-wagons, small boys wearing stiff hats with low crowns and wide brims, and almost all young men and ladies using walking canes. We left the ship at 10:30 A. M., and were delighted to meet Bro. Wm. Hopwood, from Birkenhead. Our baggage passed the customs officer without a single piece being opened. We shipped our trunks by freight to Syria, and then prepared to accompany Brother Hopwood to his home at Birkenhead.

LAUGHABLE EXPERIENCES IN ENGLAND

During our trip across the ocean I obtained some English money, and by the time we landed I

imagined that I could make change as well as any one. I knew well enough what five pence, three pence, and two pence and a half-penny were, as well as all the rest of English money. But as soon as I began to ask the price of things, as stamps for example, I was greeted with "fifpence," "threppence," "tuppence-hapenny," etc., and these short-cut words were said so rapidly that I did not understand at all what they meant. I would ask several times, and the same "threppence," "tuppence-hapenny," etc., would be repeated again and again. I handed out a large piece of money each time, and soon I had a pocketful of small change. Brother Hopwood drilled us along this line so that in a few days we well understood that "threppence" meant three pence, and "tuppence-hapenny" meant two pence and a half-penny.

When we left New York, we carried with us barely enough money to get to Southampton safely. Both Sister McCrie and I took checks and bank-drafts on the National Union Bank of London Limited, which institution has a branch at Southampton. We expected, upon arrival, to get these cashed at once. We were keenly disappointed, when we went to the branch bank at Southampton, to be informed that our papers would be honored only at the main bank in London. We expected to go directly north to Liverpool and Birkenhead, and to go around by London was far out of the way and much more expensive.

We quickly transferred to the London and Great Western Railway-station, and on inquiring found that I did not have enough cash to purchase our tickets to London. As the train was about due to leave, we had an exciting time getting enough money together to obtain our tickets. By each one of the party, including Brother Hopwood, emptying his pockets, we were able to reach London. We arrived at 3 P. M. Leaving Brother Hopwood, my wife, and George at the station with our luggage, Sister McCrie and I secured a taxi after some difficulty, and started on a fast drive for the bank. It was a long distance, and we never reached the place till two minutes past four o'clock, and found the building closed.

After some effort, we were admitted through a side door. This was one of the largest and most elaborate banking-houses I have ever entered. We stepped up to one of the windows and presented our papers. The cashier looked at us in surprize, and said, "Don't you know that this institution closes each day at 3 P. M.?" We told him our story, that we had just arrived from New York and the branch house at Southampton instructed us to come direct to here. We told him our circumstances, that we were without money to pay our fare to Liverpool, and had none to pay a hotel bill in London. He expressed himself as sorry for us, but said, "I can do nothing for you until 9 A. M. tomorrow."

I whispered to Sister McCrie to pray earnestly while I importuned. I said to the banker, "You see we are in a strait. We have the drafts on your bank. We *must have* the money. You know there are exceptions to all rules, and so we beg you to make an exception in *our* case please." He replied, "We don't do business in that way. Our rules are fixed. Come in tomorrow." Just then I remembered hearing Bro. E. E. Byrum tell how he and his son went through the National Capitol at Washington after closing-hours, simply by persistent importunity. I also remembered the Canaanite woman's importunity, and decided to hold right on.

I continued, "Please bear with us. We are in London without money. We must reach Liverpool tonight. Here are our checks on your bank. You are the ones to help us out, and the only ones to help us out, and the only ones who can." Finally the banker opened a large book. He said, "Why, the instructions have not arrived from New York. You beat them here. According to our rules we can not pay you until they arrive. Besides, our money is now locked in the vaults." This seemed like the final word. I looked at Sister McCrie and her lips were moving in silent prayer. That gave me new courage.

I began a last appeal. "Here are the drafts. They call for the money from your institution. It is the money we must have. We *must* have it

today. Please sir favor us just this time, and we shall most highly appreciate your kindness." This touched him. He said, "I will have to pay you in one-pound notes, as the big money is all in the vaults." My soul said, "Praise the Lord." We told him we should be thankful to receive it in any currency. He cashed both Sister McCrie's and my checks in full, and we walked out of the bank at about half past four with all our money.

Our time to catch a train for Liverpool was very limited. We hurried our taxi-driver back to the station, loaded on the suitcases and folk, and rushed to another depot. When we arrived there was just about five minutes until the departure of the train. Brother Hopwood hurried to one department to send a telegram home, while I ran to the ticket-window to get our tickets. In my excitement I left my satchel at this window. When I arrived at the train, my wife and the others had the baggage on a truck ready to put on the train. But there is no checking-system in England, and everybody must see that his baggage is put on and claim it when put off. Just then I missed my satchel, and it was full of valuables. I ran to the ticket-window; but the satchel was gone. By the time I reached the folk, the whistle blew and the train began slowly to move. We ordered a porter to throw the suitcases into the baggage-car, while we stepped on the slowly moving train. The cars in England are entered along the side

instead of at the end as in the States. Just as we were climbing on my wife saw a man with the satchel, and called my attention to it. I jumped off, ran over to where he was, and, without saying a word, grasped hold of it and snatched it from his hand. In a moment I was back on the train, headed for Liverpool.

We reached Liverpool at 9:50 P. M. Here we were met by Bro. Adam Allan and a young Brother Goodwin. From here we went by subway to Birkenhead, and arrived at the home of Brother Hopwood and family at eleven o'clock. What a comfort to sit down in a quiet home after the exciting experiences of the day, our first day in a foreign land!

EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN THE BRITISH ISLES

After a few days' rest, we began a revival in Birkenhead, which continued over two Sundays, December 25—January 2. The meetings were held in St. Andrews Mission Church. Brethren attended from different cities in England. The attendance was good. There were forty-one consecrations for pardon and entire sanctification. Bro. Adam Allan, of Belfast, Ireland, was with us, and rendered most valuable service in advertising the meetings by house-to-house canvassing. Bro. Wm. Hopwood has the general oversight of the work in this city.

Our next meeting was held at Aberdeen, Scotland, January 4-9. Here we found a very commendable work under the care of a young brother,

David Goodwin. The congregation was in a good spiritual condition, and many were the seasons of spiritual refreshing from the presence of the Lord we had. I preached mostly along doctrinal lines. We were hospitably cared for in the home of Brother and Sister Johanessen. Mrs. Johanessen is much used of the Lord in street-meetings, where her clear voice reaches multitudes of people. We certainly felt at home in the midst of this assembly, and were loath to say farewell.

From Aberdeen we went to Carlisle, England, where we held some precious services during January 10-14. We held two meetings each day. This was the ripest field we found in the British Isles. A considerable number of ministers—Primitive Methodist, Pentecostal, Holiness, and Independant—attended these services. Brother and Sister Hopwood came up from Birkenhead and remained during the meeting. Sister Clarice Baines lives here, and extensively advertised the meeting.

We left Carlisle early in the morning of January 15 and crossed the Channel to Larne, Ireland. From here we took train for Belfast, where we were received and hospitably cared for by Bro. Adam Allan and family.

We held meetings in Belfast during January 16-25. Brother Allan spared neither means nor time to advertise this meeting, and every day of its continuance he and his daughter Naomi, can-

vassed the city from house to house inviting the people. These personal calls had good results in bringing to the services many well-thinking people seeking light. This was the most fruitful meeting of all. The preaching was mostly doctrinal. On the morning of the last Sunday I was invited to preach in the Holiness Mission, and after the pastor in charge heard a sermon on the New Testament church, he declared himself in favor of the truth. In the same evening I preached in the Ulster Minor Hall on the millennium.

A considerable number were saved, sanctified, and healed in this meeting. Brother Kennedy was pastor of the work. He cooperated with us grandly. God bless him. We left Belfast the night of the twenty-fifth by boat across the Irish Sea to Liverpool. It was hard to separate from the dear saints in Ireland, and especially from Brother Allan's family. They are among the very best people we have ever met.

On January 28-31 we held meetings in London. Here we found a little band of saints, the fruits of Bro. G. R. Achor's and Bro. J. H. Rupert's preaching of about twenty-seven years ago. Our coming to them proved a great inspiration and blessing. We held services each night and twice on Sunday at 25 Dulwich Road, E. Dulwich, London. One old lady—an invalid—was converted and healed.

We spent exactly six weeks in the British Isles. The Lord crowned our labors with success in every

place. Bro. Wm. Hopwood has general superintendency of the work as a whole. He is now publishing a British Gospel Trumpet that is an honor to the cause. We found him to be a man of good executive ability and well-balanced judgment. He showed us every courtesy, and helped us much in getting adjusted to new conditions.

PLACES OF INTEREST

We not only held meetings during our stay in the United Kingdom, but were privileged to visit many places of note. While in Birkenhead we visited Briston Hill. Here we saw the quaint old English thatched-roof houses, and the Dutch windmills. From the summit of the hill we had a splendid view of the city, and in the distance could see the hills of Wales.

On December 30 we visited Chester. It is a walled city, originally built by Romans. We walked around the entire old wall, a distance of two miles. We were in the tower where King Charles viewed the defeat of his armies on Sept. 24, 1645. While here we went through Chester Cathedral, a very ancient and magnificent structure. The country between Birkenhead and Chester is very beautiful.

We also visited about all that was to us worth seeing in the great city of Liverpool. Our trip from Birkenhead to Aberdeen, Scotland, was full of interest. The distance covers about four hundred miles and we traveled all day. Our route took

us through some of the highlands of Scotland, and these were very picturesque. The hills were covered with flocks of peculiar-looking sheep, their wool hanging to the ground, so that you could not see their legs. On the train everybody was very friendly, sharing their candies and fruits with us.

Aberdeen is a granite city. All houses are built of granite, and the streets are paved with the same material. This is the city of great fisheries. A visit to the fish-market in the early morning, when the boats arrived, was intensely interesting. There were acres and acres covered with a great variety of fish spread out before us. We also took a long stroll down the rocky coast of the North Sea. This was majestic in beauty.

Carlisle is an interesting place. Here is an ancient castle, the largest we saw anywhere in our travels. Carlisle was the scene of many battles between the English and Scotch in the days of their conflicts. This was the home city of ex-President Wilson's parents. We visited the old church where the President's father worshiped, and where President Wilson visited during his last trip to England.

In crossing the Irish Sea, from Belfast to Liverpool, we passed the large ship-building plants where the Titanic and Olympic were built. As we passed out of the channel, we saw many large vessels, among them the Baltic.

During the five days we remained in London

we visited Madam Tussaud's place, House of Parliament, Tate's Art Gallery, Westminster Abbey, St. James' Park, Buckingham Palace, National Art Gallery, The Mall, Trafalgar Square, St. Martin's English Church, Tower of London, St. Paul's Cathedral, and the British Museum. The most interesting to us was Westminster Abbey, a part of which has stood since the tenth century. This building is the crowning glory and magnificence of England, the majestic tomb of many of its greatest and noblest kings, queens, and statesmen. We visited these tombs. Also we were shown the chair and room where all the kings for five hundred years have been crowned, to include King George.

In the Tower of London the "Crown Jewel" room was intensely interesting. King Henry VI was murdered here. We stood on the spot where King Henry VIII had his wife Anne Boleyn executed. Here we saw the crowns of gold worn by the different kings and queens at their coronation. One contains 2,818 diamonds, 297 pearls, 2 sapphires, and 52 rose diamonds. Another crown was filled with emeralds, sapphires, and 6,170 diamonds.

In the British Museum we were admitted and saw one of the oldest manuscripts of the Bible in the world, the Alexandrian, also copies of the oldest one, the Sinaitic. Among the thousands of valuable things we saw in this museum were seven

of the original large pillars from the temple of "Diana of the Ephesians," mentioned in the book of Acts, chap. 19:23-41, and dating from B. C. 560.

TRAVELS IN FRANCE

We left London at 8:20 A. M., February 1, on a through train to Dover. Here we crossed the English Channel to Calais, France, from which place we took train for Paris, arriving 5:20 P. M. of the same day. Thus we came the entire way in daylight, and saw much of France. Some of the country is very beautiful, and a part of it sand-dunes. The houses and methods of farming are very old-fashioned compared with American. We passed through a considerable section of the battle-fields of the World War; it was in the vicinity of Amiens, a place of historical record during the great German drive on the western front. We saw where the soldiers fell and were buried. Simple crosses marked the graves. Much of the country devastated during the war has been restored almost to normal conditions, and farmers were plowing the battle-fields.

At Paris, Thomas Cook and Company assisted us in obtaining reasonable rates at an English-speaking hotel, the Prince Albert. We visited the "Palace of Concord," one of the finest places in Paris. At the tomb of Napoleon Bonaparte we were reminded of the vanity and end of human greatness. We saw the "Pantheon of the War," a

panorama containing 6,000 pictures and paintings of all the battle-fields of France. We went up Eiffel Tower (975 feet high), which gave us a splendid view over the city. We visited the Louvre, the French national museum. This is the largest building in France, and one of the largest in the world. Other sights we saw were the Lafayette Monument, erected by the school-children of America; the statue, home, and tomb of Voltaire; Saint Chapelle, a very old church with the finest stained windows in the world (in this church, they told us, is preserved the crown of thorns Jesus wore on Calvary; of course this talk is Catholic nonsense); Church of St. Genevive, where Napoleon Bonaparte was crowned (Voltaire once used it for a museum); the place where radium was discovered; Notre Dame, a great Catholic church (it contains 365 pillars and 1500 statues, and dates from 1163 A. D. Its organ contains 500 pipes, 125 stops, and 5 key-boards.); the Hall of Justice and the Law Courts; the Jewel chapel of Paris; Victor Hugo's house, the oldest in Paris; the Bastile, the prison where offenders were guillotined. Besides these things, we also saw the church ruins, caused by a shell from the big German gun eighty miles away, when eighty-eight people were killed. Altogether our stay in Paris was most interesting.

From Paris we went direct to Basel, Switzerland, a distance of 325 miles. We also took this

trip in daytime. It gave us a good view of central and eastern France. For about one hundred miles east of Paris the country is level like North Dakota, and the farmers live far apart. Usually eight oxen were hitched to one plow, and sometimes all were white. No one held the plow, but the plowman walked beside the oxen. The plow looked somewhat like our American sulky plows. About all the wagons had only two large, heavy wheels, in the center, and the horses were hitched in a line, never double. It was a common sight to see the women haul the manure, while the men scattered it in the fields.

In eastern France the house and barn is all under one roof, smoke coming out of the chimneys on one end of the buildings and barnyards and cattle found at the other end. The roofs are all of red tile, and come within six feet of the ground along the sides. The doors and windows are very low.

We saw some funeral processions along the way. The hearse went ahead, and about six mourners walked after. That made up the whole procession. At nearly every crossroads is a large crucifix. In all small towns there is but one church edifice, and of course that is Roman Catholic.

As we neared Switzerland the country became mountainous and picturesque. We passed through the battle-fields of Alsace-Lorain south of Nancy and Michael. Here we saw many dug-outs, case-

ments, and shell-holes, as well as cemeteries where the soldiers were interred. Oh, the cruelties of war!

We reached Basel, Switzerland, at 7 P. M., February 3. A number of brethren and sisters met us, and we were warmly received into the home of Bro. Joseph Krebs, who is pastor of the work there. There were only two brethren who could understand English, and their knowledge of it was very limited. Yet the church gathered in and sang for us, and we had prayer together, and the Lord refreshed our spirits through this association. These dear people showed us every kindness.

We spent one day in Basel getting our passports properly stamped, and making necessary preparations to enter Germany. We visited the grave of Bro. William Ebel, with whom we had been associated so long in the ministry.

Everything in Switzerland looked strange to us. Boys like George wore aprons on the streets, and schoolgirls all wore them to school. We saw a chimney-sweeper with a silk hat on.

A WARM WELCOME IN GERMANY

On February 5 we boarded a train for Essen, Germany, a distance of about two hundred miles. Our route took us along the shores of the scenic River Rhine, and we shall never forget the picturesqueness of our route on this journey. The

hills on both sides of the stream are terraced from bottom to top, and are covered with vineyards. On almost every rocky ledge was a large castle. The river was full of long, narrow boats carrying freight.

At Duesburg, Bro. Otto Doebert met us, and here we changed trains for Essen, where we arrived the same evening. How delighted Brother and Sister Doebert were to see some one from America! When we arrived at the home we found a beautiful evergreen-wreath over our room door with the word "WELCOME." The brethren gave us a reception service of song and recitation that was very touching. We shall always hold sacred in our memories the warm welcome and hospitality accorded us by the church in Germany. It surpassed anything we have ever witnessed. These tender-hearted people showed us much kindness.

We held meetings over two Sundays, February 5-13, three services each day; ministers' meetings 9:30 A. M., and general services at 3 and 7 P. M. This was our first experience in preaching through interpreters. Brother Doebert interpreted for me, Sister Doebert for my wife. After a few services we got along very well.

A number of ministers were present from different parts of Germany and German Poland. These ministers reported that everywhere there are grand openings for the gospel, and that people are crying for the very truth we have to

give. The people generally are so tired of the state church that they come to our meetings by the hundreds to find something better. During our stay in Essen, the places of meeting were crowded to their capacity, and often many were turned away; and all this without any advertising.

We also went to Bochum and held one service for the Polish people. Brother Maslowaki was their pastor. Here a full house of hungry souls greeted us. In these meetings more than fifty people bowed at the altar for salvation. They usually came weeping, and cried unto the Lord for help in the old-fashioned way. The converts generally came through the "strait gate" shouting for joy.

Without doubt Germany presents a great harvest-field that is fully ripe for the pure gospel. Our meetings are held within one block of the great Krupp Works, so famous during the World War. At the time we were there sixty thousand people were employed in this plant, making various kinds of machinery from typewriters to railroad locomotives. In Germany men go to work dressed in good suits, with collars and ties. At the factory or mine they change and put on their working-clothes. When their day's work is ended, they repair to the dressing-rooms, wash, and put on their good suits, and return home well dressed. This is in sharp contrast with the American method.

REVIVALS IN SWITZERLAND

On February 14, in company with Brother and Sister Doebert, we left by train early in the morning for Switzerland, arriving at Basel at 7:20 P. M. We had a splendid view of the country all the way. Germany is a beautiful country, and its people are industrious and progressive, and the most like America in method, machinery, and industry of any country we have visited since crossing the Atlantic.

We held meetings at Basel during February 15-18. There is a good spiritual congregation at this place, and they are doing their best to uphold the precious truth that has saved them. We visited many places of interest in and around the city.

From here we went to Zurich, a city of over two hundred thousand people. In the sixteenth century this place was the center of the preaching of the great reformer Ulrich Zwingli. We visited his monument, and also saw the armor that he wore at the time he was killed (in the battle of Kappel), which is kept here in the National Museum.

In this same city, a little later than Zwingli, a Protestant council condemned a young man named Felix Mantz to be drowned because he rejected infant sprinkling and taught that people ought to be immersed. He met death by drowning.

Zurich is a beautiful city, situated in a fertile

valley surrounded by mountains. The Alps are plainly visible, and the cool breezes from their snow-covered peaks sweep over the place.

We held meetings in this city February 20-27. God gave us a very precious time. The people are not so demonstrative as in Germany, being of a quiet, reserved disposition; but the Swiss people are deep, and think twice before they act. In all, about forty people bowed at the altar for pardon and the baptism of the Holy Spirit.

At the close of this meeting Brother Doebert and I went by train to Winterthur, where we held a service with good attendance and interest. On March 1 we went through the country to Holtzhausen for a meeting. On the way we visited an old pilgrim who had read my articles in the German *Posaune*. He did not know that I had come to Europe. When Brother Doebert told him who I was, he wept like a child and shouted for joy. He called me Brother "Riglee."

Like eastern France, Switzerland has its houses and barns both under one roof. We held the night service in one of these buildings, and this gave me an opportunity to examine it. There is a heavy partition between the two parts, with a single door of entrance. The family lives in one end, and all the stock in the other. They are ready to argue that this is by far the most convenient and better method, as they do not need to go outside to feed their cattle and horses. But

it does not appeal very strongly to an American, and I failed to agree with them.

CLIMBING THE ALPS

We left Zurich early on the morning of March 3, via the Gothard Railroad, for Goschenen, a town near the summit of the scenic Alps Mountains and at the entrance of the great St. Gothard tunnel. The day was ideal, and we had a fine view of the mountains all the way. We reached our destination at 9:15 A. M., checked our suitcases at the station, and secured rooms at the White Horse Hotel, where we left our small satchels, and then started on a sight-seeing tour.

The mountains all around us were covered with snow and ice glistening in the clear sunshine.

We first walked to Wasson, a distance of four miles. The scenery was very beautiful. At noon we took train back to Goschenen and ate our dinner. After lunch we began to climb along a trail to the highest summit of the Alpine chain of mountains. The distance was several miles, and required great effort and considerable endurance. Near the top is the main pass between Switzerland and Italy and a military station named Andermatt.

The sights were wonderful. It is claimed that here is the most beautiful scenery on the Alpine Mountains. There were deep gorges and canons,

awful precipices, dashing streams of water, piles of snow and ice, and many things of interest on every side. However, my personal opinion is that the Rocky and Cascade Mountains on the Canadian Pacific Railroad eclipse anything to be seen in the Alps. I saw nothing in Switzerland that equals the scenery at Glacier, on the Canadian Pacific Railroad. I say this without prejudice. Americans need not go to Europe in order to see nature's beauty. We have a great variety of it at home, and it is not exceeded anywhere.

IN THE LAND OF THE CAESARS

Early on March 4 we passed through the St. Gothard tunnel, and began a winding descent of the Alps on the south side. We all agreed that the scenery on this side of the Alpine Range was the better. As we rapidly descended below the snow line, the mountains were covered with orchards and vineyards. Here we saw great flocks of goats. The houses are built of stone, and even the roofs are made of flat stones. The doors are very small and low, and the windows narrow. We passed through the beautiful summer-resort city of Lugano, located on a large mountain lake. The scenery at this place was superb. By 2 P. M. we were on the plains of Italy, and the warm, balmy breezes of the Mediterranean and Adriatic greeted us. At 11:30 P. M. we had reached the city of

Venice

Venice is a city built on the waters of the Adriatic Sea. Its history dates from about the third century A. D. We saw no horses, wagons, or carriages in the entire city. All trafficking is done by boats called gondolas, for the streets are waterways. We enjoyed this mode of travel very much. We spent March 5 in this city, and visited every place generally worth seeing, including St. Thomas' Church, St. Stephen's Church, and St. Mark's Church. The Catholic service held in each of these places was all new and intensely interesting to us. The large glass-works where the finest mosaics are done was also interesting. We also visited the Clock Tower, the great open square, and the seashore plaza. We took an hour's ride on a gondola-boat through some of the streets and out into the Adriatic Sea. In the harbor we passed two American gunboats, Gilmer No. 233 and James 245. George saluted them with a small American flag, and the boys waved to us. Venice is a pretty place of palm-trees and warm sunshine. We enjoyed this very much, as it was in sharp contrast with the cold, snowy Alps, from which we had just come. We took train the same night for

Milan

We spent Sunday, March 6, in Milan. From 10:30 A. M. till noon we attended services in the great cathedral of Milan. This edifice has a

capacity of forty thousand people, and is exceeded only by St. Peter's Church at Rome. The elaborate services in this church surpassed anything we had ever witnessed for form and ceremony. After the meeting we went through the Cathedral, climbed about four hundred steps to the roof, and then went to the tower above all the spires, where we had a splendid view of the city.

At 2:30 P. M. we attended an interesting service in St. Ambrose Church. This ancient place and its historical association made it a great privilege for us to attend a religious meeting there. From here we went to St. *Grezie* (Grace) Church. Here we witnessed pagan idolatry under a Christian garb. We closed the day at a meeting in St. Mark's Greek Catholic Church. We felt much as Paul did while he tarried in Athens and saw the whole city given over to idolatry and superstition. My inmost soul was mightily stirred, and we were made more than ever to appreciate the light of evangelical Christianity. Our visit to Milan was full of interest.

Florence

We left Milan at 6:15 A. M., March 7, for Florence, were we arrived at 1:20 P. M. of the same day. The scenery between Milan and Florence was simply grand. The first half of the journey took us through a level country, while the remainder was through a very mountainous district. The whole country was covered with orch-

ards, vineyards, and olive-groves. Italy is certainly a great fruit-country, and from the appearance we gathered that they specialize along this line.

Florence is the great art-city of Italy. Here we visited *Galleria Degli Uffija,* the world's greatest art-gallery; and crossed the river and went through the *Plazzo De Pitt Gallery.* In these we saw some of the world's finest paintings. We saw original paintings of such men as Raphael and Michaelangelo.

We visited St. Crose Church, and also the tombs of Dante, Michaelangelo, and Galileo the great astronomer. We visited the great Cathedral of Florence, an immense structure of marble. In the St. Marie Catholic Church the people prostrated themselves before many different images and kissed them. We saw women press their lips into the hole in the side of a wax figure that was lying on the floor representing Christ, with the appearance of blood oozing from the place where the spear entered. Here you see Rome as she really is—a system of image-worship and rank idolatry. We also took an interurban-car and made a tour of many miles around the city.

Pisa

We left Florence at 9:20 A. M., March 9, for Pisa, where we spent the remainder of the day. The country between Florence and Pisa is very

beautiful. We saw many strange sights along the way. The farmers do practically all their work with oxen, and most of the oxen are white. The plum- and peach-trees were all in bloom. Here hundreds of women work in the fields with the men. The wheat is planted in rows and the women hoe it just as we do corn in America.

At Pisa we visited another great cathedral, also the Baptistry, where they told us all the children of Pisa have the Catholic rite administered. We also visited the Leaning Tower, from the top of which we got our first view of the Mediterranean Sea.

Rome

We went to Rome on March 10, and spent four days visiting places of interest in this great city. This was once the "imperial city," the capital of the then-known world, the proud home of the Cæsars. Here Paul lived in his own hired house for two years, and under Nero was martyred. In those days magnificence and power were expressed in the name "Rome." Yes, this was the home of Cicero and Seneca. Modern Rome, while a beautiful city, does not compare with the ancient city on the Tiber. This was the seat of pagan government under the proud Cæsars, and later became the seat of the papacy, which it remains today.

Among the many places of interest we visited are the following: The Tower where Nero sat and

fiddled while Rome was burning; ruins of the original Trajan Square and Court of Justice; the world's largest monument of marble, erected before the war to Victor Immanuel; Capitoline Hill, one of the original seven hills on which Rome was built. This was once called "Sacred Hill," where pagan gods were worshiped. (The present king of Italy has his residence here.) Next we went to the Forum; here are acres of ruins of ancient Rome. This originally was the center of Rome. A few of the interesting things here are the ruins of the palace and residence of Cæsars, the place where Julius Cæsar is buried, tomb of the first Roman emperor, Arch of Titus, Temple of Vesta, and the place where Paul was brought to Cæsar. No doubt the old street over which we passed was the one the great apostle trod. We spent several hours in this interesting place. Next we went to the Colosseum. Here we saw the cells, or cages, where the lions were kept that devoured the Christians. A sacred feeling crept over us as we stood on the very spot where thousands of Christians gave their lives for Christ. We climbed to the top of this great amphitheater, where we had a splendid view of the entire structure. The Vatican was next visited. Our guide, though not a Catholic, was a special friend of the Pope from boyhood. Thus by special permission we saw the private residence of the Pope. We saw the miter he wears on his head, and his armor worn on special

occasions. We had permission to see the Pope himself, but the conditions we refused to submit to, namely, to put on a black robe, make the sign of the cross, take the wafer from his hand, and receive his blessing. This would have cost us twenty-five lire, or something over one dollar each, for the use of the black robes. But to go through this ceremony of Catholic worship we would not, even at the expense of not seeing the great head of Rome. The special privilege of seeing the Pope is granted near the Easter season. We went through the Vatican museum. On Sunday we attended services in St. Peter's, the largest church in the world. Here several popes are interred. It is said that Peter was martyred on the site of this church and buried here. In fact, they opened his supposed tomb and permitted us to look on the very depository of his remains. In this church we saw them bow before the image of St. Peter and kiss his toe. We saw some men put the toe in their mouths and lick it. The whole place was full of image-worship and idolatry.

We passed the theater built by Julius Cæsar B. C. 46, and also visited Palatine Hill, the great palace of Cæsar, and the ruins of the public baths, where twenty-six thousand people could bathe at one time. We went through Sebastian Gate, in the old Roman wall, and went out on the Appian Way, over which Paul entered the city, and visited the Catacombs. The Pantheon was an interesting

place. It was erected B. C. 27, and was a place of pagan worship. Afterward it was converted into a Christian temple. We visited St. Marie Majora Church, built in the thirteenth century. The pulpit was erected by Pope Benedict XIV. The columns of this great pulpit were taken out of the Forum, and originally belonged to Constantine's palace. We here saw the tomb of Pope Pius V, and the robe he wore at the time of his death. St. John's Lateran Church was very interesting. It was built by Constantine in the fourth century A. D. This was the residence of the popes before the Vatican was built. The ceiling of this old church is the most artistic of any in Rome. Here we witnessed an interesting service, the ordination of ten priests by the High Cardinal and Tetrarch of Rome. Probably two hundred high dignitaries and priests took part in the ceremony.

We next went to the "Holy Stairs" in the *Scala Sancta*. They claim these are the ones that led up to Pilate's balcony in Jerusalem, and were brought to Rome by the Empress St. Helena. Here Christ was supposed to have ascended when brought before Pilate. Nine years' indulgence applicable to their souls in purgatory is granted, according to the decision of Pope Pius VII on Oct. 24, 1819, to all who ascend these steps on their knees. Here we beheld a score or more well-dressed and poorly clad dupes creep up step by

step on their knees, kissing the steps and bowing again and again.

We went to the font where Constantine was baptized when converted to Christianity. Here we saw a priest christen a baby. Before pouring the water on its head, he put butter and honey into its mouth. The ruins on the Aventine Hill next claimed our attention. This is one of the seven hills of ancient Rome. From here we went to the ancient cemetery of Rome, thence through San Palo Gate in the old walls to St. Paul's Church, where the great apostle is said to be buried. We visited his supposed tomb. Three miles beyond this is the place of three fountains, where, it is claimed, Paul was beheaded. This, like many other things, must be accepted with some doubt. It appealed to us as being too many miles from the walls of the city to lead a man to execution. From here we returned to the city and visited an underground pagan prison dating from B. C. 600. Here we entered what is claimed to be the cell where Paul was kept under Nero until his execution. The place where Cæsar was assassinated by Brutus was pointed out to us.

Altogether, our visit to Rome was intensely interesting. The more we see of this pagan worship under a Christian garb, the more we feel inspired with boldness to go forth with the message of saving truth. A visit here to the seat of the Papacy confirms in us more than ever the truth that this

false system of worship is the great Babylon of Revelation, an "abomination of desolation."

Naples

We left Rome at 9:15 A. M., March 14, and arrived in Naples at 2:30 P. M. of the same day. On leaving Rome we passed the large viaducts where water was conveyed from the mountains to supply ancient Rome. As in northern Italy, the entire country is covered with vineyards and orchards, except that as we neared Naples the variety of fruit changed to orange- and lemon-groves, laden with ripe fruit. Along the way we saw oxen and horses hitched together to wagons and plows. Along the streams the women were washing by pounding their clothes on the stone and rocks. Most of the hogs in this section were blue in color. There were no fences, and boys and girls herded all the stock.

On the streets of Naples we saw many things new and strange to us. All traffic begins at 5 A. M., and such a bedlam we never before heard. Delivery wagons are heavy, two-wheeled, peculiar-looking vehicles, and the wheels are immense in size. Often in the center is hitched a large white ox with a small pony on each side. We spent three days in this city and its environs.

We visited Pompeii. This city was destroyed in A. D. 79, by the eruption from Vesuvius. At the time of its destruction it numbered forty-five

thousand people. It lies six miles from the volcano. We secured a guide and went through the ruins of the entire place that has been excavated. We had not gone far until we were convinced why this place was destroyed. There is every evidence that the inhabitants were given over to licentiousness of the lowest kind. Evidently this awful destruction came as a judgment from Almighty God.

We next visited the volcano. We took Cook's route to the top, 3,680 feet. There before us was the awful crater 2,500 feet wide and several hundred feet deep. We stood on the brink with the hot sulfur fumes ascending near our feet. But fortunately the day we were there the wind was blowing toward the opposite direction from where we stood. This enabled us to look clear down into the crater. In the center is a large hole probably fifty feet in diameter, and out of this shot immense flames of fire and sulfurous smoke. About every two minutes while we were there it sounded as though it thundered in the caverns below, and then would come forth a great volume of flame and yellow smoke. This place reminded us of the Bible description of hell. I thought, O my God, I never want to land in perdition! In 1906 there was a great eruption, and the mountain-side is covered with lava from that.

We also visited the large museum, where we saw a great collection of things taken from the

ruins of Pompeii. We went to an old fort located high above the city, and from here we had a splendid view of the city and bay of Naples.

Brindisi

Brindisi is located on the Adriatic Sea, about two hundred miles east of Naples. From here we were booked to sail to Alexandria. We were two days waiting for our boat. Flowers bloom outdoors all winter. We passed through the residence section, and of all the filthy houses, streets, and people we ever saw, this eclipsed them all. The market was an interesting place. The foodstuff was anything but clean, and the people who sold it no better. What a bedlam here, with scores of men and women crying at the top of their voices trying to sell their produce! We visited two Catholic churches, and saw poor, ragged creatures paying money into the hands of ignorant-looking fellows who were repeating prayers that the sins of those paying might be forgiven.

During the fifteen days we remained in Italy we were treated well at every place. We found the people of northern Italy a high-class and refined people. They endeavor to show every courtesy to strangers. Southern Italy is very different in that its people are not so advanced and enlightened. Of course, as in all countries, there is the better class and the lower class everywhere.

ON THE BLUE MEDITERRANEAN

We left Brindisi at 7 P. M., March 18, on board the SS. Vienna, a large Austrian vessel taken over by Italy as a result of the late war. We were three nights and two days reaching Alexandria, and had a very pleasant voyage down the Adriatic and across the Mediterranean. As on the Atlantic, none of us missed a meal from seasickness. Our route followed close along the west coast of Greece, and on March 19 we were in sight of Greece all the forenoon.

About 4:30 of the same evening we were skirting close along the southern coast of a large island. The ship's officers informed us that this was Crete. There were two harbors, and I took a photograph of one. What feelings filled our hearts as we remembered that twenty centuries ago Paul and his company sailed along this same shore, and was shipwrecked farther west! He was going to Rome as a prisoner, and was on a boat *from* Alexandria. We were going in the opposite direction, on a modern steamer, *to* Alexandria. It was on this very island that the Apostle left Titus to "set in order the things that are wanting, and ordain elders in every city" (Titus 1:5).

Oh, the beautiful blue Mediterranean! Its silvery spray in the moonlight presented a scene of grandeur. This was the "Great Sea" of Bible times, the largest body of water known to the then civilized world. Along and near its shores

were clustered the great churches in the days of primitive Christianity.

LANDING IN EGYPT

Early on the morning of March 21 we were approaching the coast of Egypt, the land of the Pharaohs. Large groves of palm- and date-trees were in evidence everywhere. About six o'clock the city of Alexandria loomed in sight, and in another hour we were at the docks. Soon after our boat arrived, a native came through the ship calling "Riggle," and when I answered, he handed me a card bearing the words, "G. K. Ouzounian, church of God." When we reached the deck, Brother Ouzounian and a number of the church greeted us with waving handkerchiefs.

I could not restrain the hot tears that streamed down my cheeks. Oh, how good their faces looked to us in this strange land! After the necessary stamping of passports, we secured a porter to carry our baggage to the custom-house, and were soon in the embrace of our brethren. God's saints are the same everywhere. At the docks our persons were thoroughly searched by officers, and, after some difficulty, we passed on into the city, and were soon safe in the house of Sister Tabakian.

IN THE LAND OF THE PHARAOHS

Alexandria

We held a five days' meeting in Alexandria. The

attendance was good and increased to the end. Seven persons claimed conversion and one entire sanctification. Here I spoke through two interpreters. Bro. Abdul Talut Mikhail stood on my right side and interpreted into Arabic, while Bro. Khatcher Sarian stood on my left and translated into Turkish. I had to wait between sentences until both had translated what I said. It seemed rather slow to me at first; but the Lord wonderfully helped, and I learned to say more in a few words.

Alexandria is a city of 600,000 population. There are many places worth seeing in and around the city, which we visited. Some authorities claim that St. Mark was dragged to death through the streets of ancient Alexandria. Probably the most interesting places of all are the ruins of the heathen temples of Pompey.

Cairo

We left Alexandria on March 26 and arrived at Cairo the same day. There were many new and strange things to be seen all along the way. We held meetings in Cairo from March 26 to April 1. The place of meeting was crowded each night. A number were converted, and more than twenty presented themselves for entire sanctification. During our stay in Cairo we were hospitably cared for by Brother and Sister Ouzounian and family.

While in Cairo we visited the Pyramids. We climbed to the top of the highest, 451 feet. Here we had a fine view over Cairo and far into the desert. We also went through them. From the Pyramids we rode camels to the Sphinx. We visited the Zoological Gardens, which contain much of interest. We also visited the Cairo Museum of Antiquities. Among the thousands of interesting things here was the mummy of Rameses II, the Pharaoh of the Israelite oppression, and the mummy of his son, the traditional Pharaoh of the exodus. Also we were shown some of the parchments of what they claimed to be the original manuscripts of the Second Epistle of Peter, written with his own hand.

Fayoum

On April 1, Brother Ouzounian and I went to Fayoum, a city of twenty thousand people, one hundred miles south of Cairo, in Upper Egypt. This is one of the oldest cities in all Egypt, dating from before Christ. Our route took us along the Nile River. There is a small congregation at Fayoum, of which Tewfik Mikhail is pastor. We held four services in the Presbyterian American Mission; the average attendance was about three hundred people. When I preached on "Regeneration," probably one hundred hands went up for prayer. The pastor, who was interpreter for me, whispered, *"They all need it."*

Minieh

Our next meeting was in Minieh, a city of thirty thousand people. There is a good work established here, of which Hanna Arsanious has been acting as pastor. The first service was held in the church of God chapel, but it did not contain the people; so the pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church invited us to hold the next service in their church, which invitation we accepted, and preached to a large congregation of people. The third night we held a men's meeting in the First Presbyterian Church, which was crowded to its capacity. I spoke on "The True Measure of a Man." Bro. Mosad Armanious, of Assiout, interpreted. Hands went up for prayer all over the building, and the Lord wonderfully blessed, and poured out his Spirit.

A NINE DAYS' TOUR OF PALESTINE

On April 7, at 6:30 P. M., we left Cairo for Jerusalem. Our route took us through the ancient land of Goshen, where the Israelites sojourned and were finally oppressed in Egypt. I reminded our folk that now was fulfilled the little song I used to sing to George when he was a baby boy:

> Georgie, Georgie, I have a notion
> You and I will cross the ocean;
> We will go by locomotion,
> Till we reach the land of Goshen.

We crossed the Suez Canal at Kantara. From here we passed through the desert along much the

same route Jacob followed when he went into Egypt, and which Joseph and Mary, with the infant Jesus, traversed when they fled from Herod.

Land of the Philistines

When we emerged from the desert, we entered the ancient land of the Philistines. We traveled through the entire length of this section which was once the home of a powerful nation, one of Israel's greatest enemies. We were impressed with the richness of its soil and the vast wheat-fields stretching out before us in every direction. I thought of Samson tying the tails of three hundred foxes together, and with fire-brands burning the wheat-crops of the ancient Philistines.

Under British mandate, this section is rapidly being converted into a very prosperous farming and fruit-growing district. Olive- and orange-groves are numerous. Our train stopped at Gaza. Here Samson carried away the gates of the city by night (Judg. 16:3). It was on the road from Jerusalem to this city that Philip met the eunuch and baptized him (Acts 8:26-39). Near the station are many beautiful groves. The present city numbers about forty thousand. During the World War a battle was fought here.

Next we reached Askelon, about twelve miles north of Gaza. This was once a royal city of the Philistines. The orchards and gardens here are of great repute. Our train also stopped at Ash

dod, about midway between Gaza and Joppa. This was one of the great confederate cities of the Philistines. It is the same place as that called Azotus in Acts 8:40, where Philip was found after the Spirit of the Lord caught him away. In the Arabic Testament, Acts 8:40 reads, "And Philip was found at Ashdod." Today it is an insignificant village, inhabited mostly by Arabs, who show little improvement or progress. It was a common sight near Ashdod to see natives plowing with a crooked stick drawn by a camel and ox hitched together, or maybe a donkey and an ox unequally yoked together.

Lydda

"Lydda was nigh to Joppa" (Acts 9:38). Peter "came down also to the saints which dwelt at Lydda" (Acts 9:32). It was here that Aeneas was healed of palsy after being afflicted eight years (Acts 9:33, 34). "And all that dwelt at Lydda and Sharon saw him, and turned to the Lord" (Acts 9:35). When Dorcas died at Joppa, the disciples sent to Lydda two men, who brought Peter with them to Joppa, and Dorcas was raised to life (Acts 9:36-43).

The name of the modern town is Ludd. Its present population is about seven thousand. It is a junction-point, as the road from Jaffa to Jerusalem, and the road from Kantara to Haifa, both run through Ludd, and make connections here. It is beautifully situated in the plain of Sharon,

and is surrounded by vast orange- and lemon-groves. It is said that oranges among the largest in the world grow between here and Jaffa. I am sure they are the largest we ever saw. We made connections here at 9:15 A. M., April 8, for Jerusalem. On April 13, on our way to Haifa, we again stopped a short time. But we never really visited the town until April 4, 1923, when we made a tour of all the interesting places to be seen.

Plain of Sharon

The plain of Sharon is a vast district lying between the mountains of the central part of the Holy Land on the east and the Mediterranean Sea on the west. It extends from a point south of Ludd and Jaffa northward almost to Haifa, a distance of sixty miles. It averages about ten miles wide. Originally it was one of the most fertile districts in Palestine, and today it remains the most productive we have seen. It was once so beautiful and fruitful that it called out from the evangelistic prophet Isaiah the expression, "The *excellency* of Carmel and Sharon" (Isa. 35:2). Again in Solomon's Song 2:1, we read, "I am the *rose of Sharon.*" This is almost universally applied to Christ. Many beautiful and soul-inspiring hymns have been written about Sharon. Many excellent expressions have been coined from this word.

On April 8, as we left Ludd, we crossed a section of this plain of Sharon, and on April 13

we traversed its entire length from Ludd to Haifa. Again on April 4, 1923, we traveled through much of it by automobile. Great improvements are in progress. The finest crushed-limestone automobile-roads are being completed in every direction, and extensive farming with modern methods is carried on. Great fields of wheat and barley stretch eastward to the mountains and westward to the sea. There are hundreds of acres of orange- and olive-groves dotting the landscape. The most beautiful flowers grow here in abundance.

From Ludd to Jerusalem

To Bible-students, the journey from Ludd to Jerusalem is an interesting trip. It takes us through a country the hills, valleys, and sites of cities of which we have read about in the Bible from childhood. All along the way were myriads of wild flowers. The first place of interest was Akir, the site of the ancient city of Ekron. Baalzebub was the god of Ekron (2 Kings 1:3). When the Philistines captured the ark of God, they took it from Ebenezer to Ashdod and placed it in the temple of Dagon. After this they sent it to Gath, and from thence to Ekron. As a result there was great destruction of life in the city, and "the hand of God was very heavy there" (1 Samuel 5). From Ekron the ark was sent in a cart, drawn by two milch kine, to Bethshemesh (1 Samuel 6).

About four miles beyond Ekron we came to the hilltop village of El-Mughar, which was Makkedah,

where five Amorite kings hid in a cave after the battle of Ajalon. It was near here that Joshua commanded the sun to stand still while he defeated these five kings (Josh. 10:8-14). He found them and hanged them on trees, captured the city, and destroyed its king and people (Josh 10:20-28). It was here that General Allenby encountered his most determined resistance from the Turks in his advancement to capture Jerusalem.

Just beyond this we came to a solitary hill on the top of which once stood the important Canaanitish city of Gezer. Horam, its king, and all his people were slain by Joshua (Josh 10:33). This place occurs several times in the record of wars between David and the Philistines. In the World War, the Turks had a stronghold here; but General Allenby's troops charged up the hill from the south and captured it.

Our next stop was at Junction Station. From here we went eastward parallel with the ancient highway from Ekron along which the kine took the ark to Bethshemesh. Now we were in the famous valley of Sorek, and many of the scenes in the lives of Samson and Delilah took place in the immediate neighborhood. Zorah comes next, the birthplace of Samson. It is located on the summit of a lofty hill. Here at this very place an angel of God appeared twice to Manoah and his wife. At the last appearing, Manoah offered a meat-offering by fire on a rock, "and the angel

did wondrously" and "ascended [to heaven] in the flame of the altar" (Judg. 13:2-21). "And the woman bare a son, and called his name Samson: and the child grew, and the Lord blessed him. And the Spirit of the Lord began to move him at times in the camp of Dan between Zorah and Eshtaol" (vs. 24, 25).

On another hilltop, exactly opposite Zorah, is the village of Aines-shems. This is the site of ancient Bethshemesh. Here is where the kine brought the ark of God (1 Sam. 6:9-16). Because the men of Bethshemesh looked into the ark, the Lord slew of their number 50,070 (1 Sam. 6: 19, 20).

The next stop was Dier Aban, the site of Ebenezer. Here is where the Philistines defeated Israel and captured the ark in the days of Eli (1 Sam. 4:9-18; 5:1). Later, when the Israelites defeated the Philistines, Samuel set up the "stone of help," which "Ebenezer" means (1 Sam. 7:3-13). Beyond Ebenezer we entered a rock gorge which forms the pass to the highlands near Jerusalem. Almost as soon as we entered this wild ravine there came into view a large cave in the side of a precipice overhanging the valley and several hundred feet above. This is the rock of Etam, in which Samson sought refuge from the Philistines (Judg. 15:8). It was near here he slew a thousand men with the jaw-bone of an ass (Judg. 15:8-16).

From here we entered the valley of Bitter,

Emerging from this we came into the valley of Rephaim, where David twice defeated the Philistines. As we neared Jerusalem, we met a wall of mountains several miles thick, and we ascended all the time higher and higher. Two scriptures came forcibly to my mind as we traveled along this route. One was, "Let us *go up* to Jerusalem." As you approach the city from almost any direction you are going up. The other text is found in Psa. 125:2. "As the mountains are *round about* Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people from henceforth even forever."

The Venerable City

There is one city almost as old as Thebes, and which was "venerable before the foundations of imperial Rome were laid; with but little beauty or wealth or commerce, high and lonely, a city that has again and again been captured and destroyed, its site plowed and sown with salt and yet which has again and again risen from its ashes." For nearly four thousand years it has stood on the gray rocks, a strategic position, once the capital of a great nation, and today the city of reverence for all the disciples of Christ. That city is Jerusalem.

Its name is a household word around the world. The prophets discoursed upon this name, and the Hebrew hymn-book, the Psalms, is sprinkled full of sparkling phrases relative to its glory. The

seers of old predicted the glories of the Christian church and dispensation under the title and metaphor of Jerusalem and Zion; and even the golden city to come, heaven, is denominated the "New Jerusalem." Jerusalem has been the theme of more songs and stories and sermons than has any other city in all the world. No other city has such a history as has Jerusalem.

It was captured by David in B. C. 1049 (2 Sam. 5:6-9), and from this time on the kings of Judah made it their capital city. David extended its wall, fortified it more strongly, and built himself a palace on Mount Zion; and thereafter it was called the "city of David" (2 Sam. 5:7-10). As the psalmist beheld the city in its glory, he was made to exclaim, "Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth, is Mount Zion, on the sides of the north, the city of the great King" (Psa. 48:2).

Under King Solomon, Jerusalem reached its greatest glory and magnificence, and was filled with wealth, which gave it renown throughout the then-known world. The temple was built, and Jerusalem was the "holy city" because God placed his name there.

When Christ, whom the Hebrew prophets had foretold and whose glory they extolled, entered Jerusalem, its inhabitants, largely, rejected him and his teaching. The Jewish leaders, out of envy, delivered him to the Romans for crucifixion;

and outside of Jerusalem's walls he suffered death at their hands. Thus the greatest event that ever took place upon earth occurred at Jerusalem. The city of the King of Glory, the place of his sanctuary and name, became the spot of the meanest tragedy ever enacted. The sun hid his face in shame, the heavens draped themselves in mourning, the rocks rent themselves, and calvary quaked, at the terrible scene. Yes, Jesus died at Jerusalem.

At noon on the eighth of December, 1917, General Allenby, commander-in-chief of the British armies operating in Palestine, received the surrender of the city, and on December 10 made his official entry through Jaffa Gate. This chapter in history ended the Turkish rule over the Holy City. It, with all Palestine, is now under the mandate of Great Britain. According to the very latest statistics, the inhabitants of Jerusalem number about one hundred thousand, of whom nearly sixty thousand are Jews.

Since childhood it had been one of the ambitions of my life to visit Jerusalem. On April 8, at 10:40 P. M., our eyes caught the first glimpse of its towers. The sacred feelings that crept over us as we neared the city I can not describe in words. The railroad station is in the new city, and after leaving it we approached the old city along the Bethlehem road. This gave us a commanding view of the hill of Zion. We spent April 8-13

visiting places of interest in and around the city. Those were the greatest days of my life up to this time. There were times when we were so overcome by our feelings that it was impossible to express ourselves in words.

Places of Interest Around Jerusalem

During our stay at Jerusalem we visited the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, the Jewish quarters and bazaars, the Tower of David, David Street, Jaffa Gate, the Jews' Wailing-place, the Pool of Bethesda, the Mosque of Omar and Temple Grounds, Solomon's Stables, Calvary (or Golgotha) and the Garden Tomb, the Tombs of the Kings, Mr. Samuels' government buildings, the Mount of Olives, the Garden of Gethsemane, the Valley of Kedron, the Valley of Jehoshaphat, the Valley of Hinnom, Mount Zion, and the supposed sepulcher of David. As we made a more extensive visit to Jerusalem and its environs in the Spring of 1923, I will describe some of these places of interest further on.

Olivet

I shall never forget the day we stood on the brow of Olivet and with one sweep of vision beheld a scene that will linger in memory as long as we live. Looking eastward, at our feet was Bethany, the home of Martha, Mary, and Lazarus; and the place where Jesus ascended to heaven (Luke 24:51). Beyond this, on a hill in plain

view, was Bethphage, from which Jesus sent two of his disciples to find the colt upon which he triumphantly entered the city (Matt. 21:1, 2; Luke 19:29, 30).

Next we viewed the mountains of Judea, and beyond these the "wilderness of Judea"; and still farther the Dead Sea and the plain of the Jordan, 20 miles away and 3,900 feet below us, were plainly visible. Beyond the Jordan Valley we could distinctly see the plains and mountains of Moab and farther north the mountains of Gilead. Then, as we turned north, our eyes fell on Mount Scopus, where Titus and his Roman legions encamped during the siege of Jerusalem. Turning south, we saw, at the mountain's base, the Valley of Jehoshaphat.

But when we looked westward from this summit, the view eclipsed all the rest. At our feet lay the Valley of Kidron, and beyond this JERUSALEM, at one time the "holy city," the "city of the great King." Directly before us was Mount Moriah, the temple grounds, and the great Mosque of Omar. Beyond this, transplendent in the glowing sun was Mount Zion. From our point of view we could see almost around the wall of the old city.

To our right, extending from the old walls far towards Bethlehem, is the new city, termed by its inhabitants the "New Jerusalem." This is probably three times as large as the old city. It is modern in its buildings, streets, etc.

Jericho, the Dead Sea, and Jordan

We took this trip on April 9. There is a fine automobile highway of crushed limestone the whole distance. The new road lies, for the most part, along the same route the multitudes traveled to John's baptism, and over which Jesus and his disciples often walked. We were conscious that these very hills were the same. The distance of the round trip is fifty miles. As we left Jerusalem, we passed Damascus Gate on the right and Jeremiah's Grotto on the left, and crossed the brook Kidron, in the Valley of Jehoshaphat, and passed the tomb of Mary, the tomb of Absalom, and the Garden of Gethsemane. Our road lay around the southern base of the Mount of Olives to Bethany. From here there is a steep descent to the Apostle's Spring. Ten miles farther we stopped at the Good Samaritan's Inn. We remained here an hour or more, climbing the hills, picking flowers, and enjoying the scenery.

From this point we descended into the Wilderness of Judea. Part of this section is very picturesque, especially the deep gorge along which runs the brook of Cherith, where Elijah hid from Ahab and was fed by ravens. Just beyond this, suddenly the great plain of the Jordan came into full view, spread out like a garden at our feet. Winding through its length is the dark green ribbon of the river jungle. To our right lay the Dead Sea, and beyond it the plains and mountains

of Moab, the highest peaks being Nebo and Pisga, from which Moses viewed the Promised Land. Directly before us was Jericho. To our left was the wilderness into which Christ was led to be tempted after his baptism, and across the Jordan were the beautiful mountains of Gilead. How our eyes feasted upon these historical places!

We first visited the ancient ruins of Jericho which have just recently been excavated. Here we took many interesting photographs of the walls and houses that fell in the days of Joshua. We also visited Elisha's Fountain, where the waters were healed by the prophet. Nothing remains of the Jericho of Christ's time. The site is near where the brook Cherith empties into the plain. The present town is beautifully located, but the town itself is not attractive. It lies about half way between the city of Joshua's time and its site of our Lord's time. A fine modern hotel, "Bel-view," has been erected, and this, with the Jordan Hotel, makes the place very agreeable to tourists.

After lunch we went direct to the Dead Sea. This is said to be the lowest spot on the surface of the earth, being 1,290 feet below the Mediterranean. Our route took us over the supposed site of Sodom and Gomorrah. What solemn, awful thoughts flashed through our minds as we stopped and walked around over the place where God rained fire and brimstone from heaven! As

we looked west, there was the mountain to which Lot and his daughters fled. Between where we stood and this mountain, Lot's wife looked back and became "a pillar of salt." Jesus said, "Remember Lot's wife."

But we could not tarry here long. We were soon at the shore of the Sea, where we remained for more than an hour. We found a number of the most beautiful shells on the shore. From here we went north about six miles to the place of the Jordan where the children of Israel are supposed to have crossed into the Promised Land, and where John baptized the Lord. From our childhood we have heard about Jordan. Mother read me stories concerning it, the Sunday-school teachers enlarged upon it; also, the preachers made it the subject-matter of many a sermon. I myself have preached about Jordan, and have sung many inspiring hymns about it. Most of us have sung the old hymn, "On Jordan's stormy banks I stand." About thirty years ago I crossed the antitypical Jordan into the Canaan-land of perfect holiness. How many times I have longed for the opportunity to stand on the banks of the real Jordan!

What a thrill of satisfaction and joy flowed through our hearts when we at last stood at the water's edge at this historical spot! We secured a boat and took a ride for some distance up the stream. Yes, this is the river where John baptized the multitudes, and where Jesus our Master was

buried in the symbolic grave! But, after all, there is nothing attractive about the place were it not for its historical associations. I would say with Naaman, the Syrian leper, "'Are not the waters and rivers of Damascus,' better than this muddy Jordan?" As we stood among the waving reeds and rushes, I thought of the words of Jesus concerning John, "What went ye out . . . to see? A reed shaken with the wind?" On April 2, 1923, we again visited all these places, and spent more time investigating the surroundings.

Bethany

Bethany is a small village about two miles from Jerusalem, on the east side of the Mount of Olives. This was the home of Martha, Mary, and Lazarus. Jesus frequently stopped here. In this town Simon the leper made a feast for Jesus, and a certain woman anointed him with ointment, and Jesus commended her by saying, "She hath done what she could" (Mark 14:3-9). One of the most noted miracles of Christ's ministry took place here—the raising of Lazarus from the dead (John 11). The ascension of Christ took place at Bethany (Luke 24:50, 51).

On April 10 our company spent some time here. Among the places of interest, we visited the tomb of Lazarus, the remains of the house of Martha and Mary, and the ruins of the home of Simon the leper. On March 30, 1923, we again visited Bethany.

Bethlehem

Of all the places on earth that are held sacred in the Christian's memory, I think Bethlehem holds first rank. Here Rachel died and was buried. At this place Ruth gleaned in the harvest-field of Boaz, and later married Boaz; and here David was born. This was David's home town, hence is called the "City of David." Joab, Asahel, and Abishai lived here. But, above all, Bethlehem was the birthplace of the Savior. Here the shepherds heard the announcement from the angel of the Lord, "Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Savior, which is Christ the Lord." Here they heard the heavenly hosts sing that blessed pæan, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

On April 11 we passed out of Jaffa Gate, on the Bethlehem road, for the little city of sacred story. The distance is about six miles, and the country picturesque all the way. The hills are mostly covered with olive-groves and fruit orchards. The farms are surrounded with well-built stone fences. In about half an hour we came to a place of eminence, and here a most splendid view met our gaze. To our right lay the town of Betjata, where Saul found his father's asses. Directly before us, about one mile distant, was Bethlehem, with all the picturesque hills with which it is

surrounded. To our left in plain view was the field of Boaz, and the orchard where the angel announced to the Shepherd that a Savior was born. Yes, these are the very hills where David used to roam, and watch his father's sheep. Here he played his harp and sang many of the psalms that made up the Old Testament hymn-book. Yes, this is Bethlehem!

We stopped on the way to Rachel's tomb. Bethlehem at present has about eight thousand people. The town itself, with its narrow streets, is not very attractive, but the surrounding country is very scenic. The leading place which attracted our attention most was the Church of the Nativity, which is erected over the traditional site of the birthplace of Christ. In 327 A. D. the Empress Helena erected the Church of the Nativity. It is a very plain structure. By descending two flights of stairs we were admitted into the Chapel of Nativity. Here were pointed out to us the place of birth, and the manger in which Christ is supposed to have lain.

In the same under-structure we were shown also the tomb of Saint Jerome, the great Latin church father, who died in Bethlehem 420 A. D. We also saw the Chapel of Saint Jerome. Here he lived and wrote his works. We also visited David's Well, or the "well of Bethlehem," mentioned in the Bible (2 Sam. 23:13-17; 1 Chron. 11:15-19). We were loath to leave this little city, so fraught

with sacred memories. It was our happy privilege, on April 3, 1923, to spend the entire day visiting in Bethlehem and climbing the hills surrounding the place.

Hebron

Hebron lies about fifteen English miles south of Bethlehem. The country is very mountainous, rocky, and picturesque. It seemed that every foot of land between the rocks, that could be tilled, was growing grain of some kind, or was planted in vineyards. About two miles beyond Bethlehem are the Pools of Solomon. These have been cleaned out, and are now filled with pure water. There is a large pump-station here pumping water to supply Jerusalem. Below the pools are the Gardens of Solomon. These we also visited.

Our next stop was Philip's Fountain, claimed to be the place where Philip baptized the eunuch. I took a photograph to convince modern folk that there was water enough to immerse in.

Beyond this pool where Philip baptized the eunuch we passed Betzala, where Saul and his three sons are said to be interred. Next we passed through the valley of Berachah (Blessing). Here occurred the wonderful battle between Jehoshaphat and the children of Ammon and Moab (2 Chronicles 20). After this we reached the "plain of Mamre." Abraham removed his tent, and came and dwelt in the plain of Mamre, which is in Hebron, and built there an altar unto the Lord

(Gen 13:18). From this plain our road led to the top of a high hill, and there before us was Hebron, which vies with Damascus as being the oldest city in the world.

Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob spent much of their lifetime here. When the Promised Land was divided between the Israelites, Hebron was given to Caleb. When David became king of Judah, he established his capital in this city, and reigned here for seven and a half years. The patriarchs are buried here, in the cave of Machpelah. The cave is still there, covered with a mosque, and this forms the principal object of interest in the city. Visitors are now admitted into the mosque, and through an opening in the floor are permitted to look down into the cave itself, but no one is allowed to enter the cave.

A little distance from the city stands the largest and oldest oak in Palestine. A visit to this tree will convince any one that it is a very ancient tree. It is claimed to be the identical one under which Abraham pitched his tent, and where he resided at the time the angels visited him and apprized him of the destruction of Sodom. We took several good photographs of the tree and surroundings.

Nazareth

As we later visited and held meetings in both Nazareth and Cana of Galilee, I will here make but very brief mention of them. On April 13 we

left Jerusalem by train for Haifa. We left our baggage at Haifa, and went by automobile to Nazareth. There is a fine automobile-road all the way from Haifa to Tiberias. Our route took us for eight miles along the base of Mount Carmel, then we crossed the brook Kishon at the place where it is claimed that the four hundred priests of Baal were slain in the days of Elijah. We also passed along the plains of Acre and Esdraelon, famous in Israel's history for great battles fought. We spent two nights and a day in the boyhood home of Jesus. We visited about every place of interest. And we climbed the high mountain on which the city is built; from here we had a splendid view as far as eye could see in every direction.

Sea of Galilee

We left Nazareth early April 15 for Tiberias. The first place we came to was Meshed, Gath-Hepher, on the borders of Zebulun, where Jonah the prophet was born. The tomb of Jonah is here also. After this we came to Cana of Galilee. This was the home of Nathanael (John 21:2) and the place of Christ's first miracle, where he turned the water into wine at a wedding-feast. Here later he healed the nobleman's son. We stopped and drank of the fountain from which the water that was converted into wine was taken. We also visited the site where the first miracle was performed, and the house of Nathaniel.

Farther on we came to the Horns of Hattin, or the Mount of Beatitudes, where Jesus delivered the memorable Sermon on the Mount, recorded in Matthew 5—7. After this we passed the place where Christ miraculously fed the five thousand. Then suddenly Galilee burst upon our vision, a beautiful lake a thousand feet below us. We rapidly descended and were soon at Tiberias. In the afternoon we secured a motor-launch and went across the lake to Capernaum. We remained here for some time, and visited every place of interest. Next we went to Bethsaida, and then to the plain of Gennesaret. As we crossed the beautiful Gennesaret Lake we sang the old hymn "Galilee." Our next stop was at Magdala, where we spent an hour picking up sea-shells, which lay on the shore in great abundance.

At night we secured a boatman, and in the beautiful moonlight spent more than an hour on this still, calm lake. We sang many familiar hymns. The memories of that night will never perish from our minds. It has been our happy privilege to visit the Sea of Galilee twice since. On April 16 we left by a different route for Haifa. We followed the Jordan River south as far as Bethabara, and then leaving the Jordan Valley we came to Bethshan. Here we entered the plain of Jezreel and followed it westward the entire length along the base of Mount Gilboa to the city of Jezreel, where we entered the great and fertile plain of Esdraelon,

which stretches across central Palestine to Mount Carmel and the Mediterranean. Our route took us through the whole length of this fertile valley, the great battle-field of ages.

Haifa and Mount Carmel

We arrived at Haifa about noon. This is the most important seaport town in Palestine. It is growing very rapidly. Several new Jewish additions are being built along the sides of Carmel, and some important enterprises have lately been established. Notable among these is the new flour-mill costing $250,000 of which Baron Rothschild gave $100,000. Without doubt Haifa is destined to become a great market-center.

In the afternoon we went up on Mount Carmel. Here Elijah prayed for rain, and here the fire fell upon the altar of the Lord, and the priests of Baal were confounded. Having a card of introduction, we visited Abdul Bahai, the Persian prophet, who is said to have twelve million followers the world over. Having heard so much of this man in America, we were surprized to find that but few in Haifa seemed to know him. We inquired for some time before we found any one who knew him, and could direct us to his residence. He received us kindly and gave us tea, and some beautiful flowers from his gardens. At 6:30 P. M. we were on board the SS. Borulos en route for Beirut.

ON THE
MISSION FIELD IN SYRIA
AND THE HOLY LAND



In Syrian Mohammedan costume

In Syrian village dress

In Bedouin and shepherd garb

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Riggle and son George



Church of God, Beirut, Syria, June, 1923

Tripoli Mission, H. M. Riggle in door (see p. 212)

ON THE MISSION FIELD IN SYRIA AND THE HOLY LAND

OUR ARRIVAL AT BEIRUT

At 5:30 A. M., April 17, the snow-covered mountains of Lebanon appeared. In another hour we were in sight of Beirut. A thrill of joy filled our hearts to know that we had reached our destination in safety. After nineteen weeks of travel on land and sea, what a satisfaction to sail into the harbor of the city which is to be our home and the center of our activities!

As we were leaving the ship in a small boat which was crowded in among a dozen or more of others, suddenly and unexpectedly a boat with a happy crew waving their hands and extending welcome-greetings came beside us. It was Sisters Nellie Laughlin and Adele Jureidini, and a number of others of the church at that place. We could not restrain our tears of joy. After passing the customs officer, we were soon at home among a joyous crowd of happy saints with as warm hearts as we ever met. Seated in our rockers shipped from Akron, Ind., and surrounded with a number of our things from America, we felt perfectly at home.

As this was Sunday, there were two services. Sister Laughlin preached at 10:30 A. M., and

Adele Jureidini at 4 P. M. I gave a short outline of our trip, and recounted some of the blessings of the Lord we received along the way. As the church were all present, it was a time of getting acquainted all around. The same night Beirut experienced two slight earthquake-shocks. On April 20, just three days after our arrival, about 5 P. M., as Sister Laughlin and I were sitting in the library writing, there was an earthquake-shock that rocked our house until the windows rattled and the plaster began to fall off the walls. This was a new experience to us. People throughout the city fled out of their houses, and many slept outside for a few nights. This, however, was the extent of our experience with earthquake-shocks during our stay in Syria.

OUR NEW FIELD OF LABOR

Syria originally was that stretch of country lying along the east end of the Mediterranean Sea, bounded on the north by the Amanus and Taurus Mountains, on the east by the Euphrates River and the Arabian Desert, on the south by Palestine, and on the west by the Mediterranean Sea. For a time before the World War the whole of Palestine was included in Syria. But since the War, that part of the Holy Land lying south of Damascus and Tyre, extending to the Sinai Peninsula, has been placed under British mandate as a separate state. The part north of this boundary,

including Tyre and Damascus, was placed under French mandate. It has now practically its original boundaries. It is about 300 miles long from north to south, and from 30 to 150 miles broad, and contains an area of 30,000 square miles.

Lately the French have separated Syria into two sections known as Syria and Greater Lebanon. Of the latter, Beirut is the capital. The principal cities of Syria and their population are: Damascus, 300,000; Beirut, 210,000; Aleppo 200,000; Tripoli, 48,000; Antioch, 30,000; and Sidon 18,000. The entire country is covered with hundreds of towns and villages.

The religion of Syria is Mohammedan, Druse, Greek or Orthodox Catholic, Roman Catholic, and Maronite, the Mohammedans having far the greater number of adherents. The Presbyterians and Congregationalists are the only Protestant bodies of note in Syria. Almost all the people are religious. It is hard to find any one without religion of some kind; and usually each is devoted to his religion. They are trained into it from childhood. About every day hundreds of boys and young men marched up the street past our house in the charge of black-robed Greek or Roman priests. All schools are church schools, and all students must perform the rites of the church whose school they attend. The Mohammedans have their mosques scattered everywhere, and at certain hours these places are crowded with devotees,

who first remove their sandals and wash their faces, hands, and feet, then fall on their faces in prayer. I have visited several of these places, and it is intensely interesting to see their religious rites and ablutions. If members of the church of God were half as diligent and devotional as these people, they would be a great power on earth.

For long centuries the priests have held the people fast with the idea that "this is the Bible land where the Bible was written, and we were here first, hence our religion is the true religion." To break away from some of these old churches is regarded by the people as a step toward infidelity or paganism. It generally means much persecution from relatives, the community, and the religious body left.

A great variety of manners, customs, garbs, and dialects, are to be seen and heard in Beirut. A trip down to the business section is interesting. There are a few modern department stores, the same as can be found in American cities. These are in charge of English-speaking people, and have a standard price for their goods. Then, hundreds of native shops line the streets. These are generally small, and the entire front is open (doors to cover the whole open front drop down at night and are locked). The customers stand in the street and the proprietor and clerks in the shop. If we are at a market, we begin something like this, "Ine-dek looby" ("Have you string-beans?"). If

they have, the proprietor answers, "Ine-de. Iddesh betreed" ("I have. How many will you have?"). We reply, "Beddee et-nain nusrottle" ("I want a half rottle."). At this stage the real interest begins. These natives ask at least a third more than they expect to get. About the time you ask the price, they say, "Trash erch" (twelve piasters), which equals twenty cents in American money. We offer them five piasters. After about five minutes parleying we get the beans for eight piasters, or thirteen cents. We learned how to buy as the natives do, but I confess I do not like the method. Very few stores have standard prices.

Then, many of the streets are lined with shops, where are made shoes, clothes, tinware, and many of the goods that are sold in the general stores. Mats are spread right on the ground, and on these you will see people—men and women—sitting flat, making bedquilts, doing fancy-work, etc.

As you walk along the streets you meet hundreds of Mohammedan men with long flowing robes, and women veiled in black, no part of the face being visible. You also meet Druse men, with their peculiar trousers hanging loose almost to the ground. You see a good mixture of Arabs in distinct garb; their women, with faces tattooed in green and red, wear short dresses about to the knees and long bloomers of many colors to the ankles. You also see the native Syrian, dressed much like an American, except that his hat is a

red tarboosh. Scattered among this motley crowd are seen a good representation of French soldiers, and English and Americans in our garb.

Many streets are crowded with donkeys, some with a small haystack on their backs, others with baskets, jugs, wood, etc. Then camels often march up the sidewalk with an enormous load on their backs.

Beirut is a very ancient city. Some authorities indentify it with the Berothai of 2 Sam. 8:8, and Berothah of Ezek. 47:16. Its classical name in olden times was Beirytus. Philip Schaff places it on his map of Syria in the days of David and Solomon. It was the seat of a famous school of jurisprudence from the third to the middle of the sixth century A. D. The city having been destroyed by an earthquake in 551 A. D., the school was removed to Sidon. The city suffered severely during the crusades, and, having been taken by the Saracens, was wrested from them by Baldwin in 1110. The Saracens, however, regained possession in 1187. Ibrahim Pasha seized it in 1832; and it was bombarded by the combined fleets of England and Turkey in 1840 and, being captured, was restored to the Porte. Until the French took the mandate after the World War, it was under Turkish and Moslem rule. It has railroad connections with Damascus, Homs, Aleppo, and the north. There are good automobile highways to Damascus and many other cities east, to Tripoli, Tartoose,

Ladochea, and many other coast cities north, and to Jerusalem by way of Sidon, Tyre, Haifa, Nazareth, and Nablus, south. On inquiry I find there are over two thousand automobiles of almost every make, English, French, German, and American, in use in this city. There are also scores of large autotrucks, mostly used by the French. Fine automobile-roads are being completed in almost every direction, even into the interior. Many villages that I visited by mule and donkey in the spring of 1922, can now be reached by automobile. Such are some of the changes now going on.

The streets of Beirut are being altered and improved, and the water- and sewer-system made strictly modern. Boats arrive and leave almost daily for distant ports, some direct to New York, others to European and South-American ports. Beirut is well blessed with schools and universities. About three minutes' walk from the house in which we lived is the American university, the largest in the Near East. About one thousand boy students attend here each year. There is also a very large American school for girls. There is an American faculty-school, attended by American children only, and having American teachers. There is a good tram-car system in the city.

It is said that the imports into Beirut from the United States exceed those from any other country. This is accounted for by the fact that practically all the sewing machines, the large bulk of automo-

biles, and nearly all the petroleum, benzine, and oils come from America. At the present time almost all kinds of goods are entering from the United States. Thus American missionaries can live there much as they do at home.

Beirut is the ideal city for the headquarters of our work in the Near East, as it pertains to Syria and Palestine. Our strongest church in this section is located here, and its good connections by rail and automobile to all parts of this field make it the logical center for future operations. A fine, new automobile highway is being completed from Beirut, by way of Damascus, across the Syrian Desert to Bagdad and the whole country of Mesopotamia.

THE COMMENDABLE WORK WE FOUND

The success of any work depends upon the foundation that has been laid. To begin with, Brother and Sister F. G. Smith planted in this country the work of the present reformation. They remained here almost two years, with headquarters in Schweifat. Brother Smith preached much along doctrinal lines, and this established the truth in a number of hearts. Those who believed were reliable. Later Sisters Laughlin and Hittle continued the work. After Sister Hittle returned to America, Sister Laughlin remained stedfast at her post during the trying World War period. Too

much can not be said in favor of this noble woman, and the sacrifices that she made in behalf of the work in Syria. I am confident that if she had not stood by the work during those critical years, it would have become scattered, and today there would be little to show for all the past effort. She was ably assisted by Adele Jureidini.

When we arrived, the work was established in Beirut. Sister Laughlin exercised exceptionally good judgment in making this city the headquarters of the work, instead of some small mountain village. The home where the missionaries lived contained a large *"dar,"* which was used for the chapel. It, with the parlor, could be made to seat almost one hundred people. The church was small, about twenty in number; but they were among the best class of people in the city—merchants, tailors, cabinet-makers, teachers, nurses, and dressmakers. Most of them were educated and capable of filling places of responsibility.

Last, but not least, the congregation was clean. The church was not a mixture of saved and unsaved; we found them *all* very devout Christians. They were not so demonstrative as we are accustomed to seeing people in America; but a more tender-hearted and warm-souled company we never met. They gave us a mighty impetus to go to work in earnest to help evangelize Syria.

GETTING ADJUSTED TO NEW CONDITIONS

Adjusting himself to conditions is no small item in the work of a missionary on a new field. When we came to this ancient land, almost everything was new and strange to us—customs, manners, foods, dress, and languages. I had read up very thoroughly along these lines; but I found that it takes actual contact and experience properly to adapt ourselves to circumstances to which we have not been accustomed. It was several months before I could take hold of matters and act perfectly natural.

The first year our congregation was made up of about an equal number of Syrians and Armenians. This required double interpretation. In each Sunday-morning service two interpreters stood beside me, an Armenian on the right— Mrs. (Dr.) Hadidian—and a Syrian on the left—Adele Jureidini. For a person who thinks and speaks as rapidly as I had been accustomed to doing, to stand and wait between sentences on two interpreters giving the meaning in their native tongue requires some adjustment to circumstances on his part. But it was really wonderful how the Lord helped me. After a few services, I was able to preach with the same power and enthusiasm as before. I could easily in an hour's time cover the same sermon outline I had used in America. I learned to say more in fewer words.

The manner of conducting meetings differed

from our Western methods. We were accustomed to loud demonstrations in our services; but such a thing is unknown in Syria. To display emotion as we do in the United States, a person would be considered a fool, and would have no influence whatever with the people, especially with the Armenians. They enter the place of worship with sacred feelings, walk quietly to their seats, engage in a season of silent prayer, then sit during the sermon in silent devotion. There is not an audible "amen" to be heard during prayer or preaching. After the benediction, the Armenians sit down quietly and pray for a few moments, then walk out. I tried to change them; but I gave it up. These Easterners do not change their methods and customs overnight. I found it best to adjust ourselves to their customs.

The language was our greatest difficulty. As soon as we arrived the financial management of the home of the missionaries fell into my hands, and along with it the purchasing of general supplies. This necessitated my knowing the names of things and their prices in Arabic. We took daily lessons from Sister Ruda Jureidini until I was able to say more than four hundred Arabic words. I reached the place where I could name almost everything; but ability to put the words together into sentences and talk fluently I never did acquire.

The native food was another problem. At first

we did not like the preparations at all; but we ate them anyway. Soon we all took sick, and the physicians advised that we eat a part of our own kinds of food until we got used to the change. The Syrian dishes are very fine; but it takes time to become accustomed to them. After six months we had no difficulty eating from the Syrian table. Now I am very fond of many of their preparations of food.

ENLARGEMENT OF THE WORK

At the time of our arrival in Syria the work was confined to a section of Beirut, Schweifat, and Brummana, with Bro. Najebe Berberi doing local work in some villages south of Tripoli. The workers had been looking forward to our arrival, and praying earnestly for a real extension of the general field of activities. What the work needed was a man of experience to take hold of things and by a wise oversight spread the saving truth in every direction. The field seemed ripe for real evangelistic effort. The Protestant line of endeavor had for years been more educational than soul-saving. They have specialized along the line of establishing schools in hundreds of villages, and their great universities in Beirut have been a blessing to all the Near East. This is a noble work, and there is no question but what it is very valuable in preparing people for the gospel.



Beautiful scene near Emmaus; note the limestone highway (see p. 277)

Wild Moslems in parade, Jerusalem (see p. 276)

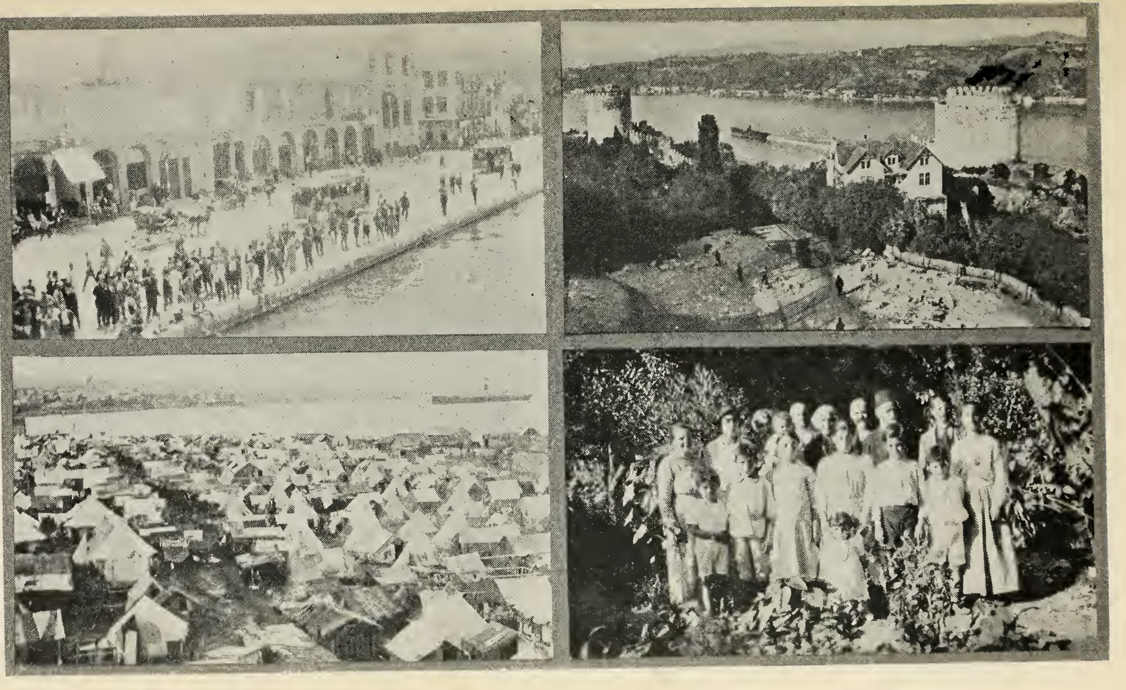
Mr. and Mrs. Riggle and George on Mount Calvary—representing three crosses (see p. 273)



Nazareth today (see p. 233).

Baptizing in Jordan (see p. 260)

Eating lunch near Jacob's Well (see page 267)



Top: Smyrna—in ruins (see p. 342)
Bottom: Armenian refugee camp, Beirut (see p. 328)

Top: Along the Dardanelles (see p. 341)
Bottom: Part of church at Constantinople (see p. 342)

ATHENS FROM THE ACROPOLIS (see p. 343)

X indicates Mar's Hill

O indicates Temple of Theseus



Zahia Aswad and her mother



Asma Jureidini



Mrs. Areka Salibian and child



Arexie Salibian



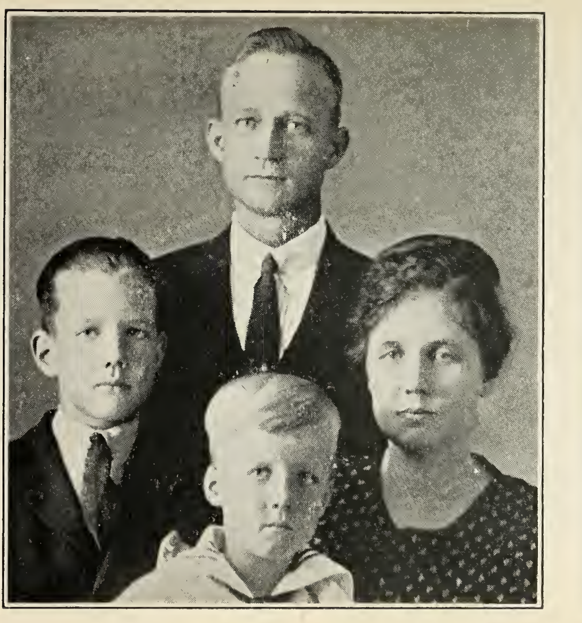
Najeeb Berberi

Haleel Zaude

Ibrihim S. Maloof

Antonius Boody

Yoseph Abdo



John D. Crose and family, Beirut, Syria



Nellie S. Laughlin and Adele Jureidini
Beirut, Syria



Emil Hollander, Beirut, Syria

But we found the time opportune for carrying to the hearts of the people a saving message. It required a few months for us to get our bearings and complete our plans for a general advance all along the line. During this time the attendance in our mission-meetings in East Beirut increased greatly, and a considerable number were converted and received the baptism of the Holy Spirit. Two Armenian sisters were baptized. There were a number of substantial additions to the church. We also reorganized our Sunday-school along progressive lines, with an enrolment of sixty, which soon increased to almost one hundred.

In July, just three months after our arrival, we had all preparations made for action. The hot season was upon us, and Sisters Laughlin and Jureidini and my wife and George went to Brummana for a needed rest. I crossed the Lebanon Mountains to Zahleh and held meetings, then on to Aleppo, which is about 240 miles northeast of Beirut. It is but a short distance from the Euphrates River and Mesopotamia.

I found everything here on the ancient order more than in any place I had visited in the East. Everything was done apparently just as it was thousands of years ago. It seems there has been but little change or progress since the days when Abraham left Ur of the Chaldees and arrived here on his way to Canaan. It was but a small village then, and tradition says the patriarch sold

the inhabitants milk, from which it derived its name Alep—"milked out."

I felt somewhat strange in this strange city, among a people whose customs and manners seemed very queer to me. I am sure my brethren and sisters in America would laugh to see me sit down on a low stool at a table about ten inches high, and eat cooked victuals with the natives out of one large bowl. There are no plates.

Then in some other homes we sat around a crude-looking table and ate across corners, two men dipping in the same dish (women never eat with the men). Between the two men is placed a dish of boiled rice and another dish of red-colored, bitter soup. Each man is given a flat loaf of bread resembling an American pancake. There is no butter and not anything else to spread on the bread. And there are no plates, knives, or forks. Each is given a spoon, and both begin to eat out of the same dish of rice, and to moisten their bread by dipping it into the dish of soup made of bitter herbs. This is the custom in northern Syria, and it is a question of, "Eat this way or do without." I got by actual practise the idea of what Jesus meant when he said to John at the table, "He that dippeth his hand with me in the dish, the same shall betray me." Jesus and Judas were eating out of the same dish. But these natives are so hospitable that after all it is a pleasure to dip with them in the same dish.

I held meetings here for three weeks in the Congregational church. About twenty claimed conversion, and a goodly number entire sanctification. During the meeting I preached a bold sermon on divine healing. At the close of the service about thirty came forward for prayer. The news spread, and soon my room was crowded with sick people. I thought of Acts 5:12-16. It put me to the test; but I remembered the words of Christ, "In whatsoever city ye enter . . . heal the sick that are therein."

One night at 11 P. M., one of the leading physicians of the city sent for me to pray for his dying child. He said, "I heard your sermon on healing. My child is dying. Medical skill has been exhausted. I can do no more. Please pray." The house was full of friends, and the child was lying on the floor with a crying mother beside it. I anointed the child in the name of the Lord, offered the simple prayer of faith, and the child was healed. A few days later the doctor came to meeting and said, "My child is well," and in tears he added, "I will meet you in heaven." He told every one that his child was cured by faith, in answer to prayer. This meeting sowed the seeds of truth in many hearts, and kindled a fire that will never be extinguished. As many as seven hundred people attended some services. The church would not hold them, and most of the

meetings were held in an open square adjoining the church, which was seated for the purpose.

On October 27, in answer to an urgent call, I began meetings in Tripoli. This is an important seaport town seventy-one English miles north of Beirut. After we visited the city a few times and held some successful services there, it became clear that this was the center of what would develop to be one of the ripest and most fruitful districts in all Syria. After consulting a number of business men, on November 26 we rented a large hall, on the ground floor, near the center of the city, gave a contract for the making of church-seats and other necessary equipment, and hung up our large sign, which reads in both English and Arabic, "Church of God, Holiness Mission."

On Dec. 11, 1921, we formally dedicated the place and held our first revival. This has become a permanent mission, and services are held here regularly. A number have been baptized, among them a Mohammedan convert, Haleel Zaude.

In Beirut we soon outgrew our little Mission Home in the east end of the city, and began to look around for a more central place. For a long time it seemed impossible to find a suitable building. The church then took the matter to the Lord in earnest prayer, and on March 1, 1922, we rented a large building right in the center of Beirut, with good tramcar facilities from all parts of the city.

At a cost of about eight hundred dollars we

fully equipped and fitted up the place for a permanent central mission, and hung up our large sign in English and Arabic, "Gospel Tabernacle and Holiness Mission." The place is attractive, and seats several hundred people. Besides the regular chapel, there is a good-sized Sunday-school room. On April 16 we formally dedicated the place, and began a revival. After that we held several evangelistic meetings in this building. It is the permanent central place of meeting. Since opening this place, the church in Beirut has doubled its membership. The attendance generally is large, and people from all over the city are interested in our message.

OPENING NEW FIELDS

As a result of opening a mission work in Tripoli, Ibrihim Shehda Maloof, of that place, took a firm stand for the present truth. He had been a preacher and teacher in the schools, and speaks five languages—English, Arabic, Turkish, German, and Hindustani. I needed just such a man as he was for a fellow laborer and interpreter to accompany me into new fields, as he could endure the hardships and face the dangers in going into places where evangelical Christianity had never been introduced. He gave up his business, and ever after was closely associated with me in the work throughout this northern field.

On Nov. 26, 27, 1921, Brother Maloof and I

visited two villages about twenty miles north of Tripoli—Minyara and Hakoor. We reached them, traveling part of the way by automobile and part of the way on foot by donkey-trail. We arrived at Minyara about 4 P. M., Saturday. The villagers, curiously dressed, and somewhat peculiar in looks, gathered about us in groups. We announced a meeting for that same night in a crude-looking yet spacious church. By 6:30, over two hundred people had assembled. Never in my life was I more inspired than when I broke the living bread to these hungry souls, and looked into the faces of these simple-hearted people.

On the following day, Sunday, we held three services in the two villages. As many as three hundred assembled at a service. I preached mostly from blackboard illustrations. When we left, they begged us to return. So, on Feb. 6-8, 1922, we again held meetings there, two services each day. We went out calling among the people, and entered a home where a woman was in bed suffering terribly with rheumatism. In an instant the Holy Spirit whispered to me, "Fulfil your commission." We walked over to the bed, laid our hands upon her, and offered prayer. The woman was wonderfully healed. She arose, and I took her picture with her family that same day, and she attended services at night. I visited Minyara several times since and found her well each time. She was in our home in Beirut eight days in May,

1923, and sailed to America June 1. Her home is now in Jacksonville, Fla.

On March 2, 1922, I left Beirut on the automobile-line for Tripoli. I arrived at noon and spent the afternoon visiting friends, the bazaars, and market-places, inviting people to the meeting to be held at night in our mission hall. We had a good congregation of the very best people of the city. The next morning at six o'clock, Bro. Ibrihim S. Maloof and I left by train for Akary, a distance of twenty-five miles, north. When we arrived at the station, the wind was blowing a terrific gale. Our baggage was placed in large sacks, which were thrown across a pony and a mule. These animals we then mounted and started on a twenty-mile journey to Safita. There was no road, just narrow paths something like sheep- or cow-paths, and we had to find our way. The wind blew so terribly that I was compelled to hold my hat in my hand and go bareheaded most of the way. The first ten miles of our journey was across a plain. We had many streams, large and small, to cross. My pony would leap across the smaller streams, and as I had no saddle nor bridle, but simply a halter and a rope, I had great difficulty in keeping on his back. After we had left the station about two miles behind, we were joined by five other horsemen in Arab costume. One man brandished a sword as he passed us; but we had no fears. We passed many odd-look-

ing villages, with strange-appearing and strangely dressed people. In going the last ten miles of the trip we had to climb limestone mountains. Our muleteer guided us along the path to our destination. At last we reached Safita, at twelve o'clock, having been just four hours on the way. The town is very ancient, and contains ruins which, it is claimed, date from the time of Christ. In the center of the city is a very high tower or fort which was built in the time of the crusaders.

We remained in this place from March 3 until March 7, and held three meetings each day. A large restaurant was rented and seated, and here most of the services were held. The congregations averaged about three hundred, and the truth was planted in many hearts. A goodly number of sick people were prayed for and healed. This is a town of more than three thousand inhabitants, situated on one of the highest mountains in the whole section. From here we could look in every direction. We received many warm invitations to return.

On March 7 we mounted a mule and a donkey and started across the mountains for Kaffroon, a village some fifteen miles farther north. Bro. Antonius Boody has raised up a good work in Kaffroon. He, with some brethren, had walked to Safita to attend our meeting there. He then accompanied Brother Shehda and me to his village. This was a very interesting trip. There

was nothing but a narrow path all the way, and the mountains are said to be limestone. Our path led across some of the rockiest, most dangerous places I have ever traveled. There were precipices and deep ravines that made me shudder to cross them. The road wound around rocky cliffs that made traveling very hazardous. The entire way was very scenic, and we saw many strange sights. In fact, almost everything was new and strange.

After about four hours we reached our destination. We remained in the home of Brother Boody most of the time while at Kaffroon, March 7-10. We held three services in a day and preached the gospel in four different villages within a radius of five miles. In this section we would go from village to village on foot. Sometimes we held meetings in schoolhouses, sometimes in private homes, and the last night in the Greek Catholic church. Nearly the whole village would turn out to hear us. People all sit on the floor. It seemed strange to me to see an entire congregation sitting on the floor. They even requested me to sit on the floor while preaching; but Brother Shehda, my interpreter, and I preferred to stand. These villagers of the interior are very odd-looking folk, being curiously dressed, and strange in manner and custom.

When the villagers learned that we prayed for the sick, it seemed that all the afflicted in every

town we visited requested us to pray for them. The people are simple-hearted. Many of them have had very little, if any, education and enlightenment. We had to preach the gospel in simplicity. But, oh, the warm hearts and the readiness on their part to accept the truth! They have very simple, childlike faith. When we would pray for the sick, they would get right out of bed, healed by the power of God.

While their foods and customs are very strange to an American, these people showed us no little kindness. In fact, they gave us their very best. I never labored among a more simple and warm-hearted people. Brother Boody is doing a commendable work among these folk. Our trip to this section has resulted in his taking a firm stand for the whole truth. We can count on him doing a straight work for God. On March 10 we again mounted a donkey and pony, and started across the mountains for Akary, which required six hours' journeying. From here we took train for Tripoli, and from there I returned to Beirut, March 11.

Since then, Zahia Aswad, Brother Maloof, my wife and I together have held meetings in villages throughout the Safita district, to include Kaffroon and surrounding places. Brothers Maloof and Boody are laboring all over this field, as well as in the Hussen district, and have taken the present truth to about thirty different towns and villages,

most of which have never been penetrated with evangelical preaching. At Kurbeit, the citizens are building a new church, and they desire, when it is completed, that the church of God should dedicate it and use it.

On March 22 I left Beirut for Tripoli. I held a meeting the same night in our mission hall there. Early the next morning, Bro. Ibrihim S. Maloof and I left by train for Telkallah, a town about thirty miles north of Tripoli. From here we went by pony and donkey over the mountains to Kurbeit, a village about twenty miles distant. On the way we stopped to rest at a mountain village called Hawash. While there the French Governor and his staff arrived. We had the pleasure of eating our dinner with the Governor. A large crowd of native villagers gathered, mostly through curiosity, and we embraced the opportunity of preaching the gospel to them. Both the Governor and the natives listened with intense interest to the sermon on "True Religion."

That night we held a meeting in a schoolhouse at Kurbeit, and probably one hundred natives assembled to hear the message on "Redemption." At the close of the sermon, about half of the congregation raised their hands for prayer, expressing a desire to be saved.

On the day following we crossed the mountains on foot and preached to large congregations, at Mzablee and Bsolma. On March 25 we returned

to Kurbeit. This village is the native home of Brother Maloof. It happened that on this day was a general gathering of the chief men from all the villages of what is known as the Husson district. We took advantage of the occasion and announced a meeting under a large oak-tree. Here hundreds of curious-looking natives gathered. Brother Maloof first preached in Arabic, then I followed while he interpreted. Thus we preached two sermons to the same people. Next we visited a home where the people had just received word that their son in America had died. The house was filled with neighbors who came in to weep with those who weep. This is the custom of these villages. When death enters a home, all the neighbors gather in and sit on the floor and weep. Believing it a good time to reach hearts, Brother Maloof and I arose and preached a sermon on "Death and the Judgment," and the need of being ready. In the evening of the same day we held a meeting in the home of the chief man of the village.

From here we crossed a mountain to Mashtaya. Here there is a large Greek Catholic convent. Dr. Elias Obeid, the leading physician in this district, entertained us overnight. On Sunday morning we attended church services in the convent. At the close of the service, through Dr. Obeid we asked the Bishop for the privilege of preaching in the convent. At first he stoutly refused, as,

of course, it would be out of the ordinary to allow any one outside their faith to preach in such an important place as the convent. But after about half an hour of earnest pleading, we prevailed, and the privilege was reluctantly granted. We addressed about two hundred people, among whom were several priests, on the subject of the "Power of the Gospel.

At the close of the service we climbed a very high mountain and crossed over to the village of Amar. This is the native town of Bro. Abdallah Raad. Here we met Brother Raad, who had spent three weeks in this district preaching the gospel. While here he was stricken with sickness, but the Lord healed him. Immediately upon our arrival we announced a meeting, and practically the whole village gathered on a large plot of ground near the Greek Orthodox church. Probably six hundred sat on the grass before me. We hung our chart on a tree and delivered God's message to the multitude. In the evening the large, crude-looking but spacious church-building was crowded to standing, and probably as many were outside to hear the word of truth.

Never in my life was I more inspired to preach than in these villages. On this trip we preached altogether in six towns, to about fourteen hundred people. In all but one of these towns there has been no evangelical church work. As we traveled on foot from place to place I was made to realize

how Jesus preached throughout the villages of Syria two thousand years ago. It is wonderful how open the hearts of these simple people are to the saving message of truth. On our arrival at a village, no matter what time in the day, all we needed to do was to announce the meeting, and almost the entire population would turn out to hear the gospel. Whether in the open air or in some building, generally the people all sit on the ground. In one town several hundred raised their hands as an expression that they were lost and earnestly desired our prayers that they might be saved. After meeting, they would crowd around us and say, "Oh, come back again; come and help to save us, for we are going to hell, and have no one to teach us the way out of sin!" I really had to weep. In all my ministry I have never found such a ripe field as these inland villages where they had never before heard the full gospel of salvation. Brother Maloof is well fitted for real pioneer work. He is a good preacher, and a splendid interpreter. He is invaluable in opening up work throughout the towns of Syria.

UNPLEASANT THINGS IN PIONEER WORK

In most of the towns where we opened new work, it meant considerable endurance. Very few people are enlightened or educated, and, measured by American standards, are living on a low plane of civilization. This, however, does not

apply to the coast cities or the towns and villages of Lebanon in the Beirut district. Here everything is modern and up to date. But when you penetrate beyond this, and go to the interior towns, you meet ignorance, superstition, and darkness.

Just one example: We secured a girl for a servant from one of these towns where we had labored. She was sixteen years of age. When she reached our home in Beirut, her body was covered with filth and vermin, and her clothes would not pass in any place of enlightenment. We first had her bathed, and then clothed her in respectable attire. Then we had to teach her as you would a child. She did not know there is a Christ, a devil, a heaven, or a hell. She had no conception of sin or salvation. She could not tell the difference between a newspaper and the Bible. Sister Zahia Aswad spent time telling her that there is a God, a Christ who died, what sin is, what it means to be saved, etc. After she was with us about three months and received much teaching, one night she asked for prayer and was converted. Later I baptized her, and today she is a fine young woman, a member of the church in Beirut.

In these towns the houses are usually square, about twenty feet each way, with flat roofs. They are made of stone and mud. They have, generally, just dirt floors; in some of the better ones there is a sort of hard floor made of clay somewhat like

cement. I entered some such houses where the donkey, cow and calf, goats, chickens, cats, and dogs all occupied quarters with the people. The live stock and family all lived together in the same room. Imagine, if you can, a braying donkey, crowing roosters, and barking dogs in a sleeping-room at 4 A. M. Most of these houses have no chimney, and the smoke from the fireplace is almost suffocating to one not accustomed to such things. However, during the summer the cooking is done outdoors. One place, I sat down by the fire, and a goat was on my coat in a few moments.

The people usually never undress at night, but just lie on mats and mattresses spread on the earth floor, with clothes on that they wear through the day. None of the towns have toilets, and one can imagine the filth that accumulates along the narrow streets and surroundings.

On wash-day the women go to small streams and remove all their clothing and wash for hours in a nude state. Washing is done by pounding the clothes over the rocks. When a man and woman start to Tripoli or some other city to trade, the man always rides the donkey, and the woman walks behind. Often she carries a good-sized bundle. The women always serve the men, and the men *never* serve the women. While conducting an open-air meeting at Kaffroon, Syria, near a large fountain, I went to the spring for a

drink, and brought back a cupful of cold water and handed it to my wife. This simple act of mine broke up the meeting. One man of the village began to curse and carry on like a wild man. He said, "This American has come here to change our customs. We will never stand for men serving women like that."

I found that in order to eat my food it was best never to go to see it prepared or cooked. These kind-hearted folk always want to serve you. They will not allow you to wait on yourself if they can help it, and often when serving you the women have faces and hands black with a crust of dirt. At dinner they bring the hard-boiled eggs with their shells removed, and they are covered with black finger-marks. When they roasted a young kid, having no knives and forks they simply tore the flesh to pieces with their unwashed fingers, and handed to each of us his portion.

Fish are roasted over coals of fire without removing the scales or taking the inwards out, and are then eaten, intestines and all. The intestines of sheep are cooked and considered a fine dish. The first milk of the cow after the calf is born is made into a pudding called "*schmandoor,*" and eaten with a relish.

These are but a few items of many I could mention. Many times I sat on the mat or stool to eat the food placed before me, and had to call silently upon the Lord to help me, and he did. I

thought, "These people live this way all the time, and I can for a few days or weeks, in order to save them from hell." I confess it required considerable effort sometimes. I did my very best to show my appreciation for their sacrifice and kindness; for they always gave us their very best.

ACCOMMODATING OURSELVES TO CONDITIONS AS WE FOUND THEM

Before I left America I conceived the idea that to win the people of Syria we must, like Paul, "become all things to all men." As far as possible I left my Americanism on the western side of the Atlantic Ocean, and entered Syria and Palestine to live on a plane with the natives, and mingle freely with them. On my arrival, I discovered that there was a great chasm separating the American and European missionaries and the native Syrian people. The former generally lived on a much higher level and would not mingle freely with the latter. There was too much of the "better than thou" spirit.

We began visiting very freely among the Syrian community, and soon our house in Ras Beirut was filled with these friendly folk. We lost prestige with some of the missionaries, but we gained immensely with the natives. It was the same in the villages. I entered their houses, sat on the earthen floor with them, ate their foods in the same manner as they do, and as far as possible

in every other respect adjusted myself to their ways. I speak conservatively, not boastingly, when I say that this won for us in the affections of this people a place that is wonderful. When we approached a village, the news was circulated, and people came out of their houses and shops in great numbers to extend welcome.

I have entered Arab towns both in Syria and Palestine where there was not a single Christian inhabitant, all Moslem. I walked freely through their streets, entered their shops, and sat down on the ground and crossed my legs under me as they do, and with smiles greeted them with, "*Nharcum sieed, keef-halcum, keef-suchta, nesker-Alla,*" which means, "Good-morning, how are you, how is your health, praise God." At first they would look strangely at me; but I would smile and chatter what little Arabic I knew, and soon they would become very friendly, make me Turkish coffee, and extend to me every kindness. As soon as I told them, "*Americana bait b-Beirut*" ("I am an American and my home is in Beirut."), they would show me every courtesy possible. I used to be afraid of these Arabs, but I learned by personal contact and experience that if you are an American everything depends on how you deal with them and treat them.

FACING BITTER OPPOSITION FROM EVERY QUARTER

As before stated, for a person to separate from

one of the old established religions of the East is as though he went into infidelity, from the popular viewpoint. And especially is this true when the convert goes far enough in the new religion to be baptized; the popular mind considers this a sacrilegious act. The minister who has the courage to preach such a doctrine and then practise it can expect a united opposition from the religious leaders. The Protestants in Syria have not gone so far. While they have drawn somewhat from the Orthodox church, they have recognized their infant baptism as valid. *We teach and practise baptism for believers only.* If we baptize non-Christians—Mohammedans or heathen—there is no objection. But when we baptize Christians—former Roman Catholics, Maronites, Greek Orthodox, or Protestants, and ignore the traditional rite administered in infancy, we incur the united censure and opposition of all the churches of the Near East.

This has been our position exactly. As long as the work was comparatively small, this hostility was not very marked. At the time Brother Smith baptized his first converts in Syria, there was some opposition. And again when he and Brother Reardon passed through Syria on their world tour, they immersed a number, and for a short time there was considerable stir; this, however, soon died away. But when we began to enlarge our field of activities, when we opened large central

missions in Beirut and Tripoli, when we carried our message to the many villages round about, and when people began to come to our meetings in large numbers and a goodly number were saved, and we publicly baptized the converts, then we encountered a marked hostility, and this reached an organized opposition from practically all the religious leaders. The bishops and priests warned their people not to come to our meetings, and forbade their children to attend our Sunday-school. In the villages they threatened their people, and forbade them to deal with or enter the homes of those who took their stand with us.

This restricting means more in Syria than in America; the religious leaders in the East have a power and authority over their people that is not known in the West. The opposition from the Protestant heads was as marked as that from the others. They gave us no recognition as workers with them for the evangelization of Syria. We met their leaders face to face and presented our right to be on the field. They suggested that we turn our work over to them, and go to new fields where Christ had never been preached. They also informed us that this was the only cooperation with us they were interested in. An organized opposition was waged against our people. Any associated with the church of God were refused positions in schools as teachers, and also other professional positions were denied for the same reason. When

some of our capable young people inquired the cause of this action, they were politely told that it was because of their connection with the church of God. Some of them were compelled to go elsewhere for positions, even as far as Egypt. But, thank God, they have all stood true.

False reports were circulated everywhere to hurt our influence. For example, it was rumored that the church of God and the other churches of the Near East had entered into an agreement that we were not to labor in this particular field, and that contrary to this arrangement I had come over the protest of even our own Missionary Board, and was nothing less than renegade, an outlaw preacher. This was spread abroad everywhere, and I had it to meet almost every place I went.

RISING ABOVE THE DIFFICULTIES

In all ages the truth has flourished in the face of opposition. Right will triumph. The true gospel is an anvil that has worn out many a hammer. The heavy storms only cause the roots of the sturdy oak to go deeper, and as a result the branches spread wider. So it is with that work which has God back of it. "No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper," the Lord said through Isaiah.

It was impossible to surrender and abandon our work, hence the only thing to do was go ahead in the name of the Lord. As a church we all

humbled our hearts before God, sought more of his power and the manifestation of his glory in our midst, and earnestly prayed for a more rapid spread of the truth of the gospel. The Lord wonderfully answered prayer.

I decided on a policy of no retaliation, no agitation from our side, and even no public defense. I decided simply to preach the straight truth uncompromisingly, and to go ahead with our work minding our own business, treating our opposers with all Christian love and courtesy. We even doubled our diligence to carry our message to more people than ever. It was wonderful how God blessed us and gave us favor with the people.

Despite all opposition and misrepresentation, our attendance increased, and people continued to come to a knowledge of the truth, and were saved. Calls for meetings came in from every direction, ten times more than we were able to fill. The fact is, the opposition advertised rather than hindered our work. The secret of it all was our humbly seeking the help of the Lord. It is "not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord."

THE MINISTRY OF HEALING IN SYRIA

When we first went to Syria, I felt deeply impressed that nothing would so penetrate the dead formalities of religion so prevalent in that land as would a real demonstration of the gifts of the

Spirit in the midst of the church. The religion of the country, irrespective of creed, is much more ceremonial, dead, and formal than that of our Western countries. In the ministry of Christ and the apostles, healing and miracles often prepared the way for a more rapid spread of the gospel.

Wherever we went we preached healing by divine power. In the villages particularly, many people were cured of their ailments in answer to prayer. Sometimes at the request of the people we went from house to house and prayed for about all the sick in a place. It was wonderful how these folk believed in their simple way and were healed.

At Safita an old man was raised up from what seemed to be his death-bed. Mrs. Gabriel Bashour, at whose house we stayed, was wonderfully healed of rheumatism. On August 11, 1922, while we were conducting a second series of meetings in the same city, the pasha of the place sent for us to pray for his child. It was given up to die by two doctors, one of these being Dr. Bashour, of Tripoli. Both of these physicians pronounced the child a hopeless case from a medical standpoint. It was Dr. Bashour who advised the pasha to send for us to pray. Thank God, the child was instantly cured, and rapidly grew strong and well.

On September 9-19, 1921, my wife, George, and I took a short vacation at Zahleh, Mount Lebanon. We stayed at the home of Sister Areka Salibian,

of Beirut, who was spending the summer there. One morning this sister made a strange request of us. She said, "I am deprived of the privilege and blessing of bringing forth children, and I desire to have a baby very much." She had been married many years, and said that the doctors told her that such a thing was impossible in her case, and she requested us to join with her in prayer that the Lord might overrule and grant her this desire. We had prayer, and ten months from that time she delivered a baby girl.

Sister Salibian testified to what the Lord had done before a large congregation in Beirut. Mrs. Alexander Abdo, a Roman Catholic woman, was present. She had been married many years and was deprived of the blessing of children. When she heard Sister Salibian's testimony, she decided to request prayer for the same thing. We had a season of prayer to this end, and she also received a baby, a boy, as a gift from the Lord. The result was, her husband and his old father both got saved in our meetings, and now they are all standing for the truth, and came out of the Church of Rome. Mrs. Bashour, wife of Dr. Bashour, of Tripoli, also requested prayer that she might have a child, and she also was rewarded.

CARRYING THE WORK INTO PALESTINE

Ever after we visited Nazareth on April 13 and 14, 1921, we felt a deep desire to return and preach

the full gospel in the city where Jesus spent about thirty years of his earthly life. In May, 1922, a man from Nazareth attended some of the meetings of our Beirut mission, and invited us to go to his home city. He promised us a home while there and a place to hold meetings. This opened the way.

On August 31, Zahia Aswad (my interpreter), my wife, George, and I left Beirut on the automobile-line and arrived at Nazareth the same day. We remained here sixteen days, or until September 16. We held cottage-meetings in many different homes at 4 P. M., and in the Baptist mission-hall at night. The attendance was very good, and we gained many friends to the truth, and the gospel seed was sown in a goodly number of hearts. We placed our literature—books and Trumpets, both English and Arabic—in the public reading-room.

Bro. Solomon J. Matter extended to us much kindness and hospitality while there. Two young ladies from Cana, the Misses Kareemy and Moneera Saffaury, attended one of the services at Nazareth and became deeply interested. They invited us to hold meetings in their home, in Cana of Galilee. On September 12 we went by carriage to Cana, where we spent the day and held an afternoon service in their house. About fifty people gathered, and, oh! how eagerly they drank in the truth. After the service the people grasped

our hands and expressed their deep appreciation. I spoke on the "Value of Salvation." Since then our literature has been going to Cana, and the truth continues to speak in the little city where Nathanael—the Israelite without guile—once lived, and where Jesus turned the water into wine.

Our visit to Cana was full of interest and was profitable. We returned to Nazareth in the evening, and held a very precious cottage-meeting at the home of Mrs. Marian Nacola Kawar. About twenty-five were present, and listened with deep interest to a sermon on holiness. We found both Cana and Nazareth ripe for the gospel truth. The people are tired of dead, formal religion, and many are ready to break away from it. One prominent man in Nazareth told me that no less than one hundred people there would step out into the clear light if we should decide to establish a permanent work there. May God supply the means for such a work! Altogether our trip to Nazareth was very profitable to the cause, and it opens a new field for the church of God in the Near East.

HISTORIC SIGHTS IN SYRIA

Besides traveling very extensively over Syria in general evangelistic work, it was our privilege also to visit a great many places of historical interest. I will mention a few of these.

Baalbek

On September 17, 1921, we visited Baalbek, which was once the center of idolatrous worship in Syria. It was once a most glorious city, a place of great palaces, monuments, and temples. Here the sun was worshiped under the name of Baal, so often mentioned in the Bible. In Egypt he was called Osiris, in Scandinavia he was known as Balder, and the Aztec Mexicans worshiped him as Vizliputzli. So when King Ahab erected a temple to Baal, he established in Israel the worship of the same heathen deity that other nations knew, and was therefore no better than they.

In the early part of the Christian era, when the rising tide of Christianity was sweeping all over the East, the Roman emperors determined to counteract its influence by establishing paganism on such a magnificent scale that it would carry everything before it. So here at Baalbek were erected the great temple of Jupiter and the temple of Bacchus. These were among the greatest heathen temples ever erected in the history of the world. Mercury and Venus were also worshiped here.

The ruins of these structures cover many acres of ground. Nowhere else in all our travels have we seen such vast ruins, not even in Rome. The temple of Jupiter is much the largest. In the midst of its ruins we stood in amazement and viewed massive substructures made visible by

excavation, broad staircases, vaults, vestibules, towers, columns, courts, and altars. How the enormous blocks of stone were moved from the quarries, a mile away, and placed in position, no architect today can tell. The temple of Bacchus, while smaller and of the same age as the other, is still standing intact, and is said to be the most beautiful ancient building in Syria.

As I stood there, these thoughts flew through my mind: Here are the *ruins* of idolatrous worship. Millions of dollars were spent in the erection of these temples. They were once the admiration of the pagan world. Their crumbling walls and fallen pillars simply tell us the history of the past. Yet Christianity still lives and marches on triumphant. The kingdom of Jesus Christ survives all the wrecks of empires. Without a palace or a court, without a bayonet or a saber, without any offer of rank or wealth or power to his subjects, he has a kingdom that has advanced steadily, resistlessly, increasing in strength every hour, crushing all opposition, triumphing over all time's changes; so that at the present moment the kingdom of Jesus is a stronger kingdom, more potent in all the elements of influence over the human heart, than all the powers of earth.

Jebail

This is a seacoast town about thirty miles north of Beirut. Its present population is about eight thousand people. It was once one of the great

commercial cities of Syria, and the port of Baalbek, which lies across the Lebanon Mountains from Jebail. It was once a seat of idolatrous worship.

It was from the quarries of Jebail that much of the finest stone for Solomon's temple at Jerusalem was taken. Also from here King Hiram shipped the cedars for the temple, by way of Joppa. Recently the French have undertaken extensive excavation work here, and many valuable treasures have been unearthed; also some noted tombs dating from several centuries before the Christian era have been discovered.

Although we passed through here many times on our trips between Beirut and Tripoli, on Aug. 2, 1922, I visited all places of interest in and about the city. It was indeed worth while to visit the underground tombs. There is a large tower and fort near the seashore that dates from the time of the crusaders. There were over three thousand Armenian orphans in Jebail, and a large hospital for refugees.

Damascus

This is not only the most ancient city of Syria, but is generally regarded as the oldest city in the world. We are sure it was an important city in the time of Abraham (Gen. 14:15), whose steward was a native of the place (Gen. 15:2). In the days of King David it was subdued and became a part of the kingdom of Israel, at which time it was garrisoned with Israelites (2 Sam. 8:3-6). It

was the capital of Syria, and during the history of the kings of Judah and Israel the Syrian armies marched from Damascus time and again and fought against Israel.

Naaman, the Syrian leper, lived here, and from Damascus journeyed to Samaria, where the prophet Elisha resided (2 Kings 5:1-14). Very early after Pentecost a large Christian church was planted here. Its influence spread far and wide. Hither Saul of Tarsus came to take away bound to Jerusalem the disciples of the Lord. On the outskirts of this city he was miraculously converted, and in the very heart of the city received the Holy Spirit baptism (Acts 9:1-22). He later escaped from the murderous intent of the Jews by being let down outside the wall of the city in a basket at night (Acts 9:23-25; 2 Cor. 11:32, 33).

On April 11-14, 1922, my wife, George, and I visited Damascus. We crossed the Lebanon Mountains on the automobile-line which runs daily between the two cities. Before we entered the city we descended along the picturesque Barada (Abana) River for a long distance. We traversed the whole length of the "street which is called Straight" (Acts 9:11). On this street is pointed out the place where Paul received the Holy Ghost. From here we went to the house of Ananias. Next we visited the wall where Paul was let down in a basket, we were shown the reputed window through

which he escaped. We traveled through the entire length of the city by tramcar, and by carriage went several miles along the Jerusalem road where Paul was struck down and converted.

By climbing a mountain back of the city we had a splendid view of Damascus and its environment. It is situated in a broad plain, and is watered by numerous streams and surrounded by thousands of acres of gardens and orchards filled with delicious fruits and flowers. The view we thus obtained is most enchanting. The Mohammedans regard Damascus as the earthly symbol of paradise. It is claimed that the vicinity of Damascus is one of the most beautiful in the world. We drank water from the River Pharpar, and stood on the banks of Abana, mentioned in 2 Kings 5:12. We also visited the great Omaiyade Mosque. It is a very costly shrine of immense size, and in it they pointed out the tomb in which they claim is deposited the head of John the Baptist. To believe all these superstitious Mohammedans tell you would require a great stretch of imagination. We visited some of the most artistic Mohammedan mansions that we have ever seen.

Cedars of Lebanon

About forty miles from Tripoli, up in the mountains at an elevation of about nine thousand feet, is a government reservation of about twenty-five acres surrounded by a high stone wall. Inside of this enclosure are four hundred cedars, some

of them of immense size and hoary. One measures 36½ feet in circumference and has a limb or branch 111 feet long. We were told that some of these trees we were looking upon dated from before the time of King Solomon. Cedars from Lebanon were used in the palace of Solomon in Jerusalem, and also in the construction of the temple.

On August 17 and 18, 1922, we visited these cedars, and again on June 20 and 21, 1923, in company with Brother and Sister G. K. Ouzounian. The mountain scenery at Bsharry and in the vicinity of the cedars is by far the most beautiful that we saw in all Lebanon. On June 21, at 4 A. M., my wife and I left camp at the cedars and climbed to the highest peak of the Lebanon Range—about eleven thousand feet above the Mediterranean. From the top we had a wonderful view both inland and towards the sea.

Sidon

Sidon is a seacoast city of 12,000 people thirty-six miles south of Beirut. It is a very ancient city, first mentioned in the Bible in Gen 10:19. In the days of Solomon there were none among the Israelites that had the "skill to hew timber like unto the Sidonians" (1 Kings 5:6). Although allotted to the tribe of Asher, Sidon was never conquered by the Israelites. For wealth, commerce, luxury, vice, and power, it was unequaled in the Levant, until Tyre outstripped it, and Shal-

maneser conquered it about 725 B. C. From that time on it passed successively under the rule of the Persians, Macedonians, Egyptians, Romans, Arabs, and crusaders.

Jesus came into the coasts of Tyre and Sidon, and here the Syrophenician woman importuned for her daughter until Christ answered her earnest prayer (Matt. 15:21-28; Mark 7:24-30). When Jesus upbraided the cities of Chorazin and Bethsaida, he said "If the mighty works, which were done in you, had been done in Tyre and Sidon, they would have repented long ago in sackcloth and ashes. But I say unto you, It shall be more tolerable for Tyre and Sidon at the day of judgment, than for you" (Matt. 11:20-22).

The town has fine gardens and orchards, and is noted for its delicious oranges. The Presbyterians have a large orphanage and school here, and have established a considerable work in the city and surroundings. We visited Sidon more than once during our stay in Syria.

Tyre

This city is located on a rocky peninsula about twenty miles south of Sidon. The present population is about six thousand. The streets are narrow, the bazaars Oriental, and the inhabitants friendly to visitors. There are many ruins to be seen. We enjoyed our stop here very much.

Tyre has a wonderful history, dating from about 2750 B. C. In the time of Joshua it was a "strong

city" (Josh. 19:29). Hiram was its king in the time of David, and a friendly alliance seems to have existed between the two monarchs (2 Sam. 5:11), which continued during the reign of Solomon. Just south of the present city we visited the site of Solomon's gardens that were given to him by King Hiram. The basis of the lesson given in S. of Sol. 4: 12-16 is this garden. It is to this day one of the most fertile spots in the whole section.

Zarephath

After the brook Cherith dried up, the Lord directed Elijah to go to Zarephath. It was here the prophet was lodged by the widow and "the barrel of meal wasted not, neither did the cruse of oil fail." Here also Elijah raised the widow's son to life. The entire account of this will be found in 1 Kings 17:8-24. Jesus referred to this incident and called the city Sarepta (Luke 4:25, 26).

On June 16, 1923, we went by automobile to this city. Its present name is *Surafend.* It is located about eight miles south of Sidon, about one mile from the seashore on a picturesque hillside, and its inhabitants number nearly three thousand. Although it is an Arab town, the people treated us very kindly, and we bought some of their wares for souvenirs. I took some interesting photographs of the place and surroundings.

Over the site of the widow's house is erected a mosque which is twelve hundred years old.

Visiting Places of Bible History in the Holy Land

Altogether we have made three tours of the land of sacred story, and have visited practically every place of Biblical interest "from Dan to Beer-sheba." In all the places visited I made observations, and gathered all the data and information possible.

While holding evangelistic meetings in Nazareth, Aug 31—Sept. 16, 1922, we visited many places of Biblical renown in northern Palestine. Nazareth itself is an interesting city. Its present population is about fifteen thousand. This is mostly of the Syrian type, although within the last few years a number of wealthy Jews have opened places of business in the city, and these are strictly modern. The people generally are very kind-hearted and hospitable.

I considered that Nazareth is one of the most beautiful places in all Palestine. There are fine automobile highways to Haifa, Tiberius, Bethshan, and Jerusalem, and many automobile loads of tourists pass through here daily. The fact that this was the home of Joseph and Mary, and that Jesus spent the greater part of his life here, makes it a place of first importance to a Christian.

The principal places of interest are the following: The Church of the Annunciation, which marks

the site where Gabriel appeared to Mary; the synagog, where Christ preached and was rejected; Joseph's workshop; the Mount of Precipitation, where they led Jesus to throw him down headlong; and the Virgin's Fountain (as there is but one other small spring in the whole city, it is evident that Mary carried the water from this fountain for the family use; and she probably carried it in an earthen jar upon her head just as the women do today).

Stupendous View from Top of Mount Tabor

In many respects Tabor is one of the most remarkable mountains in Palestine. It is situated on the northeastern edge of the great plain of Esdraelon, and what was once the border between Zebulun and Naphtali. It is about eight miles southeast of Nazareth. Its summit is 1,843 feet above the Mediterranean Sea. From the fact that Tabor overlooked the great battle-plain of Palestine, it naturally became a suitable place for the northern tribes to assemble for battle. At the command of Deborah the prophetess, Barak assembled a small army of ten thousand men near the summit of this mountain. On the plain, below, by the brook Kishon, Jabin's Gentile hosts were gathered under the command of Sisera. This army had nine hundred chariots of iron. One of the most remarkable victories ever won by Israel took place here. Barak and Deborah descended into the plain and defeated the hosts of Sisera.

The Gentile armies fell before the Lord's little band until "there was not a man left."

In Psa. 89:12, Tabor is extolled with Hermon, and is mentioned with Carmel in Jer. 46:18. While Tabor is not mentioned in the New Testament, early Christian writers, such as Origen and Jerome, identified it as the Mount of Transfiguration. The summit is flat, nearly one half mile long and about an eighth of a mile wide. There are also ruins of towers, fortifications, vaults, cisterns, and other structures of various periods, Jewish, Greek, Roman, Christian, and Turkish, on it.

On September 5, at nine in the morning, we left Nazareth by carriage for Mount Tabor. We crossed the Kishon twice, and traversed the battle-field where the Lord wrought gloriously in behalf of Deborah and Barak against Sisera's great armies. It was eleven o'clock when we reached the base of the mountain at the village of Deborah, named after the ancient prophetess. Deborah contains about 750 Arabs. From all appearances they are but half civilized, a wild-looking set of people. We first stopped under a large tree in the midst of their threshing-floors. Here on a space covering about two acres of ground many yoke of oxen were "treading out the corn"—wheat. For a few piasters we secured ponies and mules and began the ascent. It took just one hour to reach the summit.

We first visited the Greek church, in which is a beautiful painting of the transfiguration, which

they claim took place there. Near this is a well of the coldest water we found in Palestine. Here we ate our lunch. After dinner we visited the extensive ruins both above and under ground. This was indeed interesting, for many of them date from the days of the kings of Israel.

But the most interesting of all was the wonderful view obtained from the summit of this mountain. As we looked northeast, about twelve miles distant and far below us in clear view was the Sea of Galilee, and beyond it the mountains of Bashan and Mount Hermon. Also the land of the Gadarenes was plainly visible. On the plain between us and the Sea in clear view was the Mount of Beatitudes, or Horns of Hattin. Then as we looked eastward, the Jordan Valley for many miles could be seen, and beyond it the entire range of the mountains of Gilead. Turning southward, we beheld Little Hermon, and on its northern slopes the villages of Endor and Nain. Beyond it the entire range of the Gilboa mountains, about ten miles in length, could be seen.

Then as we looked westward the entire plain of Esdraelon, extending to Mount Carmel, was before us. I shall never forget this stupendous sight. And this is the very plain where the warriors of nearly every nation under heaven have pitched their tents and have beheld their banners wet with the dews of Tabor and Hermon! Yes, this has been the battle-field of nations from the days of

Barak and Sisera to those of the late World War. How wonderful to behold with one grand sweep of vision the whole plain of Armageddon! And this very plain stands as the great type of the final conflict between true religion and all the false religions of earth, which conflict will usher in the great day of God Almighty, or final judgment (Rev. 16:12-16; 20:7-9).

Endor

On the morning of September 9, at half past six, our company left Nazareth for Endor, a distance of about ten miles. A British soldier accompanied us, and bore his share of the expenses for the pleasure of the trip. Endor is an Arab Moslem town that lies on the northern slopes of Little Hermon. Its present inhabitants number about eight hundred of as filthy and wild-looking people as we have seen in all our travels. It was here the witch lived to whom King Saul went and sought counsel the night before his tragic death upon Mount Gilboa (1 Sam. 28:7-25). This Bible occurrence, which we had so often read and studied, is what attracted us to the place.

We reached the village about 9 A. M. On our approach the natives gathered in groups, and from their actions it was plain to be seen that we were a curiosity to them. Not one tourist in a thousand visits these towns. Zahia Aswad began talking to them in Arabic, and then they became friendly. We first inquired for the witch's house. They

led us to an underground cave about the center of the town. This they call the "House of the old woman." We crawled down into a large hole in the earth, and from this through a narrow door into a cave. Here we stood in a room about twelve feet square hewn out of solid limestone rock. There were three small rooms adjoining.

What feelings crept over us as we stood there in that dismal place and thought that there was probably the very spot where the demon-possessed witch once lived, and where Saul, forsaken by God, sought advice! Not only the cave, but the whole town and its inhabitants impressed us as God-forsaken. From here we meandered around through the narrow, filthy streets entering into and examining houses and everything to be seen. The houses, built of stone, are of a peculiar shape, and are plastered within and without with manure. In the east end of the town we found a small store and a few people who were more intelligent than the others. From them we purchased a Bedouin belt as a souvenir of the place.

Nain

From Endor we followed the carriage-road along the base of Little Hermon westward a distance of three miles, to the village of Nain. It was here that Jesus raised the widow's son to life (Luke 7:11-17). We arrived about 11 A. M. at the fountain below the town. Here shepherds were watering herds of goats and cattle. We entered a large

fig- and pomegranate-orchard near the spring and ate our lunch. The natives kindly gave us of their fruits. After lunch we went all over the place. On the west side of the village are many ancient sepulchral caves, and, no doubt, these mark the very cemetery to which the procession was going when Jesus met it, and turned mourning into joy by delivering the dead boy alive to his mother.

As we passed the threshing-floors, a crowd of men assembled, and began to talk violently. Sister Aswad informed me that they thought we were Jews coming to take their homes. I at once walked over to them and pointing to myself said, "*Americana bait b-Beirut.*" This means, "I am an American, and I live in Beirut." They at once became very friendly and began to chatter Arabic that I did not understand. We entered a Latin church in which is a beautiful painting of Jesus raising the widow's son.

Shunem

At 1 P. M. we started for Shunem, now called "Sulem." Soon after we left Nain, we came, for a short distance, onto the main caravan-road from Damascus to Jerusalem. On this road was a herd of about four hundred camels on their way from Damascus to Egypt, to be sold there. The entire herd stretched along the way for more than a mile. After we left this highway our road led around the western end of Little Hermon to the southern side of the mountain. We passed two

large Jewish colonies on the way. Here we saw everything modern and up to date. There were fine large houses and barns, orchards, gasoline engines pumping water for irrigation, modern machinery as plows and hay-loaders, etc. We here saw a threshing-machine for the first time since coming to Syria.

About 2 P. M. we reached the place. It is an Arab town of six or seven hundred people. It is surrounded with gardens and orchards. The Philistines encamped here before the great battle of Gilboa (1 Sam. 28:4). Here the Shunammite woman entertained Elijah, and it was here her son was raised to life (2 Kings 4:8-37). From here we could look across the great plain westward and distinctly see the sacred sites on Mount Carmel, about twelve miles distant. This gave us a clear idea of how far the Shunammite woman had to go to reach the man of God on Carmel, and how far the prophet and Gehazi traveled to reach her home.

Gath-hepher

The town of Gath-hepher lies about three miles east of Nazareth. Its Arabic name is *El-Meshed.* It is located on a rocky hill about half a mile from the main highway. We climbed the hill to an old tomb just north of the town. This is claimed to be the tomb of Jonah the prophet, as this place was his home (2 Kings 14:25). The tomb proper is a sort of cave, and the grave itself is of the

same model exactly as that of the patriarchs in the Cave of Machpelah, at Hebron. This would indicate that it is a very ancient tomb. We remained in the village about an hour and saw some curious sights.

Mount of Beatitudes

On September 13 we visited the Mount of Beatitudes. It is a curiously shaped hill, having on its summit two peaks, or horns, from which it derives its name the "Horns of Hattin." This is the traditional mount where Jesus preached the sermon recorded in Matthew 5, 6, and 7. It is declared by Dean Stanley to meet all the requirements of the gospel narrative. The driver stopped his car by the roadside, while we made the trip to this historic mount. It seemed so near that I at first imagined we could reach it in fifteen minutes. It took us almost an hour to cross the plain and ascend to the summit. We were conscious that every foot on which we were treading was historic ground. On this very plain took place the deciding battle between the crusaders and the Moslems under Saladin, July 3, 1187, in which the Christians were miserably defeated.

Standing on the top of the mount we had a fine view of the surrounding country. From here we could look down on the blue waters of the Sea of Galilee, almost 1,700 feet below us. How wonderful! Here we stood where Jesus sat and discoursed with his disciples. Looking northward we saw,

near the summit of a high mountain in plain view, Safed. Jesus no doubt pointed to this very place when he said, "A city that is set on a hill can not be hid."

Valley of Jezreel

Sometimes the whole plain of Esdraelon is referred to as the Valley of Jezreel. But, properly speaking, the Valley of Jezreel is that branch or valley which lies between Mount Gilboa on the south and Little Hermon on the north, extending from the ancient city of Jezreel on the west to Bethshan on the east, a distance of about twelve English miles. It is the richest and most celebrated part of the great plain. On the morning of September 15, at half past six, our company left Nazareth in a Ford. In one hour we were at Zerin. This town occupies the site of the ancient city of

Jezreel

Jezreel is located on a spur at the west end of the Gilboa Mountains. Its present population numbers about one thousand, and its inhabitants are filthy, half-civilized Arabs. We spent more than an hour in the town and its surroundings. It was once a boundary of Issachar (Josh. 19:18). King Ahab chose it for his chief residence. Here he had his palace (1 Kings 21:1). It is very likely that his ivory house and bed were here. Most of the history of Ahab and his wicked wife, Jezebel, was made in and around this city. Jezebel

lived by the city wall, and had a high window facing eastward. There was a watch-tower on which a sentinel stood, and it also faced eastward (2 Kings 9:16, 17). Near the center of the present town is an ancient square tower, and they tell us that this marks the site of Ahab's residence, and the place where Jezebel was thrown out of the window and eaten by dogs (see 2 Kings 9:30-37). We climbed up into the tower, and from the top we had a commanding view of the entire town, its surroundings, and the great plain (around this village are about three hundred subterranean cisterns and granaries). From this tower, as we looked eastward down the valley, we could see the very place where the watchman on the walls saw Jehu coming up the valley in his chariot "driving furiously" (see 2 Kings 9:16-24). The old roadbed over which Jehu drove up the mountain-side to the city still remains. Just back of the town is a fountain, and here Saul and Jonathan encamped and drank of its waters before entering the fatal battle in which they lost their lives. How wonderful to stand upon the very site of these scenes of Bible history! The next place of interest was the site of

Naboth's Vineyard

Naboth's vineyard, we are told, was "hard by" the palace of King Ahab (1 Kings 21:1). So it was close to the city. The king was eager to secure this particular place that he might use it

for a garden. Naboth declined to sell it, to the disappointment of the wicked monarch, who went and lay upon his bed and pouted. And then his wicked wife Jezebel devised a plan which resulted in the foul murder of righteous Naboth. This brought swift judgment upon the house of Ahab and Jezebel, predicted by Elijah the prophet (see 1 Kings 21:1-24). On the slope of the hill, near the base, and just north of the present town, is a beautiful fountain, and about ten acres are watered from this spring. Here are the most luxuriant gardens. This was pointed out to us as the site of Naboth's vineyard. From Jezreel we descended the mountains eastward and skirted along the base of

Mount Gilboa

Mount Gilboa is about ten miles long, extending eastward from the town of Jezreel. Its present name is "Jebel Fukua." The northern slope is very steep, while the southern slope is more gradual and was once covered with forests. This mount is famous because King Saul and his son Jonathan were slain here (1 Sam. 28:4, 5; 31:1-6). We climbed the slope of this mountain and stood somewhere near where Saul and Jonathan died. What feelings crept over us as we traversed the ground where these great tragedies and events came to pass! All this came upon Saul because he obeyed not the voice of the Lord. May the Lord help us to be obedient children.

Gideon's Fountain

About three miles down the valley from Jezreel we came to a large cave in the side of the mountain. It is a limestone cave. In this cave is a very strong fountain which flows out in several small streams, and these unite in one large stream that flows down the valley through Bethshan to the Jordan. It was to this very fountain and stream that Gideon brought ten thousand men to drink, the manner of their drinking to determine who should go against the hosts of Midian (Judg. 7:3-7). Nine thousand seven hundred bowed down upon their knees to drink. The other three hundred took up the water in their hands and drank it. This was lapping.

These three hundred composed the army of Gideon. "And the Midianites and the Amalekites and all the children of the east lay along in the valley like grasshoppers for multitude; and their camels were without number, as the sand by the seaside for multitude (Judg. 7:12). It was here that the Lord gave Israel one of the most signal victories ever won during their history. The full account is given in Judges 7. These Arabs took fright and ran down the valley to the fords of Bethabara to escape over Jordan (Judg. 7:22-25). But practically the entire host, with their leaders, were slain.

We spent some time here. We drank from the fountain. We traveled over the battle-field and

made observations. There are three large new Jewish colonies between here and Bethshan—Ain Harod, Tel Joseph, and Ffar Jecheskel—besides twenty-two small settlements, the largest being Beth Alfa. Most of the people of these colonies have come from Europe. By using modern methods, they are irrigating much of the valley, and converting it into gardens and wheat-fields. Modern pumps are sending water into large tanks and reservoirs on the side of Gilboa, and from here by pipes all over the valley. We visited some of the colonies, and it was interesting to see the young men and their wives working in the fields.

Bethshan

From Gideon's Fountain we proceeded down the valley a distance of nine miles. The valley averages about three miles wide. At the eastern end we came to Beisan, a town of probably three thousand inhabitants. This was ancient Bethshan. It lies a few miles west of the Jordan River near Bethabara. This place has a history equaled by few places in the world. The site is said to have been occupied for a longer continuous period than has any other place of human habitation. It is claimed that before the death of Adam some people migrated to here and started a city. This is possible, since Adam lived almost one sixth of the whole period of human history, according to Usher's chronology.

Thirteen large cities have been built here during the past, one upon the ruins of the other. In the days of Joshua, when the Canaanites were being subdued, the inhabitants of Bethshan were not conquered. This city, with its tributaries, was allotted to the tribe of Manasseh (Josh. 17:11). "Neither did Manasseh drive out the inhabitants of Beth-shean and her towns" (Judg. 1:27). In Josh. 17:12 we read that "they *could not* drive out the inhabitants of those cities." Probably one reason is found recorded in verse 16: "The Canaanites that dwell in the land of the valley have *chariots of iron*, . . . they who are of Beth-shean and her towns."

After Saul and his sons were slain upon Mount Gilboa (1 Sam. 31:1-6), the Philistines took their bodies and fastened them upon the wall of Beth-shan (vs. 8-12). Then certain valiant men of Jabesh-Gilead crossed the Jordan and by night took down the bodies, and carried them safely to their country and buried them under a tree at Jabesh (vs. 11-13). After this they were removed and finally interred between Bethlehem and Hebron. In ancient times Bethshan was the most fought-over spot on earth, since it served as a gateway between Mesopotamia and Egypt, and was necessary to the conquest of Canaan.

For some time extensive excavations have been going on here under the supervision of the University of Pennsylvania, U. S. A., directed by Dr.

Clarence Stanley Fisher, of Philadelphia. At the time we were there, levels of six cities had been uncovered. At first they refused to allow us on the excavation-grounds; but when I told them that originally I was from Pennsylvania, they allowed us considerable freedom, and we went all around over the ruins, and took some valuable photographs. Since we were there, I am informed, the level of the seventh city, Egyptian, has been unearthed, and additional valuable discoveries made. When we visited the place they had found the sarcophagus of Antiochus, first cousin of Herod the Great, the very man charged by Herod to slaughter the children of Bethlehem, in a vain effort to kill the Christ-child. Our visit there was full of interest and very enlightening.

Bethabara

From Bethshan we went by carriage to the Jordan. Our road took us along the Jordan Valley for several miles. On the east, along the stream, were the plains of Gilead, and beyond this the Gilead range of mountains. The entire country is wild looking, full of Bedouin camps. The people were as wild looking as the country; but since we had mingled much among this class, we had no reason for fears, for we understood how to have their favor.

There are two main fords of the Jordan, the lower one at Jericho, and the upper one in this

section. It has been a question with scholars which is Bethabara. The weight of evidence favors the upper ford. Conder says "it was the leading ford of Jordan on the road to Gilead." Of course, this was the upper one. When Gideon defeated the Midianites on the plain of Jezreel, they rushed down the valley to cross at Bethabara, and were intercepted by the men of Ephraim (Judg. 7:22-25). This clearly locates Bethabara near the east end of the valley of Jezreel. Since Bethshan was the principal gateway between Mesopotamia and Egypt, and this great route crossed the Jordan at Bethabara, it certainly locates the place near that city.

While John baptized principally at the ford near Jericho, he also moved up the stream, and baptized at Bethabara (John 1:28). By the expression "*beyond* Jordan" is simply meant on the east side of the River, the other side from the Holy Land and Jerusalem. Thus he baptized people from the land of Gilead as well as from Palestine. The waters here are clear and beautiful, and the scenery very picturesque. This is in sharp contrast with the muddy waters farther down the stream. We remained here about one hour, during which time I baptized Sister Lydia Nucho, of Nazareth, Palestine, and my son George.

Armageddon

This term occurs in Rev. 16:16, and denotes the great spiritual contest between true Christianity

and the combined powers of false religion that is to take place just prior to the second advent of Christ. The word doubtless was derived from Megiddo, or the great plain of Esdraelon. Schaff's Bible Dictionary says, "Armageddon—a name used figuratively in Rev. 16:16, and suggested by the great battle-field noted in the Old Testament and now known as the plain of Esdraelon." Dr. Adam Clark says, "Armageddon, Mount Megiddo, the valley of which was remarkable for two great slaughters; one of the Israelites (2 Kings 23: 29, 30), the other of the Canaanites (Judg. 4:16; 5: 19)."

It is termed by Josephus "the great plain." It extends through central Palestine eastward and westward from the Jordan to the Mediterranean, a distance of about twenty-five English miles. Along the northern border are the mountains of Galilee, while on the south are the mountains of Samaria. The width is from ten to fifteen miles. This famous plain has been the battle-field of nations from the ancient times to the recent, great World War. One writer says, "Every nation under heaven has pitched its tents on this plain, and has beheld its banners wet with the dews of Tabor and Hermon." It was here that Barak and Deborah triumphed over the Gentile hosts of Sisera, and the Hebrew prophetess sang her notable war-song. Here Gideon defeated the Arab legions of Midian. Saul and Jonathan fell near

by, on Mount Gilboa, in a great battle with the Philistines. Napoleon overcame the Turkish army in this plain, and the English defeated them here again near the close of the World War.

Next to Sharon, this is the most fertile district in all Palestine. In former years it was greatly neglected, and the Arab farmers allowed it to grow up in weeds. At the present time there are nine Jewish colonies and twenty-two settlements scattered over the plain, and pump-stations are pumping water from the Kishon, Gideon's Fountain, and from great wells, for irrigation purposes, and luxuriant gardens, wheat-fields, and new orchards are to be seen everywhere. Also the finest automobile highways are being completed in different directions.

It was our privilege to travel the entire length of this plain from the Jordan westward, and then traverse it in many directions by both carriage and automobile. There are some millennial enthusiasts who teach that some day all nations will marshal their armies in this plain, and that a literal battle will ensue here, the battle of Armageddon. To begin with, there is not room enough in the entire plain to hold but a small portion of the armies of earth, and no such conflict is foretold. The last great conflict is now on, and the hosts of the Lord are being marshaled on the heights of Zion, while the false religions of earth are gathering in confederation to oppose the truth.

Penin

This is the ancient En-gannim, and is mentioned in Josh. 19:21; 21:29. In 2 Kings 9:27 it is called the "garden-house." Its inhabitants now number about four thousand. Near the town is a very strong fountain, and from this considerable land is irrigated, so that the place is surrounded with beautiful gardens and orchards. In Hebrew days it bore the name the "Fountain of Gardens."

We visited the place three times. Once while we were there the Arabs were practising fast riding in an open field by the roadside. They pride themselves in having some of the finest steeds in the world. Also we met a Samaritan wedding-procession here that was very interesting. There were probably thirty camels all in a line, and each had a sort of platform strapped to its back; on each camel sat six women dressed fantastically, and all were singing Arabic songs. The men were walking or riding donkeys.

Nablus

Nablus is the ancient Shechem, also called Sichem and Sychar. It was our privilege to be here a number of times, and we visited every place worth seeing. The present population is around twenty thousand. Some tourists claim its site is unrivaled for beauty in Palestine. Dr. Robinson calls it "a scene of luxuriant and almost unparalleled verdure." Dean Stanley says it is "the most beautiful spot in central Palestine."

Two mountains parallel each other, Gerizim and Ebal, about one hundred yards apart at their bases, and a mile and a half at their summits. The valley between is noted for its beauty, and at the narrowest part, clinging to the slope of Gerizim, at an altitude of 1,950 feet, is Nablus. There is an abundant supply of water, vegetation is quite luxuriant, and olive-orchards, orange-groves, and palm-trees are all around in abundance. But really this city and its surroundings are beautiful only when viewed at a distance; for a trip along the narrow streets and through the bazaars reveals no attractiveness.

Historically, this place is one of the most interesting in all the Holy Land. It is mentioned forty-eight times in the Bible. It dates back before Jerusalem, and its history extends through the Scriptures from Abraham to Christ. When the patriarch stopped here, "the Lord appeared unto Abram, and said, Unto thy seed will I give this land: and there builded he an altar unto the Lord, who appeared unto him" (Gen. 12:6, 7). It was here he worshiped under an oak. Later Jacob here erected an altar, and bought a parcel of ground which he afterwards gave to his son Joseph (Gen. 33:18-20; 48:22; Josh. 24:32; John 4:5). It was to Shechem and Dothan that Joseph, when a boy, came from Hebron seeking his brethren. Here he was sold and carried into Egypt. He was buried here (Josh. 24:32). His

tomb remains to this day. It can be seen between Nablus and Jacob's well. We visited the tomb, and found it very interesting. It seems very clear from Acts 7:15, 16 that the sons of Jacob were all interred at this place.

From Shechem, Jacob moved to Bethel; but before doing so he buried all the strange gods in his company under an oak-tree (Gen. 35:1-5). A solemn dedicatory service of the whole nation of Israel took place near here. At another time Joshua built an altar on Mount Ebal, and wrote a copy of the law of Moses, which he read to the children of Israel (Josh. 8:30-35). The history of this place is to the present day full of interest. Justin Martyr was born here.

To visit this city, with such a history, was indeed interesting to us. The staple trade of the city is the manufacture of soap, and the bazaars are well stocked with native goods. The inhabitants are mostly Moslem, and are bitter against the incoming Jews. The last time we were there they took us to be Jews and began to cry, "*Yehudy*"; but we responded, "*Americana bait b-Beirut,*" that is, "We are Americans who live in Beirut." We were then treated very kindly. The most interesting place we visited was the Samaritan quarter in the southwest part of the city, and their synagog. Here are two hundred Samaritans, the direct descendants of the ancient people of this name, with a history covering about 2,600 years,

bound up in their own prejudices, and separate from all other peoples of earth. They have their own copies of the Pentateuch, and retain their peculiar forms of sacrifice and worship. While empires and dynasties have risen and passed away, these people still hold their own, and retain all the marked peculiarities of their race and religion.

The great curiosity of their synagog is the celebrated Samaritan codex of the Pentateuch, a document which they claim is the oldest copy of the Scriptures in the world, written by the grandson of Aaron. Here they have preserved the original, while a comparatively modern copy is shown to the tourists. However, it was our privilege to see and handle the original, for which we were thankful, and paid a small sum of money gladly.

Mount Gerizim

Anciently, Gerizim was the mount of blessing as Ebal was the mount of cursing (Deut. 11:29; 27: 11-13). Its summit is 2,850 feet above sea-level. The mountain is composed chiefly of limestone rock, and has a large plateau on the top covered with immense ruins, among which are those of a temple that was built as a rival of the one at Jerusalem because Nehemiah refused to recognize Sanballat as a true Israelite. This alienation of spirit continued until it became a proverb that the Jews had "no dealing with the Samaritans." To this day the small sect of Samaritans in Nablus sacrifice the Passover upon this mountain as pre-

scribed in the Book of Exodus. It is the only spot on earth where the Jewish festival is perpetuated in its primitive style.

We climbed to the summit, from which we could look any direction as far as eye could see. Here we stood upon the very spot to which the Samaritan woman pointed when she said to Jesus at Jacob's Well, "Our fathers worshiped in *this* mountain." Between Gerizim and Ebal is a great natural amphitheater, or whispering-gallery. Farmers hold conversations back and forth from the opposite sides. When half way down the mountain-side I whistled, and Zahia Aswad and George, who were still at the summit, and my wife, who was at the base, said it sounded as though I was close beside them. It was in this very place that Joshua read the law to several millions of Israelites, and the Levites reechoed the sayings from both sides, and the people responded, "Amen." Joshua also held his farewell service with the people at this place (Josh. 24:1-26).

Jacob's Well

From Nablus we went one mile and a half on the main road southeast, and here at the eastern base of Gerizim, at the edge of the plain of Moreh, we stopped at Jacob's Well. This is one of the few places in the Holy Land which can be identified with certainty. Christians, Jews, Samaritans, and Mohammedans all agree with regard to the

site of this well. An immense church now stands upon the place, the entire enclosure covers two acres of land. Upon this very well Jesus sat and delivered the wonderful sermon recorded in John. 4:5-42.

Recently the well has been cleared of all rubbish, and there is a plentiful supply of water at all times. The priest in charge drew us a bucket of water, and we drank freely. We ate our dinner here, and kept drinking from the well from which Jacob "drank thereof himself, and his children, and his cattle" (John 4:12). We filled a bottle to take back with us to America. By a windlass the priest lowered a light to the bottom of the well. Thus we viewed the well from top to bottom, and concluded that *"Yakoob"*—Jacob—did a good job, and we were ready to agree with the Samaritan woman that "the well is deep."

Samaria

The present name of Samaria is Sebaste. Its inhabitants probably number about three thousand. Nothing remains of the former grandeur of the once great capital of Israel but immense ruins, among these a great colonnade, extending over several miles. The prophets had said: "Samaria shall become desolate; for she hath rebelled against her God" (Hosea 13:16). "Therefore I will make Samaria as an heap of the field, and as plantings of a vineyard: and I will pour down

stones thereof into the valley, and I will discover the foundations thereof'' (Micah 1:6). How wonderfully all this has been fulfilled!

The city was built by Omri, king of Israel, and became the capital of the ten tribes until the captivity. Here Ahab built the temple of Baal (1 Kings 16:32, 33), which was later destroyed by Jehu. The city was besieged by the Syrians led by Ben-hadad of Damascus, in the days of Elisha (there is some interesting reading in 2 Kings 6, 7 in connection with the history of events which took place in Samaria). It was to this city that Philip came preaching Christ, and where later Peter and John confirmed the disciples (see Acts 8:5-25).

Recently American archeologists have uncovered many ancient sites, as the palace of King Ahab, and the temple of Baal. On April 8, 1923, we spent several hours visiting these ruins, and took valuable photographs. Here also is the Church of St. John the Baptist, in which is pointed out the tombs of St. John and the prophet Obadiah. The scenery around here is beautiful, and there is no doubt that in the days of the kings of Israel it was a place of great magnificence.

Mount Ephraim

As we proceeded southward from Nablus to Jerusalem, the road skirted along the base of the historical range of Mount Ephraim. On its slopes

are two important places: Awertah, where are shown the tombs of Eleazer and Phinehas, a site greatly venerated by Moslems and Samaritans; and Kefr Haris—ancient Timnath-heres, where Joshua was buried (Judg. 2:9).

Shiloh

At Shiloh, Joshua divided the land among the tribes, and here the tabernacle was reared (Josh. 18). Here the "daughters of Shiloh" danced in the yearly festival (Judg. 21:19-23). Here dwelt Eli; and to this place Hannah came yearly to the sacrifice, bringing with her the "little coat" for the boy Samuel, who ministered before the Lord (1 Sam. 2:18, 19). Here lived the wicked sons of Eli, and here the old man fell back dead on learning of the loss of the ark of God. With the loss of the ark, Shiloh lost everything; the ark was taken by the Philistines and was never brought back to Shiloh, and from that time on the city is seldom mentioned.

The location of Shiloh is made clear in Judg. 21:19. "Behold, there is a feast of the Lord in Shiloh yearly in a place which is on the north side of Bethel, on the east of the highway that goeth up from Bethel to Shechem, and on the south of Lebonah." The present name of Lebonah is El-Lubban. It is a small village on a hill-top about half a mile from the main automobile highway to Jerusalem. Just south of it, on another hill, are the ruins of ancient Shiloh. Nothing re-

mains but a large mound covered with masses of debris, large foundation-stones, and pieces of broken columns. Fragments denoting former greatness are strewn about the place. To the south is a beautiful plain which in the springtime presents a green and well-cultivated appearance.

Beeroth

Beeroth was one of the four Hivite cities that made a league with Joshua (Josh. 9:15-18). It was allotted to Benjamin (Josh. 18:25), and is mentioned as the birthplace of one of David's mighty men (2 Sam. 23:37). Tradition claims this as the place where Joseph and Mary discovered that the boy Jesus was not with them and turned back to Jerusalem, where they sought and found him in the temple (Luke 2:41-51).

The present name of Beeroth is El-Bireh, a village of eight hundred inhabitants. There is a spring of excellent water here, and tourists usually stop to refresh themselves. There are ruins of reservoirs, an old khan, and the remains of a church built in 1146 A. D. My wife and George remained here several hours while I walked across the hills about four miles to

Bethel

The Arabic name for Bethel is *Beitin*. On the way I met a number of wild-looking Arabs, and on reaching the place I found a village of about five hundred Arab Moslems. I first went to a

large fountain where the native women were filling their water-pots and carrying them to their homes. I greeted them in Arabic, and then followed three of them into the streets, where I found the sheik surrounded by a crowd of native villagers sitting under an arbor in an open court. They were a wild-looking set of people, and scanned me from head to feet. I greeted them with smiles and "*Nharak-sieed, keef-halak, keef-suchta, el-humdalla,*" then, pointing to myself, said "*Americana bait b-Beirut,*" and sat down in the circle with them. They at once became very friendly, treated me with Turkish *uchwa* (coffee), then gave me a guide, who took me all over the place, and showed me the traditional place where Jacob slept and had the vision of angels ascending and descending upon the ladder (Gen. 28:10-22). Oh, how my eyes feasted upon this historical place and its surroundings! The next place of interest was

Mizpeh

Mizpeh stands on a solitary mountain-peak four hundred feet above the plain of Gibeon, and 2,935 feet above sea-level. It is one of the highest points in all the Holy Land, and commands one of the finest views. Thousands of pilgrims have gazed upon Jerusalem for the first time from here. The modern village, Neby Samwil, has nothing of interest. The great national assemblies of Israel were once held here at Mizpeh. "Then all the

children of Israel went out, and the congregation was gathered together as one man, from Dan even to Beersheba, with the land of Gilead, unto the Lord in Mizpeh'' (Judg. 20:1; see also 1 Sam. 7:5, 6). Saul was made king at this place (1 Sam. 10:17-24).

Ramah, Gibeah, and Nob

Ramah of Benjamin, Gibeah of Saul, and Nob are close together, along the main highway northeast of Jerusalem. Both Ramah and Gibeah are on top of hills from which one can obtain most splendid views in any direction. Nob is identical with the present village of Shafat. Here is a ruined tower, and cisterns hewn in the limestone rocks. Here in the time of Saul the tabernacle was stationed to which David fled (1 Sam. 21:1).

Easter Festival at Jerusalem

During Mar. 29—Apr. 9, 1923 we spent twelve days touring southern Palestine by automobile. During this tour we witnessed the great Easter festival in the Holy City. On Thursday night, March 29, there was an elaborate service in the Garden of Gethsemane to commemorate Christ's agony there on the same night nineteen centuries ago. The next day, Good Friday, we visited Calvary, ''the place of a skull.'' At 2 P. M. our party— Mr. Therrin, of Beirut, my wife, George, and I— climbed to the top of the rocky ledge, and on the spot, as near as we could judge, where the cross

stood we held a prayer-meeting until 3 P. M., the hour that Jesus died. Oh, that sacred hour! Never will it be erased from our minds. Here on this same spot, on the same day and hour nearly two thousand years ago, Christ gave his life. What feelings filled our hearts! We knelt there and wept, and reconsecrated our lives to him who has washed us in the blood that was shed on this hill.

In the morning of the same day we attended a great service at the Church of the Holy Sepulcher. During this feast, thousands of pilgrims come from far and near, and Jerusalem is crowded to its capacity. The idolatry we witnessed here equaled that we saw at Rome. Very few in the once holy city have a true knowledge of God through Jesus Christ. Their religion is all ceremonial. I believe I can safely say that there is as little of true religion in Jerusalem today as in any city I ever visited. All this talk of a great revival in that country is absolutely without foundation.

On Saturday—the day Jesus lay in the tomb—we attended a Greek service in Mary's Sepulcher, which is in the Valley of Kidron. The whole worship was more pagan than Christian. From here we walked through the entire length of the Valleys of Jehoshaphat and Hinnom, and along the way visited all the places of interest—the tombs of Absalom, Zachariah, and St. James, the Pool of Siloam, Job's Well, the Field of Blood,

etc. In the evening we visited the German colony.

Sunday, April 1, was Easter. The Protestants went early to the Garden Tomb, while the Roman Catholics and Gregorians all assembled in the Church of the Holy Sepulcher. This was the greatest of all the days for the Christian population and the host of pilgrims from a distance. At 10 A. M. we attended services in the Christian Alliance church, and heard Reverend Thompson preach a splendid sermon on "The Power of His Resurrection." Here we found one assembly who seemed to have real spiritual life. We enjoyed the service very much.

On April 5 the Russian Greeks held an elaborate feet-washing service in the Church of the Holy Sepulcher. A platform was erected for the purpose in the center of the large court. There was an immense crowd to witness the ceremony. The bishop and twenty-four priests ascended the platform. They were all attired in the most costly and flashy robes. The bishop had a crown of gold upon his head, and his garments were trimmed in gold. He looked like an ancient king. The entire ceremony was too long and complicated to try to describe, but finally the bishop formally washed the feet of twelve priests. There was no similarity between this showy performance and the humble rite that Jesus instituted with his disciples in the upper room the night of his betrayal.

During this Easter festival, thousands of pil-

grims go to the Jordan River and bathe in its supposedly sacred waters. We had the privilege of also going to the Jordan at this special time and witnessing the ceremony.

Feast of Moses

At the same time the Christians were celebrating Easter, the Moslems celebrated the Feast of Moses. In numbers they probably exceeded the Christians ten to one. The temple grounds and the entire hill from St. Stephen's Gate to Kidron was a solid mass of Moslems. While we were at Jerusalem, thousands of them marched on foot to their traditional tomb of Moses and back again. Probably ten thousand of them returned to the city in a solid body, playing bands, waving Mohammedan flags, shouting, leaping, and making other demonstrations, the like of which we never before witnessed. They had come on pilgrimages from a great distance, and the city simply swarmed with them, dressed in fantastic costumes. For several days they marched the streets of Jerusalem beating drums, singing, shouting at the top of their voices the most weird noises, leaping into the air like wild men, and singing peculiar-sounding songs. We sat on the walls of the city and took many photographs.

During this same season the Jews also had a feast. So all Jerusalem was astir. During our stay at this time we visited everything in and around the city that is of interest. We noted

many changes and improvements since we were here in 1921.

From Jerusalem to Jaffa

There is a beautiful automobile highway all the way from Jerusalem to Jaffa. The distance by road is about forty miles. On April 4, 1923, we made the round trip, leaving Jerusalem on the Jaffa Road, along which the new city is being built for several miles out. We first passed the "upper pool, which is the highway of the fuller's field" (2 Kings 18:17; Isa. 7:3). Then we began to descend along a deep, picturesque valley, passing the town of Lifta, where is a beautiful fountain. This is the site of ancient Nephtoah (Josh. 15:9).

About four and a half miles from Jerusalem we came to Kolonieh, a very pretty place surrounded with orchards, gardens, and groves. This is the Emmaus where Christ walked with and made himself known to two disciples the evening of his resurrection (Luke 24:13-36). We stopped a while and took photographs of the town and surroundings.

The next place of interest was Ain Karim, a town of eight hundred Christians, nestled among the hills, and surrounded with the most beautiful groves of olive-, fig-, and other fruit-trees. Tradition makes this the birthplace of John the Baptist. To this place Mary came from Nazareth to visit her cousin Elizabeth three months; as the record says,

she "arose in those days, and went into the hill-country with haste, into a city of Judah" (Luke 1:39-57). Just beyond we came to Abo-Ghosh, the ancient Kirjath-jearim, from where David brought the ark of God to Jerusalem, and where Uzza was slain in putting forth his hand to hold the ark when the oxen stumbled (1 Chronicles 13). We took much interest in Anathoth, where Jeremiah was born (Jer. 1:1). This is a beautiful place. The surrounding hills are covered with olive-groves.

After passing a number of other villages and some hills covered with wild flowers, we came to the Valley of Ajalon. Here a wondrous scene took place in the days of Israel's conquest of Canaan, when Joshua obtained a great victory over five Amorite kings: "And he said in the sight of Israel, Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon; and thou, Moon, in the valley of Ajalon. And the sun stood still, and the moon stayed, until the people had avenged themselves upon their enemies. . . . So the sun stood still in the midst of heaven, and hasted not to go down about a whole day. And there was no day like that before it or after it, that the Lord hearkened unto the voice of a man: for the Lord fought for Israel" (Josh. 10:5-15). We crossed this famous valley twice and photographed different parts of it.

Our next stop was at Ramleh, which medieval tradition identifies with Arimathea, the home of

Nicodemus, and of Joseph in whose new tomb Christ was laid (Matt. 27:57-60). The Latin Convent stands on the site of the house of Nicodemus. Arimathea was later a city of the crusaders, and it suffered in the wars between the Franks and Saladin. In the time of the French invasion, Napoleon made this his headquarters. Round about the town a person is impressed with the loveliness and fragrance of the gardens and orchards. There is near the place a great tower, the top of which is reached by 120 well-worn steps. The view from the top is very fine. The plain of Sharon, from the mountains of Judea and Samaria to the sea, lies spread out before you like a map. On the south is Ekron, and on the north is Lydda.

We spent about one hour in Ludd, ancient Lydda. The present population is about seven thousand, comprising about four thousand Moslems, and the remainder Greek Orthodox with a very few Protestants. We visited the Tomb of St. George, in the crypt, and also went through all the bazaars. Originally Lydda was built by Shamed, more than 1000 B. C. (1 Chron. 8:12; Ezra 2:33; Neh. 7:37; 11:35). In the time of the apostles there was a Christian church here (Acts 9:32), and while Peter was sojourning with them Aeneas was healed of the palsy (vs. 33, 34), and from there Peter went to Dorcas at Joppa and raised her to life (vs. 36-43).

The plain of Sharon is still celebrated for its fertility and rich pasture-land. Under British

mandate it is placed under a high state of cultivation. Here are wheat- and barley-fields, beautiful luxuriant gardens, great orange-, lemon-, and pomegranate-orchards, groves of cypress- and sycamore-trees. At present this is the most productive part of the entire Holy Land. We visited one of the Jewish agricultural schools in this plain, and found a large establishment of houses and barns, and several hundred acres of land devoted to practical demonstrational farming.

We next stopped at the House of Dorcas, which they tell us marks the spot where Dorcas was raised to life. We also visited her reputed tomb. A few minutes more and we were in Jaffa, ancient Joppa. The present population of Jaffa numbers about fifty thousand. This city has a great history, dating from more than fifteen hundred years B. C. Before Israel's day, it was a Canaanite port. We visited every place of interest, including the traditional house of Simon the tanner, where Peter had the house-top vision (Acts 9:43; 10:9-16).

In the afternoon we went a short distance out of the city, and under a large sycamore-tree ate our lunch. We spent the afternoon in Tel Aviv. This is the largest and most prosperous exclusively Jewish city in Palestine. All houses and streets are modern, and the entire place has much the appearance of our California coast-towns. We returned to Jerusalem the same night.

Beersheba

On April 7 we drove by automobile from Jerusalem to Beersheba, a distance of about sixty-five miles. Our route took us through Bethlehem and Hebron. Leaving Hebron, we passed through the vineyards of Eschol. Here the spies sent by Moses cut down a cluster of grapes which two of them carried on a pole back to the camp of Israel (Num. 13:22-26). The entire valley and surrounding hills are covered with vineyards. The vines are not on trellises, but lay flat upon the ground. It is still claimed that the largest clusters of grapes in all Palestine grow here.

From here we emerged through the hills to Tel Zif, the ancient Ziph (Josh. 15:55). From here David fled from Saul to the wilderness of Maon (1 Sam. 23:10-25). Next we came to Yuttah, the Juttah of Josh. 15:55. For miles here there is nothing but bare hills. We next passed Dumah (Josh. 15:52). About thirteen miles south of Hebron we arrived at Dhaheriveh, ancient Debir. Dhaheriveh is on a plateau 1,200 feet above Beersheba, and 2,150 above the sea. It was the south limit of Joshua's first campaign (Josh. 10:38). It was included in the inheritance of Caleb, yet belonged to Judah (Josh. 15:13-19). Here were the "upper springs, and the nether springs." The present town contains about two thousand wild, uncivilized Arabs. We stopped and went through the place and mingled with the natives. They

certainly are a strange-looking people; many of the men carried large swords, and were strangely dressed. The women were very filthy, and the houses anything but clean.

From here to Beersheba is a great, dry plain. There is not enough moisture to raise much grain. It is the "south land" of the Bible, where the patriarchs, like modern Arabs, found pasture for their flocks. As a whole, from Hebron to Beersheba is a poor, desolate country. Since the World War, Beersheba has grown rapidly, and today is considerably a modern little city. A branch railroad runs in from Gaza. There are many large modern buildings, including some government houses. In the open square is a large statue of General Allenby.

This city was once the southern border of Canaan, and the expression "from Dan to Beersheba" was common in Israel. Here Abraham dug his wells, which the Philistines afterwards filled with rubbish, and then Isaac cleaned out (Gen. 26:15-33). In all, seven wells have been discovered. The "well of oath" dug by Abraham (Gen. 21:31-33), is at the southern end of the present town. It is very large and deep, and a camel is kept turning the machinery that pumps the water. We drank from the well, and filled a bottle of water as a souvenir of the place. While here we also visited the large cemetery where hundreds of British soldiers who fell in battle

near here are interred. The places referred to in this and previous chapters are the principal ones we visited, but do not include all. There is scarcely a place mentioned in the Old or New Testament with reference to the Holy Land that we have not visited.

SOME OF OUR OBSERVATIONS

PALESTINE

Probably no country on earth has excited so keen an interest for so long a time in so many nations as has the land of Palestine. And this is natural. It will always hold a very sacred place in the minds of Christian, Jew, and Mohammedan, because of what has occurred there. Every year thousands of people from all parts of the world visit this land. It has been my privilege to traverse almost every part of it "from Dan to Beersheba," and I desire to present my observations with unprejudiced mind.

A Small Country

Really Palestine is a tiny country. Taking it as a whole, from the Mediterranean on the west to the Jordan and Dead Sea on the east, and from the spurs of Lebanon and Hermon on the north to the desert at Beersheba on the south, it is only about 150 miles long and from 50 to 60 miles broad. Thus it will be seen that the entire area is only about that of the State of New Jersey,

U. S. A., the area of which is 8,224 square miles. But even this did not all belong to ancient Israel. Their hold on the southern and northern districts was not permanent, while on the southwest the rich plains of the Philistines were occupied by the Israelites only during a part of the reign of David and during the time of Solomon. This ancient land of the Philistines was about forty miles in length and from ten to twenty miles in width. Think of it, King David, in the highest days of his glory, looked down from the hill cities of Benjamin just north of Jerusalem upon his Philistine enemies toward the west who were only twenty-five miles off; and then turning eastward he looked across Jordan to his Moabite enemies about the same distance away!

So, strictly speaking, nearly all the events in the history of Israel that are recorded in the Old Testament happened within a territory little larger than the State of Connecticut, the area of which is about 4,800 square miles. A person traveling through Palestine is greatly impressed that it is really a small country. Even Hermon is outside the territory of Israel altogether, and stands in the land of the Syrians. And Lebanon, so frequently mentioned in the Psalms and Prophets, belonged to the ancient Phenicians, and today is a part of Syria. When we consider the smallness of this country, it seems strange that men will spend their time writing volumes of literature to

teach that this little spot of earth shall some day comprehend Christ's supposed earthly kingdom. Why, under the gospel, should this tiny land have any more place in God's great plan of world-wide evangelization than all other places of the globe?

A Poor Country

Palestine as a whole is very poor in natural resources. There are practically no minerals—no coal, no iron, no copper, no silver, no gold. A few oil-wells have been discovered in the Jordan Valley, but there is no development of the industry. There are no large forests, and a comparatively small area is fit for tillage. The farmland is largely confined to four plains: Sharon, about 30 miles in length and from 8 to 15 in width; Philistia, about 40 miles long and from 10 to 20 in width; Esdraelon, 20 miles long and about 12 wide; and the Jordan Valley, about 66 miles long and from 1 to 12 miles wide. Since the World War, millions have been spent to restore Palestine, and millions more will be spent in the future. But even then it will never compare with many other countries, as the United States of America.

No Great Revival of Religion

It has been reported that Palestine is about to become the center of great religious activity, that a revival wave is about to sweep over the entire land, and that the returning Jews are accepting Messiah by the hundreds. We found nothing of

the kind. People are no nearer the kingdom of heaven, enjoy no greater privileges, and receive no greater blessings from God in Palestine than in any other part of the earth. And why should they? Jesus forever settled this point in his sermon to the Samaritan woman at Jacob's Well. "Neither in this mountain, *nor yet at* Jerusalem" shall men worship God, but the "true worshipers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth." The "field" of operations under the gospel is not merely Palestine, but "the *world*" (Matt. 13: 38). Not a special spot of earth, but "*all* the world" (Mark 16:15); "*all* nations" (Matt. 28: 19, 20) "under the *whole heaven*" (Dan. 7:27). This is the spirit of Christianity, and it is destined to fill the "*whole earth*" (Dan. 2:35).

We found people, generally, no more inclined to accept real, vital salvation than are those in other parts of the world. I can truthfully say that religion generally is as dead and formal in Palestine as in any country we have visited. The Christian Alliance church in Jerusalem is doing a good work, and a few Jews are being converted. But there is no general tidal wave of spirituality sweeping the land, nor is there any sign of it to come in the near future.

SYRIA

Syria is a much larger and richer country than Palestine. It is about 300 miles long and from

30 to 150 miles in width, and contains an area of about 30,000 square miles. The climate in both countries is about the same, and the inhabitants are about the same race of people. Syria has larger cities, and more resources. While the country is richer than Palestine, it is not being improved and developed so rapidly. Under British mandate, Palestine is rapidly forging ahead. In the interior, Syria remains much the same as anciently and there is no outlook for any early change of customs and manners, while Palestine is rapidly becoming modern in all these things (the incoming Jews are largely responsible for the change). In Syria large caravans of camels carry the grain and produce over the mountains from the interior to the seaport cities, while in Palestine today the autotruck has almost entirely supplanted this slow method. Syria presents a riper field for gospel work, and as a whole the people are more susceptible to the truth.

PRESENT RETURN OF THE JEWS TO THE HOLY LAND

During the twelve days spent in Jerusalem and touring lower Palestine, March 29—April 9, 1923, we gathered the very latest facts and figures obtainable, and in this and the following chapter will present them with unbiased mind.

The British Pledge

Balfour Declaration, Nov. 2, 1917: "His Majesty's Government view with favor the establish-

ment in Palestine of a national home for the Jewish people, and will use their best endeavors to facilitate the achievement of this object, it being clearly understood that nothing shall be done which may prejudice the civil and religious rights of existing non-Jewish communities in Palestine or the rights and political status enjoyed by Jews in any other country."

The International Guarantee

Article 95 of the Treaty of Peace with Turkey: "The High Contracting parties agree to entrust, by application of the provisions of Article 22, the administration of Palestine, within such boundaries as may be determined by the Principal Allied Powers, to a Mandatory to be selected by the said Powers. The Mandatory will be responsible for putting into effect the declaration originally made on Nov. 2, 1917, by the British Government, and adopted by the other Allied Powers, in favor of the establishment in Palestine of a national home for the Jewish People."

Council of the League of Nations

In April, 1920, the Supreme Council of the Allied Powers ratified the Balfour Declaration at San Remo: "Whereas, . . . the High Contracting Parties . . . agree that the Mandatory should be responsible for the putting into effect the declaration originally made on Nov. 2, 1917, by the Government of His Britannic Majesty, and adopted

by the other Allied Powers, in favor of the establishment in Palestine of a national home for the Jewish people. WHEREAS recognition has hereby been given to the historical connection of the Jewish people with Palestine and to the grounds for reconstituting their national home in that country.

Congress of the United States of America

"Resolved, by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, that the United States of America favor the establishment in Palestine of a national home for the Jewish people."

President Harding's Approval

"The White House,
"Washington,
"May 11, 1922.

"Gentlemen:

"I am very glad to express my approval and hearty sympathy for the efforts of the Palestine Foundation Fund, in behalf of the restoration of Palestine as a homeland for the Jewish people. I have always viewed with an interest, which I think is quite as much practical as sentimental, the proposal for the rehabilitation of Palestine and the restoration of a real Jewish nationality, and I hope the efforts now being carried on in this and

other countries in this behalf may meet the fullest measure of success."

"Very sincerely,
"Warren G. Harding."

The foregoing is the political foundation for the present rebuilding and restoration of Palestine under British mandate. Sir Herbert Samuel, a Jew, is high commissioner, or governor, of the Holy Land. In the spring of 1918, the Zionist Commission, representing the Zionist World Organization, took up its duties in Palestine. Early in the same year the Restoration Fund, the financial instrument for the work of colonization, was created, and in June, 1920, the Palestine Immigration Fund, Keren Hayesod, was established by the Annual Zionist Conference held in London.

Immigration

During the World War the Jewish population in Palestine was depleted to around fifty-five thousand. Since the signing of the mandate it has been increased about thirty-five thousand, for the very latest statistics give about ninety thousand Jews in the Holy Land. From February, 1919, to March, 1922, just twenty-four thousand immigrated into Palestine, twenty-one thousand of whom entered under the supervision and with the assistance of the Zionist Palestine Offices. In 1922, eight thousand entered as permanent residents. In January, 1923, 1,022 entered as home-

seekers. On Monday, February 12, five hundred and twenty landed at the ports of Jaffa and Haifa. During 1923 the average monthly arrival of Jewish immigrants reached a little over eight hundred, which means about ten thousand for the year. This is about where the government has set the limit—from ten thousand to twelve thousand a year.

These immigrants have been drawn mainly from central and eastern Europe. There are very few from America, and those who do go are usually glad to return. At Tel-Aviv I spoke to an American Jew asking how he liked the ancient land of his fathers, and he was not slow to tell me that Palestine holds no attractions for Americans, and that about all of them were returning. But for the oppressed and persecuted Jews in Poland, Russia, Austria, and other smaller European states, Palestine is attractive. Also some thousands are entering from Germany. In 1922 forty-one per cent of Jewish immigration into Palestine was from Poland, and only two per cent from the United States of America.

From Oct. 1, 1921, until Sept. 30, 1922, the Keren Hayesod alone spent two hundred and ninety thousand dollars on Palestine emmigration. The majority of those entering are young people ranging in age from eighteen to thirty. It is claimed that about one half of these are of academic education.

Agricultural Developments

Since the signing of the mandate, the Zionist

movement has spent several millions of dollars in agricultural growth in Palestine. In 1923 there were about eighty agricultural colonies established in different parts of the Holy Land with a population of more than fifteen thousand. There are nine of these in the plains of Esdraelon and Jezreel, besides twenty-two small settlements. We visited a number of these and found modern houses and barns and up-to-date machinery in use, and farming carried on much after the Western methods. We found pumping-stations, gasoline-engines at work, and the land irrigated, and being placed under a high state of cultivation. These colonies control and till more than 175,000 acres of land. The Zionist organization owns 18,750 acres of the best land in Palestine. The Jewish National Fund has recently purchased an extra 7,000 acres, while in addition to the foregoing the Palestine Land Development Company owns 18,000 acres, valued at seventeen hundred and fifty thousand dollars. There are 2,300 cooperative farms, and 8,240 acres owned by private Jewish farmers. There are thirty agricultural experiment stations conducted on scientific lines for the development of this industry. From Oct 1, 1921, to Sept. 1, 1922, three hundred thousand dollars were spent by the Zion Foundation Fund in agricultural colonization. Within the last three years more than one million trees were planted at a cost of two hundred thousand dollars.

New Cities

Many new cities are springing up in various parts of this ancient land. Most of them are being built in modern style. Tel-Aviv, near Jaffa, has a population of twenty thousand. It is built very much like the coast cities of California. We spent some time here, and enjoyed the beautiful beach and general appearance of the place. Balforia, below Nazareth, is a growing new city, and not far away are Ain Hasod, Givath Ezekiel, Gevah, Tel-Joseph, East Nuris, Beth Alpha, and Nahaleel. Near the old town of Tiberias there is building a modern little city of four hundred houses, with paved streets, named Kijath Samuel. From April to December, 1922, more than seventy-five thousand people took the mineral-bath cure at the Hot Springs of Tiberias. Two new cities are going up rapidly on the slopes of Carmel, one named "Carmel," near the Jewish Technical School.

General Development

Tremendous changes are taking place all over this land. A network of fine automobile highways is being completed in every direction. New railroads are being extended. A new automobile-route is being completed from Cairo (Egypt) to Bagdad by way of Jaffa, Haifa, Beirut, Damascus, and the Syrian Desert, and the entire trip will be covered in sixty hours. This was planned to be in operation by the fall of 1923. Automobiles of every make—American, English, French, German,

and Italian—can be seen traversing the highways of Palestine. The donkey and camel are rapidly being pushed to one side, and the autotruck is taking their place. In Syria the progress is not nearly so rapid.

Among the many strong banking-institutions recently established are the following: The Jewish Colonial Trust Company—paid-up capital $1,900,000; deposits 1921, $4,350,000. The Anglo-Palestine Company Limited—paid-up capital $1,500,000; deposits 1921, $4,375,000. During 1920, 1921, and 1922, fifty cooperative societies and industrial concerns were founded with a total working-capital of $5,000,000.

In the years 1920, 1921, and 1922 the Zionist Organization spent in Palestine for agricultural colonization $1,100,000; for land purchase, $1,650,000; public works, $510,000; town colonization, $395,000; education, $1,705,000; sanitation and general improvement, $1,782,500; immigration, $740,000; national institutions, $370,000; administration and government, $567,500; investment, $1,400,000; restoration in general $10,000,000; investment in other enterprises, $5,000,000; making a grand total of over $25,000,000. Since the mandate was signed, up to April, 1923, about $75,000,000 has been expended in restoring and rebuilding Palestine.

A few of the many new enterprises are the following: The Pinehus Rutenberg Concession, the great power-house being erected near where the

Jordan flows out from the Sea of Galilee (Baron Edmond Rothschild has already invested five million dollars in this enterprise to electrify all Palestine, and has pledged another five million dollars to help complete the scheme). The one-million-dollar six-story flour-mill at Haifa (Baron Rothschild financed this also). The Textile Manufacturing Plant in Jaffa, and the Silicate Factory in the same city, where bricks and asbestos roof-tile are manufactured. The Furniture and Cabinet Factory at Jerusalem. The new hotel at Jerusalem containing five hundred rooms and two hundred baths, and the Carlsbad and Mineral Bath-house at Tiberias. The one-million-dollar Technical College at Haifa, the Jerusalem Jewish Arts School "Bezalel," and the great Hebrew University on Mount Scopus, Jerusalem, under Prof. Einstine.

Within the last three years, 137 educational institutions have been established. There are five hundred Jewish teachers and fourteen thousand students. In 1921-22, $1,390,000 was spent on education. In Jerusalem, Haifa, Jaffa, and Tiberias in two years seventeen hospitals, dispensaries, and laboratories have been erected. The average yearly outlay in support of medical work is about $400,000. In the first six months of 1922, $1,000,000 worth of goods were exported from the port of Haifa, and $6,500,000 worth of imports entered the same harbor. In the month

of November, 1922, eighty thousand five hundred cases of oranges were shipped out of Palestine. Most of the soap imported into Egypt is from Palestine. According to the Palestine Commercial Bulletin, in the first six months of 1922, 1,673,237 kilos of household soap were exported to other countries.

I have presented but a few items to show the great changes and activities that are going on in this ancient land of the Bible. Tourists will never again see the Holy Land as it was anciently, or as they were privileged to see it before the World War. It is rapidly being converted into a modern country. But, after all, the progress being made is no greater than that in other countries. Take Manchuria for example; and really the advancement is greater there than in the Holy Land. It is simply an awakening that is world wide, a forward move among all nations of the earth, and Palestine is marching with the progress of our times. To claim that the present activities in Palestine are a wonderful fulfilment of prophecy, a sign of the setting-up of Messiah's kingdom in that land, is to close our eyes to all that is happening elsewhere, and to magnify the activities in this tiny land clear out of proportion. After billions have been spent in restoring and rebuilding Palestine, it will never compare in resources and wealth with America, and many other countries.

Interesting Facts and Figures

According to the very latest statistics, the total population of Palestine is around 800,000. Of this number, 600,000 are Arab Moslems, 90,000 Jews, 84,500 Christians, and the remainder Druse, Samaritans, etc. It will be seen that the Arab population outnumbers the Jews more than six to one. It is the plan of the British government to have Arab and Jew live side by side in friendly relations. The declaration and policy in favor of "a Jewish national home" does not imply a driving-out of the Christian and Moslem population. On this point the Balfour Declaration expressly states: "It being clearly understood that nothing shall be done which may prejudice the civil and religious rights of existing non-Jewish communities in Palestine." At the present rate of Jewish immigration into Palestine—ten thousand a year—it will require about sixty years before the Jewish population equals that of the Arab Moslem. Having myself traveled over practically the entire Holy Land, I very much question whether under the highest state of cultivation it can contain more than one or two million people.

According to a summary of statistics prepared by Dr. H. S. Linfield, of the Bureau of Jewish Social Research, and published in the American Jewish Year Book, the Jews throughout the world number 15,400,000. They are distributed as fol-

lows: Central and eastern Europe, 9,250,000; the United States of America, 3,900,000; Africa, 380,-000; Asia, 580,000; South America, 108,000; and the remaining 1,000,000 are distributed in western and southern Europe, Australia, Canada, and Mexico.

The Jewish population of Palestine is about only one sixth of the total population of Jews in Asia. There are 18,000 more Jews in South America than in the Holy Land. In Greater New York there are about 1,500,000 Jews, and in the entire State 1,750,000. This is about twenty times more than in all Palestine. Think of it! There are more Jews in New York City than in Asia (including Palestine), Africa, South America, and Australia combined. There are one hundred and sixty other American cities having a Jewish population of from 1,000 to 300,000. There are more Jews in Chicago than in Palestine, and the State of Illinois contains about three times as many while Ohio has double the number of Jews to be found in the Holy Land. Pennsylvania has a Jewish population of 322,406, while California and Missouri each have as many as are to be found in the ancient land of their fathers.

At the present rate of immigration into the Holy Land, and according to the limitations set by the British government, it will require a hundred years for one million Jews to return to that country, and that would lack five hundred thou-

sand of being as many as are in New York City at the present time, and would be less than one fifteenth of the total population of the Jews in all the world. In all candor and reason we ask, How can the present small return of the oppressed Jews from a few countries in central Europe be a wonderful fulfilment of prophecy, and the harbinger of setting-up of Messiah's kingdom in Jerusalem? There is absolutely no ground for such an opinion. The language of Christ is still fulfilled in that this people are scattered among "*all nations:* and Jerusalem shall be trodden down of the Gentiles, until the times of the Gentiles be fulfilled" (Luke 21:24), which marks the close of the Christian era, and the second advent of Christ.

FALSE THEORIES REFUTED

Throughout the Christian world, at the present time, there is probably more speculation over Palestine than over any other spot on the globe. It seems all eyes are turned on Palestine. There are multitudes who expect the Lord to set up a literal kingdom in Jerusalem, make the Jews the earth's rulers, subduing the Gentile nations under their domain. According to these theorists, the land of Palestine is shortly to be the center of the Lord's activities in the earth, and this tiny country will comprehend his kingdom reign. In treating this subject briefly, I will present a

number of propositions, and sustain them with the Word of God.

1. *The promise of a great nation as numerous as the dust of the earth and the stars of heaven in the family of Abraham (Gen. 13:14-17; 15:5, 6.) reached its literal fulfilment under the Old Testament dispensation.*

"The Lord your God *hath* multiplied you, and, behold, *ye are this day* as the stars of heaven for multitude" (Deut. 1:10, 11). "Thy fathers went down into Egypt with three score and ten persons; and *now* the Lord thy God *hath made thee* as the stars of heaven for multitude" (Deut. 10:22). "But David took not the number of them from twenty years old and under: because the Lord had said he would increase Israel like to the stars of the heavens" (1 Chron. 27:23). "Their children also multipliedst thou as the stars of heaven" (Neh. 9:23). Hear King Solomon in the height of his glory: "And thy servant is in the midst of thy people which thou hast chosen, a great people, that *can not be numbered* nor counted for multitude" (1 Kings 3:8). "Now, O Lord God, let thy promise unto David my father be established: for thou hast made me king over a people like *the dust of the earth in multitude"* (2 Chron. 1:8). Speaking of the whole Israelitish nation from the birth of Isaac until the coming of the Messiah, covering more than 1,500 years, the writer of the Hebrew letter assures us, "There-

fore sprang there even of one, and him as good as dead, as many as the stars of the sky in multitude, and as the sand which is by the seashore *innumerable.* These all died in faith'' (Heb. 11: 12, 13).

In the face of these plain scriptures, why should we look for any future literal fulfilment? It is folly to do so. To teach that the fifteen million Jews who are now scattered all over the world, and are citizens of every nation under heaven, must be gathered back to the bleak hills of Judea in order to fulfil the promise made to Abraham, is without reason, or any support whatever in the Scriptures. In other words, to claim there must yet be a literal fulfilment of that which the Bible so plainly declares has already been fulfilled, is to build a theory upon a pile of sand.

2. *The possesion of the literal land of Canaan by the Israelite nation in Old Testament times fulfilled the covenant God made with Abraham relative to the inheritance of the Jews.*

Moses said to Israel, ''The Lord was angry with me for your sakes, and sware that I should not go over Jordan, and that I should not go unto that good land, which the Lord thy God giveth thee for an inheritance'' (Deut. 4:21). ''Behold, I have set the land before you: go in and possess the land which the Lord sware unto your fathers, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, to give unto them and to their seed after them'' (chap. 1:7, 8).

In Deut. 9:5 it is plainly said that Israel's possession of Canaan was the performance of the word which God sware to their fathers, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. "And it shall be, when the Lord thy God shall have brought thee into the land which he sware unto thy fathers, to Abraham, to Isaac, and to Jacob, to give thee great and goodly cities, which thou buildedst not, and houses full of all good things, which thou filledst not, and wells digged, which thou diggedst not, vineyards and olive-trees, which thou plantedst not; when thou shalt have eaten and be full; then beware lest thou forget the Lord" (Deut. 6:10-12).

When Moses went to Egypt to deliver Israel, God told him the time had come to fulfil the covenant with Abraham (Exod. 6:1-7). To the Israelites the Lord then said, "I will bring you unto the land, concerning the which I did sware to give it to Abraham, to Isaac, and to Jacob; and I will give it you for an heritage" (Exod. 6:8). Just before the children of Israel crossed over Jordan into Canaan, the Lord said to Joshua, "Now therefore arise, go over this Jordan, thou, and all this people, unto the land which I do give to them, even to the children of Israel. Every place that the sole of your foot shall tread upon, that have I given unto you. . . . From the wilderness and this Lebanon even unto the great river, the river Euphrates. . . . For unto this people shalt thou divide for an inheritance the land, which I sware

unto their fathers to give them" (Josh. 1:1-6). They went in and the land was divided to them for an inheritance, and in Psalm 105 we read that this fulfilled the promise to Abraham regarding the inheritance of the literal seed. And we ask, "Why not"? Here is the decisive answer: "Thou art the Lord the God, who didst chose Abram, and broughtest him forth out of Ur of the Chaldees, and gavest him the name of Abraham; . . . and madest a covenant with him to give the land of the Canaanites, the Hittites, the Amorites, the Perizzites, and the Jebusites, and the Girgashites, to give it, I say, to his seed, and *hast performed thy words*" (Neh. 9:7, 8). Here is the proof: "Their children also multipliedst thou as the stars of heaven, and *broughtest them into the land,* concerning which thou hadst promised to their fathers, that they should go in and possess it. So the children *went in and possessed the land.* . . . And they took strong cities, and a fat land, and possessed houses full of all goods, wells digged, vineyards, and olive-yards, and fruit-trees in abundance: so they did eat, and were filled, and became fat, and delighted themselves in thy great goodness" (vs. 23-25). "Judah and Israel were many, as the sand which is by the sea in multitude, eating and drinking, and making merry. And Solomon reigned over all kingdoms from the river unto the land of the Philistines, and unto the border of Egypt" (1 Kings 4:20, 21). "He

had peace on all sides round about him. And Judah and Israel dwelt safely, every man under his vine and under his fig-tree'' (vs. 24, 25). It would seem that language could not be framed more clearly and definitely to teach that the promises of the *literal seed*—Israel—as a nation were all fulfilled in the Old Testament dispensation. Under the gospel, ''lands'' and specially favored ''nations'' are no longer recognized. The blessings of this dispensation are ''to *all people*'' ''in *all the world*'' among ''*all nations.*'' And these blessings are not literal, as under the law, but *spiritual* and eternal.

3. *Israel and Canaan were but types and shadows of the Christian church and its spiritual inheritance.*

The law dispensation was but a ''shadow of good things to come.'' This includes Israel, its *land of inheritance,* its tabernacle, sacrifices, and services; and they all stand in a typical and shadowy relation to the gospel. If this fact is clearly understood, it will do away with all the vain speculations of these last days in which the Jew is set before us as a ''special, chosen, and favored seed'' above other nations; and that he must travel clear back to the barren hills of Judea in order to find Messiah. The more I study the Bible as a whole, the more I am led to the settled conclusion that under the gospel such a

thing as distinction of nations and places is not recognized. The Jew is no more to God than is one of any other people, and he stands upon the same plane with the rest; and Palestine, which was once his home, holds no more sacredness to the Almighty than does America or any other spot of the earth. The literal city of Jerusalem is, under the gospel, no more to the Lord than are London and New York. People there are no nearer heaven than are those in any other part of the earth; for the mere place gives them no special privileges over others. Jesus forever settled this point at Jacob's well, "The hour cometh, when ye shall neither in this mountain [Gerizim], *nor yet at Jerusalem,* worship the Father," but in all the world, as prophesied by Malachi, "*in every place* incense shall be offered unto my name, and a pure offering" (Mal. 1:11), when men worship the Father "in spirit and in truth" (John 4:21-24). How contrary to the spirit of the gospel to teach that the Jews must be gathered back to a certain defined spot of earth in order to find Christ!

All through the prophecies the Christian church was predicted under the titles of "Israel," "Jerusalem, "Zion," etc.; and the blessing of the gospel under the metaphors of "Canaan," our "own land," etc. The reason for this is apparent. Israel were a type of the church, and their inheritance a shadow of our spiritual blessings of full salvation in Christ. In the present dispensa-

tion we have "come unto Mount Zion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem" (Heb. 12:22), and this is not the literal city in Palestine, but "the general assembly and church of the firstborn, which are written in heaven" (v. 23). It is the universal church made up of saved Jews and Gentiles in all the world. Most of the prophecies which speak of the return of God's people back to Zion and Jerusalem have a spiritual fulfilment in the church, and do not refer to a *literal* gathering of *literal* Jews to a *literal* land. Those texts which do refer to a literal gathering were fulfilled in the days of Ezra and Nehemiah.

As truly as literal Canaan was the inheritance of the Jew under the law, entire sanctification, or perfected holiness, is now the inheritance of the "saints in light," who constitute the spiritual seed under the gospel. This inheritance is not deferred to a millennium age, but is now. "In whom [Christ] also *we have obtained an inheritance*" (Eph. 1:16); "Giving thanks unto the Father, which hath made us meet to *be partakers of the inheritance* of the saints in light" (Col. 1:12). What is this inheritance? "Inheritance among all them which *are sanctified*" (Acts 20:32). "Inheritance among *them which are sanctified by faith* that is in me" (Acts 26:18). God swore to Abraham that his seed "should be saved from, and possess the gate of their enemies" and receive Canaan for an

"everlasting possession." Here is the complete fulfilment. "Blessed be the Lord God of Israel; for he hath visited and redeemed his people, and hath raised up an horn of salvation for us in the house of his servant David; . . . *we should be saved from our enemies,* and from the hand of all them that hate us; to perform the mercy promised to our fathers, and to remember *his holy covenant, the oath which he sware to our father Abraham, that he would grant UNTO US,* that we being delivered out of the hand of our enemies might serve him without fear, *in HOLINESS and RIGHTEOUSNESS before him, all the days of our life*" (Luke 1:68-75). Holiness is our "everlasting possession," the land promised in which the seed were to "dwell forever."

"Far down o'er the ages a promise divine
Descended to us in the fulness of time:
A seed should appear as the stars of the heaven,
And they should inherit a land to be given.

"Oh, we are the seed, so happy and blessed,
That dwell in the land of Canaan's holy rest:
Here streams of pure love are flowing along,
And anthems of glory are sounding in song.

"This land is salvation and holiness pure;
We find it in Jesus, our title is sure.
A sweet land of Beulah, thy glory divine
Forever and ever unclouded shall shine."

"And if ye be Christ's, then are ye Abraham's seed, and *heirs according to the promise*" (Gal. 3:29). "Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us: . . . that the blessing of Abraham might come on the Gen-

tiles through Jesus Christ; that we might receive the promise of the Spirit through faith'' (vs. 13, 14). Here Paul positively declares that "the promise of the Spirit'' is the "blessing of Abraham,'' and that it has "come on the Gentiles through Jesus Christ.'' This he identifies with the "inheritance'' given to Abraham by promise (vs. 14-18). There was no inheritance promised in the covenant but "Canaan'' and the "blessing'' which the apostle by the authority of heaven interprets to be *"the Spirit."* "Therefore *it is of faith,* that it might be *by grace;* to the end the promise might be sure to all the seed; *not to that only which is of the law,* but to that also which is of the faith of Abraham; who is the father of us all'' (Rom. 4:16). This shows conclusively that the Canaan here promised has a spiritual signification, and meets its complete fulfilment under the gospel in the grace of God bestowed upon us in Christ Jesus. We receive it "by faith.''

The writer of the letter to the Hebrews, in chapters 3 and 4, draws an analogy between Israel in the wilderness and children of God not yet wholly sanctified; also between literal Canaan and the glorious spiritual "rest'' "we which have believed do enter.'' God had promised the children of Israel rest in the land of Canaan, 'from all their enemies round about' (Deut. 25:19). "My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest''

(Exod. 33:14). This was fulfilled under Solomon's reign (1 Kings 4:20-25). The first generation did not enter this land and rest, "because they believed not." Of them he swore, "They shall not enter into my rest." "So we see that they could not enter in because of unbelief" (Heb. 3:19).

By exterminating all the Canaanites who were born and bred in that land, the children of Israel were to possess the land and have rest. How clear this foreshadows the complete redemption we have in Christ Jesus!

The various bents of evil—pride, selfishness, jealousy, covetousness, carnal anger, etc.—are born in us. These are inward enemies. Christ "condemns sin in the flesh," and "destroys the works of the devil" out of our hearts; that is, he saves us from these "inward foes," and we enjoy a sweet, perpetual soul-rest—a rest that gives "quietness and assurance *forever.*" This is the land of Beulah. Here "peace is extended like a river," and the soul is enabled to "rejoice evermore," and "in everything gives thanks." In this spiritual Canaan of holiness we feast upon "fat things" and are "satisfied." This so far surpasses the experience of the majority of professors, that they naturally suppose it can be obtained only in a future millennium, or in heaven. But, thank God, the redeemed have found it in

this life. Believers now "do enter" by faith into the Canaan *"rests."*

Oh, how dark and how far from the truth to teach that all this is yet to be fulfilled within the confines of a territory not larger than the State of New Jersey—the land of Palestine! How foolish to suppose that God will confine himself to the bleak hills of Judea! The scope of the gospel includes every nation under heaven. Jew and Gentile alike may share in these blessings, which are no longer literal, but spiritual.

4. *The only Jew recognized under the gospel is the spiritual seed through Christ. There are no promises to the literal Jews that do not include the Gentiles.*

Abraham was not only the father of the literal "nation" (Israel), but the promise said, "Thou shalt be the father *of many nations."* This is fulfilled in the Christian dispensation. "For the promise, that he should be the heir of the world, was not to Abraham, or to his seed, through the law, but through the righteousness of faith. For if they which are of the law be heirs, faith is made void, and the promise made of none effect: . . . . Therefore it is of faith, that it might be by grace; to the end the promise might be sure to all the seed; not to that only which is of the law, but to that also which is of the faith of Abraham; *who is the father of us all,* (as it is written, I have made thee a father of many nations)" (Rom. 4:13-17).

Nothing is plainer than the fact so clearly stated in this text, that the promise of God to make Abraham a father of many nations has a spiritual fulfilment in the New Testament dispensation. God is making all nations children of Abraham, by bringing them into the faith of the gospel. I desire the reader to note that Paul shows clearly that "if they which are of the law be heirs, faith is made void, and the promise made of none effect." This most decisively proves that since the passing of the legal age, *the Jew enjoys no privilege above the Gentile.* All this modern talk about "the chosen seed," "Jehovah's covenant people," "his own elect," "Zion," "Jerusalem," etc., and the application of all this to the *literal* nation of the Jews, is squarely against Paul's teaching. These terms applied to Israel under the law, but *never* under the gospel. In this dispensation, *"he IS NOT a Jew, which is one outwardly"* (Rom. 2:28). That is, the literal seed counts for nothing. The only Jew now recognized is he *"which is ONE INWARDLY"* (v. 29). This the apostle defines as *"that of the heart,* in the spirit, and not in the letter" (ibid.). A moral change wrought in our hearts by the Spirit of God makes Jews of us all, and all such constitute the *"Israel of God"* (Gal. 6:16). "For they are not all Israel, which are of Israel: neither, because they are the seed of Abraham, are they all children: but, In Isaac shall thy seed be called. That

is, They which are *the children of the flesh, these ARE NOT the children of God:* but the children of the promise are counted for the seed'' (Rom. 9:6-8). Who are the children of the promise? Here is Paul's answer, ''Even *US, whom he hath called,* not of the Jews only, but also of the Gentiles'' (v. 24).

Under the law, the Jews were the Lord's peculiar, chosen people, his holy nation (Exod. 33:16; 34:12-14; Deut. 14:1, 2). Since the passing of that dispensation, no nation enjoys this privilege except the ''spiritual house'' of God, which is the church, called out from among all nations (1 Pet. 2:5); and of the Christian church it is said, ''Ye are a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, a holy nation, a peculiar people; . . . which in time past were not a people, but are now the people of God'' (vs. 9, 10).

National distinctions ceased at the cross of Christ. Then and there Israel ceased to be God's nation. The seventy weeks determined upon the Jews and the sacredness of their city, foretold in Dan. 9:24, had been numbered, and since that time ''*they which are of faith, the same are the children of Abraham*'' (Gal. 3:7). ''For ye are all the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus'' (v. 26). ''And *if ye be Christ's,* then are ye Abraham's seed, and heirs according to the promise'' (v. 29). ''Now we, brethren, as Isaac was, are the children of promise'' (chap. 4:28). Every

convert of the cross, from the dawn of this dispensation to its close, helps to constitute the great spiritual family of Abraham.

The spiritual seed of Abraham under the gospel greatly outnumber the literal seed under the law (see Gal. 4:27). In other words, the new covenant church composed of Jews and Gentiles who are "born of the Spirit," are more numerous than were the old covenant church "born after the flesh." "After this I beheld, and, lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands" (Rev. 7:9).

"Know ye therefore that they which are of faith, the same are the children of Abraham. And the scripture, foreseeing that God would justify the heathen through faith, preached before the gospel unto Abraham, saying, In thee shall all nations be blessed. So then they which be of faith are blessed with faithful Abraham" (Gal. 3:7-9). "That *the blessing of Abraham might come on the Gentiles through Jesus Christ;* that we might receive the promise of the Spirit through faith" (v. 14). How can men mistake these plain statements? Christ is the seed through whom the nations of earth were to be blessed. All the children of faith (both Jews and Gentiles) are the seed to whom the blessing was to come. The Christian

dispensation is "the times of the Gentiles." The preaching of the gospel to the heathen or Gentile nations during the current age, the apostle clearly declares to be the fulfilment of the promise "In thee shall all nations be blessed." The numberless millions who have been saved through the blood of Christ during this Holy Spirit dispensation—saved from heathen nations as well as from Jews—are "the children of faith," and "*are blessed* with faithful Abraham."

Full salvation is the blessing promised. "Unto you first God, having raised up his Son Jesus, *sent him to bless you, in turning away every one of you from his iniquities*" (Acts 3:26). A turning away from iniquities signifies the obtaining of grace to live a sinless life; hence, God's oath to Abraham vouchsafes to us, through Christ, grace to "serve him without fear, in holiness and righteousness before him, all the days of our life" (Luke 1:74, 75). Paul says that the blessing of Abraham that was to come on the nations through Christ is "the promise of the Spirit through faith." This has been fulfilled since Pentecost. We are living under the superior blessings of the Holy Spirit dispensation.

5. *The conditions of salvation are the same to Jew and Gentile.*

"Repentance toward God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ" is the one universal requirement (Acts 5:31; 11:18; Rom. 3:30). Both Jew and

Gentile stand upon the same plane, for "*there is no difference*" (Rom. 3:22-30). Both must accept and believe the gospel (Rom. 1:16); both must enter the kingdom of heaven by the same door (Matt. 18:13; John 3:5). "God is *no respector of persons:* but in *EVERY NATION* he that feareth him, and worketh righteousness, is accepted with him" (Acts 10:34, 35). In the beginning of the Christian era, "*as many as RECEIVED HIM*" were born of God (John 1:12, 13). This was said of "his own"—the Jews—and the conditions remain the same. Unless this people accept and believe on Christ, just like the Gentiles, they will remain in blindness and darkness, and will never be saved.

This modern idea that God providentially and by a sovereign decree is going to gather all the Jews to Palestine and there save them, has no place in the New Testament teaching. Their past, present, and future hope is all conditioned on an "IF." "For *there is no difference between the Jew and the Greek:* for the same Lord over all is rich unto all that call upon him. For *whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord* shall be saved" (Rom. 10:12,13). You see, the responsibility of their salvation rests upon their own heads. Why were they blinded and broken off? "*Because of UNBELIEF they were broken off*" (chap. 11:20). On what conditions will they be grafted in again? "And they also, *IF THEY*

ABIDE NOT STILL IN UNBELIEF, shall be grafted in: for God is able to graft them in again" (v. 23). God will not remove the veil from their hearts that they may turn to the Lord, as millennialists teach, but "*When IT* [Israel] *SHALL TURN to the Lord,* the veil shall be taken away" (2 Cor. 3:16). This has been God's attitude towards them all through the Christian era, and it will never change. In this manner "all Israel shall be saved" (Rom. 11:26), on the same conditions that "all the ends of the earth shall remember and turn to the Lord" among the Gentile nations. After stating that all Israel shall be saved, Paul quotes Isa. 59:20, saying, "There shall come out of Zion the Deliverer, and shall turn away ungodliness from Jacob." Christ is referred to; and modern teachers, without referring back to the prophecy, conclude that at some future time he will unconditionally "turn away ungodliness" from the whole Jewish nation, but they must return to Palestine to enjoy this privilege. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Here is the text Paul quoted: "And the Redeemer shall come to Zion, and *unto them that TURN FROM TRANSGRESSION IN JACOB."* The idea is, the Lord will come and save them *when they turn* from their transgressions, just as he does for the Gentiles.

That many Jews will yet be saved we have no doubt. In fact, many leaders of this people in different parts of the world are now accepting

Christ as their Messiah. I am personally acquainted with many of these. In America a number of leading Jews are Christians, as Maurice Reuben and his wife, Pittsburg, Pa., and Rev. Silvestine and his wife, Philadelphia, Pa. It is an undeniable fact that there is a growing sentiment among a great many Jews in different parts of the world towards Christianity, and I believe, as a church, we should show a greater interest in them, "that through your mercy they also may obtain mercy" (Rom. 11:31). But to teach that they must be gathered back to the little land of Palestine, to the barren, bleak hills of Judea, in order to find Christ, and to teach that providentially God will save them wholesale as a nation different from the Gentiles, is rank heresy, and the whole tenor of New Testament truth is against it. Both "the fall and rising again of many in Israel" (Luke 2:34) is all conditioned on unbelief and faith. If any number of Jews accept Christ, it will not follow his second advent, as millennialists claim, but precede his appearing (Luke 13:35).

6. *The Bible nowhere teaches that Christ's kingdom, reign, and salvation work, will ever be confined to the land of Palestine.*

It was predicted that in the Christian dispensation the law should go forth from Zion, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem (Isa. 2:3). But nowhere do we read that it is to return there.

This prophecy is applied in Luke 24:47. "And that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in his name *among all nations, BEGINNING* at Jerusalem." Mark well the fact that Jerusalem was the place of "beginning," but not the place of ending. When "this gospel of the kingdom shall be preached *in all the world* for a witness unto *all nations; then* shall the end come" (Matt. 24:14). Not a hint that after it has reached all nations in all the world, then it will return and be limited to the confines of a spot of earth from 20 to 40 miles in width, and about 150 miles in length. Just take a world map and note the size of Palestine compared with all the earth. It is hardly a dot in comparison. Then imagine the great kingdom of Christ limited to that small area, and confined to one nation—the Jews. No, indeed; such a doctrine is refuted by the whole spirit and message of the New Testament. Christ said, "Ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and *unto the uttermost part of the earth*" (Acts 1:8). The kingdom of grace began in Palestine as a small stone "cut out without hands," but it is destined to become 'a *great* mountain *and fill the WHOLE EARTH'* (Dan. 2:34, 35). Where do we read that after all this it will be reduced to a little mole-hill covering the barren wastes of Palestine? And why this tiny country anyway? It does not compare in beauty and wealth with most other

countries. It became the land of promise to Israel only in order to fill up the types of the Old Testament. It has served its purpose, and is no longer sacred, no more than are the Jewish Sabbath and offerings. Under the law we read of the holy land, holy temple, holy altars, holy priests, holy days, holy Sabbath, holy garments, and a hundred other holy things. But with the passing of that dispensation all these have lost their holiness. Under the gospel, no one spot of earth is better than another. The domain of Christ, instead of being limited, and confined to one little country, is destined to spread out *"under the WHOLE HEAVEN"* (Dan. 7:27); and not the Jews only, but *"ALL NATIONS* shall flow unto it" (Isa. 2:2).

7. *The "times of the Gentiles" and "fulness of the Gentiles" does not imply a rejection of the Jews now, nor an age of salvation for them future.*

The judgments of the Almighty that came upon the Jewish nation in the destruction of their city, the desolation of their land, their scattering among all nations, and the "blindness in part" that happened to them, they brought upon themselves. Jesus wept over Jerusalem and said, "How often would I have gathered" you, but *"ye would not"* (Luke 13:34). When they condemned him to death, "then answered all the people, and said, His blood be on us, and on our children" (Matt. 27:25). They were so enraged against the truth that when

Paul preached to them "they cried out, and cast off their clothes, and threw dust into the air" (Acts 22:23). "Then Paul and Barnabas waxed bold, and said, It was necessary that the word of God should first have been spoken to you: but seeing *ye put it from you, and judge yourselves unworthy of everlasting life,* lo, we turn to the Gentiles" (Acts 13:46). "The Jews; who both killed the Lord Jesus, and their own prophets, and have persecuted us; and they please not God, and are contrary to all men; forbidding us to speak to the Gentiles that they might be saved, to fill up their sins alway: for the wrath is come upon them to the uttermost" (1 Thess. 2:14-16). As many as accepted Christ were saved, and these constituted the "remnant" (Rom. 11:5), the "election" (v. 7), and "the rest were blinded," and "broken off," "because of unbelief." The whole blame lies at their own door.

It was in this way the kingdom was taken from them and given to the Gentiles (Matt. 21:33-45); not by a sovereign decree unconditionally, but because they as a nation rendered themselves "unworthy of everlasting life." History proves that God deals with nations as well as with individuals. Now, since the Jews as a whole (with few exceptions) have continued in unbelief throughout the Christian era, the great majority of those who have accepted the gospel are from among the Gentile nations. This, then, is why the gospel age

is termed *"the times of the Gentiles."* The Jew has an equal privilege with the Gentile, but because of his own stubborn unbelief the "veil remains on his heart," and "blindness in part" will rest upon him until the end of this age, which will mark *"the fulness of the Gentiles,"* or the time when the great harvest of the Christian era shall have been gathered (Rom. 11:25).

FUTURE OUTLOOK FOR THE WORK IN THE NEAR EAST

Syria presents a ripe field for the full gospel. The Moslem is largely in the majority, probably sixty-five per cent of the population being Mohammedan. The remaining thirty-five per cent is made of Christian and Jew. The Christian population is divided in the order following: Roman Catholic, Greek Orthodox, Maronite, Presbyterian, Congregationalist, Greek Catholic, Friends, and Church of God. The Druse are a branch of the Moslem religion.

Outside of the Protestant work, the religion and worship is all formal and ceremonial. These Eastern established churches pride themselves in being on the ground floor of Christianity, and claim to represent true religion as Christ left it. They regard a missionary from America as a "new man with a *new* religion from a new country." They are not slow to tell you that they were on the map before America was ever heard of. But the facts are, their religion is an apostasy

from primitive Christianity, an external religion, without life in the soul.

In the country villages we found thousands of hungry souls, including the chief men, who are sick and tired of this dead religion, and are longing for an experimental knowledge of Christ in the heart. I will relate one experience out of many. On Aug. 14, 1922, in company with Bros. I. S. Maloof and Antonius Boody, we left Kaffroon, Syria, on foot, and held meetings at Kerrowney, Ameshta, and Aune. We reached the last town about dark in the evening. It was a new place, where evangelical Christianity had never been preached. We first went to the home of the pasha, Antonius Kanjo, as he is the chief man of the city. He kindly received us, and gave us our supper and lodging for the night. He also sent out his servants to announce a meeting for us, and by eight o'clock several hundred had gathered on the house-roofs surrounding the Pasha's home. His house stood on the highest elevation, and from the roof we addressed the people. After this meeting, about fifty gathered in the house and requested another sermon, which was delivered. Oh, how eagerly these people drank in the truth! They plied us with questions about salvation until a late hour in the night. In the morning, before we were out of bed the people began to gather, among them two Greek Orthodox priests. When I inquired of the Pasha why the people were coming

so early, he said, "They have come to join the Church of God, and I will be the first one to put down my name. We are sick and tired of this dead, formal religion, and we know you have the true religion of the Bible; so we are all ready to join the Church of God before you depart." Of course, I had to take plenty of time to tell them the nature of the church, and that salvation constitutes us members. This is one of the places where Brother Boody is now working. Our experience at Aune simply illustrates the condition of thousands of towns and villages all over Syria. The people are ready for the message we have to give. There are hundreds of these towns, ranging in size from six hundred to three thousand people each, which have never heard the true gospel of salvation. Thus Syria as a whole is ready for the gospel in its fulness.

The Protestants' work has spread over a large territory; but their work is more along educational lines than evangelistic and soul-saving. They erect schools and furnish teachers free to the villagers, which gives them great prestige with the people, and proves a blessing to every community. Not unfrequently the Presbyterian school-teachers, paid by their board in America, are preachers, and the schoolhouse is used also for church purposes. This not only gives them access to the children, but to the parents as well.

At Amfey, Syria, a large school-building was

erected at a cost of about twenty-five thousand dollars, and belonging to it are ten acres of land including gardens and vineyards. It is beautifully situated along the seashore. The man who financed the enterprise was still in debt about two thousand five hundred dollars. We could have had the entire property, which is worth today not less than thirty thousand dollars, by merely paying off this small debt. It would make an ideal church property, as well as school. But we could do nothing for lack of means. At Beit Marie, Mount Lebanon, not far from Beirut, the leading men of the place invited me to a meeting, and offered to furnish the school-building and scholars if I would furnish the teachers, and were willing for us to take the whole enterprise under the auspices of the church of God. We had the teachers (and good ones) in Beirut, but for lack of money could not accept the offer. What an open door to reach the people of an entire town with the gospel, but no money to work with! I have mentioned these two examples to show that our work and message is in demand everywhere; but we lack the means to push forward as we should.

We have a message for the Christian population as well as for the non-Christian. We are the only church in Syria preaching holiness and an experimental religion, and this is exactly what the masses are hungry for. For this reason the influence of our work is destined to sweep all over

that ancient land. Our movement is the only one that teaches and practises divine healing. The people readily accept this doctrine, and especially is this true when they see the healing power demonstrated before their eyes. We have been called to pray for all the sick in a village, and it is remarkable what simple faith these natives have.

The work must progress in the face of bitter opposition. This antagonism from the ecclesiastical world is largely due to two things: (1) Because when people come to us and get saved, who were formerly Roman Catholic, Maronite, Greek Orthodox, or sprinkled Protestant, we bury them in Christian baptism; and to baptize former "Christians" is to these churches a sacrilegious act, and incurs their most bitter and united opposition. (2) Because of the comity agreement of the General Conference of all the evangelical churches of the Near East held in Jerusalem; in this ecclesiastical arrangement, Syria was assigned to the Presbyterians for the Syrians, and to the Congregational Church for the Armenians, with a limited field for the Friends' Church. The church of God was not considered. We have had a representative work in Syria for a number of years, and at the present time it is well established, and our message is in demand everywhere. Like Christ and the apostles, we must face the opposition, and press forward in the work of soul-saving till burning lines of gospel fire will spread all over that ancient land.

A BRIEF OUTLINE OF THE FIELD AND ITS WORKERS

Beirut is the headquarters for our work in the Near East as it pertains to Syria, Palestine, and Mesopotamia. Being the principal coast city, and having good railroad facilities, and automobile-lines running to all sections, it is an ideal center of activity. There is now splendid automobile service to Mosul (ancient Nineveh), and to Bagdad, and to farther south in Mesopotamia, direct from Beirut. Our largest congregation of saints is in this city. Despite the opposition, the attendance in the large central mission is very good, and a goodly number have been saved from the Roman Catholic and Greek Orthodox faiths. Bro. John D. Crose and family are now located here, and he will have the general superintendency of the work in Syria.

There are a number of local native workers in Beirut whom the Lord is using, among them Eli Frenany and Miss Ruda Jureidini. There is a wide field for cottage-meetings in different parts of the city, and these are generally well attended.

Zahia Aswad, of Brummana, is a very efficient preacher and translator. She remained with us in the work in Beirut for one year, and traveled as interpreter in Both Syria and Palestine. She is a humble, God-fearing young woman, and her friendly manners and sociability have won a host of friends to the truth. She is invaluable to the work in Syria.

In Schweifat, eight miles south of Beirut, Asma Jureidini is doing a good work. This is the place where Brother and Sister F. G. Smith lived almost two years, and Sister Bessie Byrum labored. It is the city where our work was first established in Syria. Asma is an ordained minister, and is standing faithful in defense of the truths of this reformation.

About forty miles north of Beirut along the seashore are the towns of Jebail, Batroon, Berbarah, Garzooze, and Munsiff. This is the field that is being worked by Najeeb Berberi, who lives here. Brother Berberi is giving himself wholly to the work of the Lord, and God is blessing his labors in gathering out some honest people into the light.

At Tripoli is a mission well equipped. A number have been baptized. Ibrihim Shehda Maloof lives here.

Twenty miles north of Tripoli are the towns of Minyara and Hakoor. Here Bro. Shehda Maloof and I have held a number of meetings, and there are several loyal friends to the truth.

The Safita district lies about 120 miles north of Beirut. Bro. Antonius Boody, has charge of the work in this district.

East of Safita is Hussen district. Here we preached the truth throughout more than twenty villages.

Bro. Alexander Abdo has moved from Beirut

to Bagdad, Mesopotamia, and has opened business in the city. His brother Yoseph has also gone there to open the work of the Lord in that ancient land. These brothers were both saved out of the Roman Catholic Church, in Beirut, together with their father, who is seventy years old.

Sisters Nellie Laughlin and Adele Jureidini and Bro. Emil Hollander are located in Beirut, and their future field of activity depends upon the further development of the work.

THE ARMENIAN WORK

Syria seems to be a shelter for the tens of thousands of Armenian refugees who have been driven from their homes in Cilicia and the regions to the north. The Near East Relief has established very large orphanages, hospitals, and schools in various parts of Syria, as Jebail and Abraham River. Not far from one hundred thousand of these unfortunates are thus cared for, educated, and taught trades. These are boys and girls ranging in age from six years to about seventeen and eighteen, whose parents have been killed by the murderous Turks.

But aside from these, thousands upon thousands of Armenian families have had to flee for their lives, leaving all their property behind. The harrowing tales these poor people tell are heartrending. In some cases the women have been ravished, the young girls ruined, and even stripped and robbed of all clothing. Some time before we

left Syria, several thousand were coming from the north towards Aleppo, and were intercepted by the Turks, robbed of all their goods, and stripped of all clothing, and the entire company of men, women, and children entered Aleppo naked. Syria is swarming with these poor refugees. In Beirut are two large camps. These camps present a ripe field for real missionary endeavor. During the last year of our stay in Syria we visited these camps regularly and held religious services. These meetings were usually held in the open air, and hundreds attended each service. In a visit from Brother and Sister G. K. Ouzounian, of Cairo, Egypt, during the summer of 1923, much effective work was accomplished among these people, and a number were baptized.

But Syria has a goodly number of the well-to-do class of Armenians. Many of the business houses of Beirut are in their hands. Also a number of the professional men of the city, as physicians, lawyers, etc., are of this nation. A nice little body of Armenians of the better class help to make up the church of God in Syria. They are much interested in and adapted to doing Sunday-school work. Vaughram and Arexie Salibian are among the bright, gifted Armenian workers in Beirut. Their father is a physician in the city. Soon after our arrival in Syria they were both sanctified, and felt a call to the work. They have done good work in organizing Sunday-schools among their

people, and are eager to launch out and give their whole time to the Lord's work.

Experience teaches Armenians are better reached by ministers of their own nation. We greatly lack Armenian workers in Syria. In Beirut I baptized seven, and Brother Ouzounian baptized ten Armenian brethren and sisters. Reports from the field since we left are very encouraging, and the future outlook is good for a fruitful harvest among these people.

A SUMMARY OF OUR ACTIVITIES

In the two years and three months we spent in Syria, we opened two large central missions in Beirut and Tripoli. Besides holding several revivals in these missions, and taking care of the general work, we held meetings in the following cities and towns: Aleppo, Zachley, Brummana, Schweifat, Berbarah, Garzooze, Munsiff, Minyara, Hakoor, Safita, Kaffroon, Ameshta, Kerroney, Aune, Hiwash, Kurbeit, Bsolma, Mzablee, Meshtaya, Amar, Cana of Galilee, and Nazareth.

We baptized in all 24 brethren and sisters, preached 499 sermons, and wrote about 1,060 letters. We officiated in about 13 marriages, and made over 500 visits. To God be all praise and glory forever. After all, I am very conscious that our personal efforts amount to little unless the Holy Spirit assists us. To the Lord belongs all the honor and glory for the measure of success we had.

RETURN TO THE HOMELAND

Personally, I greatly desired to make Syria and Palestine my life's field of work. My heart is still there. I long for the time when circumstances will be such that we can return and do general evangelistic-work in this field, and remain for a long period of time. Two factors entered into our home-coming: first, my boy's education, and, second, my wife's general health. The announcement of our return to America came as a great shock to the church in Syria. However, the fact that such efficient workers as Brother and Sister Crose and Bro. Emil Hollander were to take our place brought much comfort to the brethren.

As our boat was scheduled to leave Beirut on Sunday, July 1, 1923, my wife and I preached our farewell sermons on Sunday, June 24. A large crowd was present, as saints had come in from various places. The entire congregation was bathed in tears, and after the preaching Bro. G. K. Ouzounian and Yoseph Abdo spoke very touchingly. After this, we held our last ordinance service with the church. The partaking of the bread and cup together was truly a sacred and precious "communion" service, long to be remembered.

On Friday, June 29, the church in Beirut gave us a farewell outing. Two truck-loads and an automobile-load of saints went to Dog River along the seashore, a distance of ten miles north of Beirut. Here we spent the day in social visiting,

sea-bathing, and singing and praying. At noon the good sisters of the church spread before us an old-fashioned Syrian dinner that would be hard to excel. At 5:30 P. M. the following saints were buried in Christian baptism: Yoseph Malek, Elias Malek, Jemil Hallaby, Elias Kishkish, Bsharra Schair, Havokim Ezeklian, Isabel Farrah, Marie Farrah, Alexandria Mizdelaney, and Fomea Bashoon. This was a very solemn and melting service. Tears flowed freely as these precious saints were being baptized. This day shall never be forgotten.

As our boat was delayed one day in sailing, we held another farewell service with the church on Sunday, July 1. I spoke on "A Prosperous Journey." Following this, Bro. Ibrihim Sheda Maloof gave a very impressive talk, first to the church and then to us. He was followed by Zahia Aswad, Mansour Shady, Speredon Hasbaney, Mrs. Alexander Abdo, and Yoseph Abdo. This was the most touching meeting we were ever in. All there wept like children. The entire afternoon and evening and till a late hour at night was spent entertaining a host of neighbors and friends who gathered in our home to bid us farewell.

From my diary written the evening of our departure, July 2, 1923, I quote: "At last the day has arrived, and we are about to start on our long journey home. Two years and three months have been spent in this land. How swiftly time

flies! These have been eventful years in my life; I believe among the very best. We came as strangers to a strange land; but we have endeared ourselves to a host of people, and they to us, so that we shall leave behind a great many as warm friends as we ever found in the world. We have worked hard and done our best. In the thirty years of my ministry I have never labored more diligently than I have to build up the work of God in this country. The gospel seed has been sown in more than twenty cities and towns. Warm friends have been won to the truth in all these places. A number of faithful ministers have been gathered out, and these will continue to spread the truth in every direction. May God Almighty bless and use them to his glory.

"But what are we? Nothing. It is the Lord who gives the increase. To him belongs all the praise. Yes, today is our last in Syria. Were it not for Wife and George I would remain here for life, except to return home on furlough. We were up early putting the finishing touches to our preparations for the trip. In the morning we went to the business section and purchased some necessary supplies. After dinner we had family prayer together for the last time. We all wept like children. Two carriages then took us to the docks. Here we found the church and many friends awaiting us, to wave their last farewell. Oh, how sad was the parting! My Father in heaven protect

these dear saints till we meet again! Fifteen of them accompanied us to the ship. At 4 P. M. the final parting took place. How they clung to us, weeping! God bless them. How dear to our hearts are these precious saints!''

After our departure the following was sent from the church in Syria and published in the Gospel Trumpet, September 6.

AN APPRECIATION FROM SYRIA

''Tripoli, July 5.—We as Syrians are very thankful to God for sending Brother Riggle to this country. It is true he stayed only two years, a very short time, but we feel that it is our duty to tell what Brother Riggle has done and endured for the work in order that God's name might be praised; and at the same time we want to thank our brethren in America for their self-denial manifested in sending him here. The good results that came during the ministry of our dear Brother and Sister Riggle are due to their generosity and their sacrifice for the work. I am sure that when the brethren know about the good results obtained here through the hard toil of Brother Riggle they will feel justified in what they have done and feel that their money was not spent uselessly.

''Two years ago I read in the Arabic Gospel Trumpet that a hero of the pulpit was coming to Syria, passing through Europe and Africa. I began to wonder what kind of man he was, and

what he could accomplish in this lukewarm country. Reports began to arrive from Cairo that he was holding meetings successfully in Egypt, where hundreds were attending. I began to pity him when he should arrive in our country, and I thought that his zeal would die away when he came here and got in contact with our dormant people. But, thanks to the Lord, conditions in our country affected Brother Riggle very much and made him put forth much toil and effort. The first week he arrived he held a revival for one week. People came and went back interested, because they heard the truth explained clearly and in an attractive manner. I myself attended the meetings. He preached once about the four hearts. One represented people who were born with germs of sin hidden in their hearts, having a tendency to do evil things. He then described the people who were regenerated, and then the sanctified. All was explained by means of a chart. That explanation left an impression on my heart which never will be erased. I went back to Tripoli and reported to our brethren there what I had heard and seen. As they longed to see him and hear his preaching, we agreed one time to call him to come. He at once complied with our request and came to Tripoli and held cottage-meetings. Thanks to the Lord, the truth was put before the people in a clear, persuasive manner. All the leaders in spiritual matters attended the meetings and went out glad

for the new way the truth was presented to them.

"The people began to understand real Christianity and how to be genuine Christian men and disciples of Jesus Christ. This kind of preaching appealed to every man. It showed them that to be a true follower of Christ does not depend on going through certain ceremonies and dry forms, but on living a pure, holy life without blemish, imitating our Lord Jesus Christ and following his footsteps.

"Reports began to run far and wide in the country that a new preacher was coming with new doctrines. Being a country man born and reared there, I was begged by the people to write Brother Riggle asking him to go there and preach the gospel. When I communicated their demand to Brother Riggle, he at once made up his mind to go there, notwithstanding the hardships that were awaiting him. Since he is a middle-aged man I felt uneasy about him, owing to the hardships and difficulties before him. So I arranged to go with him as an interpreter (thanks to the Lord for the English language that gave me this privilege of accompanying the man of God all through our trips in the country). When we arrived in the country the people were amazed to see us coming riding on mules and donkeys. They expected the great missionary to be riding on a fine horse bringing along his cook, as the other missionaries used to do. They came to me whispering and asking,

'What shall we feed him?' When I asked Brother Riggle, he said, 'They need not cook especially for me. I eat from their food and anything they offer me.' That appealed to them very much. He would mix with them, sit on the mats with them, eat their own food, and deal with them as if he were not a stranger, but one of them. Whole villages everywhere turned out to hear him. They expected him to attack their doctrines as Protestants and Greek Orthodox. But, behold, he preached the gospel powerfully as it was preached a long time ago in the apostolic age. His preaching was liked by all; and it soon gained access to their hearts.

"Reports went far and wide about him. There rose a keen demand for him everywhere. Bishops, priests, and other ecclesiastical persons who could not attend, owing to their positions, asked me to print his sermons and distribute them all over for the benefit of those who could not hear him. The people at once realized that Brother Riggle was going to make a change in their creeds and doctrines. Of course, those who were after fame and wealth did not like that change; but the real, sincere Christians rejoiced on hearing the truth and wished God to send more able men like him to evangelize Syria.

"In the meantime Brother Riggle started a mission in Tripoli in order to make it a center of his activities in the surrounding territory. He used

to go once every week and preach twice there and return to Beirut for other meetings, and every now and then return to the country to preach the pure doctrines of the gospel to the dear country men who always wanted him.

What Was Accomplished

"The light of the gospel penetrated into every nook and corner. Through his efforts, many people decided to follow the Lord all through their lives. The seeds of truth were scattered everywhere. They need watering to grow in due time. A body of real, pure Christian men was raised up during these two years, and besides the majority of people everywhere sympathized with us.

"Everybody in the country and in Tripoli knows Brother Riggle and loves him. When anybody from his acquaintances came to Beirut, Brother Riggle took him home, entertained him, and fed him as long as he stayed.

"A sister from the country who was healed through the prayers of Brother Riggle, when on her way to America was invited by Brother Riggle. Her children were with her. She stayed ten days. Before leaving she wrote to her people, saying, 'Brother Riggle has been as a real brother to me in every sense of the term. Through his hospitality I was spared much trouble and expense.' She insisted that they should pay him back. Everybody who comes to his house feels at home and never likes to leave that surrounding.

"Sister Riggle helped very much in the work in Beirut. She was his right hand. They adapted themselves to every circumstance.

"Through the efforts of Brother and Sister Riggle, with their devotion and zeal a blazing fire was set burning in the hearts of the Syrians. It will never be extinguished as long as we live. We were spellbound to know about his going. That news struck us as a thunderbolt. It is one of the hardest things to part with them. It is a pity that they should leave, one of the misfortunes to Syria.

"We are thankful to God for sending real, sincere Christians like Brother and Sister Riggle. And you, our dear brethren across the sea in America, we offer you our thanks from the bottom of our hearts for sending us such a nice family. Be sure that your money is not spent in vain. We are indebted for your generosity. It is through your self-denial that we found out the truth. Before God at the bar of judgment we shall reward you by our love. At that time your talents will show that they were not hidden in the ground, but they were profitable and gained precious souls for the Master. We beg you to keep thinking continually of poor Syria and to send another capable man. May the Lord of the harvest send faithful men to be active reapers in his field. On behalf of the church in Syria,

"Ibrihim Shehda Maloof."

ON BOARD SS. MADONNA

At 6 P. M., July 2, 1923, our boat, the SS. Madonna, sailed out of Beirut Harbor for New York. We skirted southward along the coast, and at 6 A. M. the next morning landed in the harbor at Haifa, Palestine. Here a number of passengers boarded the ship for America, among them not a few American Jews. At 2 P. M. our vessel started in a northwesterly direction across the Mediterranean Sea. On July 4, from 5:30 P. M. till dark we sailed close along the coast of Rhodes. A large city was built on this island 500 B. C., and was a great center of commerce, literature, and art. The Colossus, one of the wonders of the world, was erected at its harbor. The island is eighteen miles broad and forty-six miles long. Paul touched here on his return voyage to Syria from his third missionary journey (Acts 21:1).

On July 5 we were sailing northward through the Aegean Sea. We passed close to Patmos. It is a rocky, barren island, twenty miles from the mainland of Asia Minor, ten miles long and five miles wide. The whole coast is deeply indented, the lofty cliffs rise out of the sea, the valleys are deep and solemn, and the mountains stand one thousand feet above sea-level. Along the mountain-sides and in the valleys are to be seen palm-trees, olive-groves, fig-, mulberry-, cypress-, and oak-trees. About five thousand Greek Christians now inhabit this island. In A. D. 95 the apostle John

was banished here by the Emperor Domitian, and received the Revelation (Rev. 1:9). How our eyes feasted upon this historical place! In another hour we were passing close to Samos (Acts 20:15), and next Chios, where Paul anchored (ibid.). About noon we passed Mitylene, where Paul touched overnight (vs. 14, 15). At 3:30 P. M. we entered the Dardanelles, and at 7:30 had passed through them into the Sea of Marmora. The shores along the Dardanelles are very picturesque. In the strait we saw many sunken British ships that went down during the World War, also on the Gallipoli Peninsula immense cemeteries of British soldiers who fell in a vain attempt to capture Constantinople.

On the morning of July 6 we were anchored in the harbor of Constantinople. We remained here until 4:10 P. M., when our boat sailed through the Bosporus into the Black Sea. The scenery along the Bosporus is simply grand. The green hills were in sharp contrast with the bleak, barren hills of Syria. We enjoyed the change immensely. At 6:30 A. M., July 7, we landed at Constanza, Roumania. Here we remained three days. We were permitted to go ashore, and enjoyed our visit to the place very much. At 5 P. M. on July 9 we left for Constantinople, where we arrived the following morning at ten o'clock. We remained here two days, and were permitted to go ashore. While here we visited about every place of in-

terest in the city, to include the Golden Horn, City Park, St. Sophia Mosque (the largest in the world, once a Christian church, built by Constantine), the Sultans' Tombs, the Sultan's Palace, Imperial Museum, Tomb of Alexander the Great, and the bazaars (the largest in the world, containing ten thousand shops). We were hospitably entertained in the home of Dr. G. Yeramian, a brother in the Lord. This family showed us every kindness. There is a fine Armenian church in this great city, and we met most of them, which was a time of refreshing both to them and to us. Among their number is David Granovsky, a converted Jew.

At 9:40 A. M., July 12, we left Constantinople. Early the following morning we entered the Bay of Smyrna. At 10:45 A. M. we landed at the city docks. This was once the home of Polycarp, and one of the seven churches of Asia was located here (Rev. 2:8-11). What a sight here met our gaze! The once beautiful city was a heap of charred ruins. The whole Christian and business section was burned out. This devastation was wrought by the Turks when they captured the city from the Greeks. We were told by reliable persons that Turkish soldiers carried cans of petroleum and gasoline through the streets and threw them into the houses. We saw the large church where several hundred Armenian refugees were burned alive. The Moslem section of the city remains intact.

At noon, July 14, we left Smyrna. At 4 P. M.

we encountered a very rough sea. While my wife and I were on the top deck a great wave struck the boat and gave us a complete drenching. The next morning, at 6:40, we entered and landed at Piræus, the port of Athens, Greece. Here we took an automobile and at 8:40 A. M. were in Athens. We visited a number of places of interest, including the Olympian Zeus, or Temple of Jupiter; the Arch of Hadrian; the great Acropolis; the Areopagus, or Mars Hill; and the Temple of Theseus, erected B. C. 469. The sight from Mars Hill is wonderful, as the whole city and surrounding mountains are in plain view. What a privilege to stand upon this spot where Paul delivered the memorable sermon recorded in Acts 17:16-34! After our visit to Athens we returned to the boat, and at 2 P. M. sailed away towards Italy. The scenery along the southern coast of Greece was most beautiful and majestic.

At 11:20 A. M., July 17, we landed at Naples, Italy. Here the ship took on coal, as this was the last stop to New York. From Naples westward we had three days smooth sailing through the Mediterranean Sea. After we passed through the Straits of Gibraltar into the Atlantic, we encountered some storms. On the night of July 29 there was a great storm on the Ocean, and for more than two hours the sea roared like thunder, while the great waves looked like small mountains. The sight in the moonlight was grand. On

the entire trip none of us were sick a moment, nor did we miss a single meal. We all enjoyed the voyage immensely. In the evening of July 31 we caught the first sight of America. Everybody was excited. What a thrill of joy filled our hearts as we approached the shores of our beloved homeland, "the land of the free, and the home of the brave"! We remained all night out in New York Harbor. At 3 P. M., on August 1, we set foot on American soil, having been exactly thirty days on the journey from Beirut to New York.

Brother Blewitt met us at the docks; and after passing our trunks and small baggage through the customs offices we were soon enjoying the comforts of the Missionary Home. There was a meeting that night at which both my wife and I spoke on Syria. The next day we left by train for Vandergrift, Pa., where we remained and visited friends for seven days. While at Vandergrift, Brother Ast, the pastor, arranged two services for us, and we spoke on Syria and our work there. On August 10 we arrived at Warsaw, Ind., where our children met us, and conveyed us to their homes near Akron. What a joyous reunion after an absence of two years, eight months, and three days! On Sunday, August 12, we held services at Akron and Athens, Ind. The home churches gave us a great welcome. We at once began to lay our plans to do both local and general evangelistic work; for on our arrival

we found a host of calls for meetings from all parts of the United States.

THE GREAT RESPONSIBILITY AND WORK OF THE CHURCH

God has made complete provision for the salvation of all mankind through Jesus Christ. The Christian era is preeminently the dispensation of the Holy Spirit, the most propitious age of the grace of God to humanity the world has ever seen or ever will see. We are now living in the "last days," the "time of the end," the "last time," and upon us has fallen "the ends of the world"—the "full end of the ages." With the closing of this dispensation, time will end, eternity with its destinies will be meted out to all men, and opportunity will be a thing of the past.

The burden of carrying the message of saving truth to the dying millions of earth is the work of the church. Jesus Christ clearly placed this responsibility upon our shoulders. We can not evade it nor offer a lawful excuse at the judgment for the non-performance of this duty. "Go *ye* into *all the world,* and preach the gospel to *every creature,*" "Go . . . teach *all nations.*" This final and solemn charge belongs to the church as a whole. Every saint of God must feel the burden of it. Every disciple of Christ must do his part in the carrying out and performing of it.

This is a debt that we owe. The very life and root of true religion is personal devotion to Christ.

Then Christ's interests become ours, and the result is active service in *his* cause. We have received mercy from him, and we owe it to men. The world's apathy does not release our obligation. When God gave us salvation and the true light of the gospel, it was not for us alone, but for the family of mankind, of which we are members. Every saved man is a trustee of the gospel for the whole world, and is in honor bound to see that the world gets it. It is not a debt because of something received *from* them, but *for* them. You see, the gospel is delivered to us to impart to mankind, and thus we owe it to them. Some one became interested in us, and if he had not we should be lost today, and possibly be in hell. We must show a deep interest in others. This is the true spirit of vital religion; it is the life of the church. When we as a church lack this interest we are dying or are dead. The spirit of true Christianity is unselfish; it is ready to share with others.

It is high time we waked up to our responsibility, and settled down to our life's work as a church—evangelize the world. Paul embarked all in this one business, then pushed it to the uttermost. Our liabilities are increasing every day, and we must pay with all our might, or the judgment will overtake us heavily in debt. Then it will be too late to pay. Other nations are no longer afar off. Modern science has brought them

to our door. This is the day of democracy. The *few* have had their time, and now the right of every person, class, and nation is coming to the front. The plaintive cry is coming from every direction, "Come over and help us." Ministers must feel it enough to consecrate to go anywhere, everywhere, and to endure and suffer. They must give their whole time to the work. The church as a whole must feel it enough to consecrate their all, their means, and by actual practise put it to working for the spread of the gospel.

All nations are like a mountain range; the peaks are parted from each other by certain bounds, but at the base all rise from one formation. We have one Father, we are of one blood, and are a common brotherhood. Then, "love thy neighbor as thyself." In nature about us nothing lives to itself. The sun emits the light, heat, and life of the universe. The result is the birds sing, the corn ripens, and the trees bear fruit. Fire gives out heat, and the June rose sends forth a sweet aroma. How then can we enjoy the rich blessings of heaven and act selfishly about it? "There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth; and there is that which withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty." The blessing of salvation is lost in concealment; but its rich grace will increase on our hands if we begin to sacrifice and give out freely.

O brethren, think of it: every two seconds, three

people die! Taking it the world around, 90 persons die every minute on the average of 5,400 each hour, 129,600 each day, 907,200 a week, 3,888,-000 a month, and about 47,304,000 each year. What a constant flow of human souls into eternity! Multitudes without hope! We shall meet this host at the judgment. Shall we then feel clear that we have done our whole duty, our very best to save these lost millions?

God is calling out a clean people and church from the world and apostate religions in these last days. It is the restoration of primitive Christianity. It is a distinct movement in the earth, God's work. The church of God in the evening-light reformation represents to the world Christianity in its pristine unity, power, glory, and clearness. Sectarian religions do not properly represent the true religion of the Bible. They are doing a noble work along educational lines; but their people usually remain more or less in spiritual darkness. Real salvation work among them is on a very low plane. How can it be otherwise? Just one example of many I will here mention:

On our return home from Beirut, on the same boat were a number of missionaries. Some of them ate at our table. Both men and women smoked cigarets and ordered their bottles of beer regularly. One old, gray-haired missionary who had labored twenty-seven years in Asia Minor, and had a wife and daughter in America, was re-

turning home on furlough. I saw him dance on the deck, play cards, and waltz two young girls, and promenade the deck at night linked arms with them. How can such missionaries save the world? I have seen enough on the foreign fields to make my heart sick. Of course, all missionaries are not like that.

We can not depend upon sectarian religionists to do this great work. They will never do it. I am frank to say that the salvation and enlightenment of the world in the clear truths of the gospel, the bringing of them to an experimental, vital religion, is the work of the church of God in this blessed evening light. Ours is a tremendous task; but God in his goodness has laid it upon us as a people, and we are able, by the power of the Spirit, to accomplish the work. Our field is *"the WORLD."* The harvest is great and ripe, and God is calling the entire church into action. Will we arise to the task before us? "A little one shall become a thousand, and a small one a strong nation." We can succeed if there is united action. The entire church must cooperate, every member must work. It is time *now, today,* for the whole church whom the Lord has gathered into the transplendent light of full salvation to leap into the ranks and all move forward together "like an army with banners."

What can we do? We can accomplish great things if we will. Suppose there are fifty thousand saints

out in the clear light of the gospel, and each of these would give regularly 2 cents a day for home and foreign missions, we should have $365,000 for general evangelizing each year. Think of it! Just 2 cents a day will do this. But we can just as easily give double that amount on the average. Only 28 cents a week on the average among fifty thousand saints in one year amounts to $730,000. Suppose there are one hundred thousand saints out in the clear light. This, I should think, would be a conservative estimate. Then the amount for home and foreign missions would mount to $1,460,-000. People spend more than this amount for ice-cream, candy, and knickknacks.

I am informed that not more than one fourth of our congregations in the United States gave regularly to the foreign missionary work in the year 1922. I speak conservatively when I say that, while we were in Syria, had we had the money we really needed to develop the work, we could have accomplished twice as much as we did. Our greatest hindrance was lack of means. I grant that our experience was no different from that of other missionaries in other fields. A systematic effort on the part of all the church can easily raise sufficient means to carry the message of saving truth to every part of the globe. As a church and ministry, let us get a broader view of our work, a greater vision of the field and our responsibility to the rest of mankind, and then with enthusiasm

and determination rise to the task before us; and, thank God, we can succeed.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR



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